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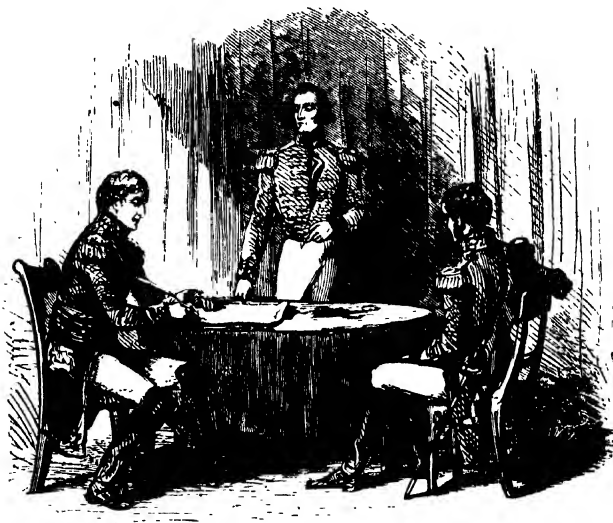
THE LIFE OF
THE
DUKE OF WELLINGTON.



THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON WHEN LIEUT.-GEN. SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY, K.B.

FOR REFERENCE ONLY
College Row, Calcutta

THE LIFE OF
FIELD MARSHAL
THE
DUKE OF WELLINGTON.



CONVENTION OF CINTRA.

By J. H. STOCQUELER, Esq.

Author of "The British Officer," "The Handbook of British India," "The Military Encyclopedia,"
"Travels in Persia, Turkey, Russia, Germany, &c.," and other works.

IN TWO VOLUMES, WITH NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
INGRAM, COOKE, AND CO., 227, STRAND,
1852.

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PREFACE.

THE "Memoirs" and "Lives" of the great Duke of Wellington already before the public are so numerous and so varied in character, that some explanation may appear to be necessary why another candidate for public favour should appear in the field, and presume to hope for patronage.

In the first place, it is respectfully submitted that a complete "Life" of the immortal Duke does not exist. Closing with the Battle of Waterloo, the works of Maxwell, Moyle Sherer, and of Jackson and Scott, embrace merely the military view of his Grace's career, and offer but few elucidations of the administrative character of the mighty soldier.

In the second place, the greater portion of the abridgments tell but very imperfectly the story of the eventful life here minutely portrayed, while the larger works, deriving illustration from military despatches, are too much fraught with technicality to be intelligible to the general reader.

In the third place, no work hitherto extant contains pictorial embellishments of a truthful character. The imagination of the artists, uncontrolled by experience, has been suffered to revel in absurdity, and nothing has come of the exuberance of fancy but anachronism, falsehood, and incongruity.

In the fourth place, so entirely are the authors of contemporary works absorbed in the subject of their biography, that the

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LIFE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

CHAPTER I.

Birth, parentage, and education, of Arthur Wellesley—Enters the Army—Serves in Holland with the 33rd Regiment—Proceeds to India—Capture of Seringapatam—Becomes Governor of the place—Attacks Dhoondia Waugh, the freebooter—Promoted to Major-General—Conducts the campaign against the Mahratta chieftains—Gains the victories of Assaye and Argaun—Takes the fortresses of Ahmednuggur, Asseerghur and Gawilghur—Created a Knight of the Bath—Receives addresses and rewards—Returns home.



It generally falls to the lot of a biographer to start with his subject from an obscure point, and to enjoy the satisfaction of travelling with him to the eminence which has given his early history a claim upon public respect and curiosity. Nothing is more agreeable than to track an adventurous spirit through all the difficulties and obstructions which beset the path of the friendless, and to share, in imagination, in its honourable struggles, to glide over its smoother passages, to depict its patience and fortitude, and, finally, to participate in its noble triumphs.

The writer who should undertake to narrate the history of Wellington is deprived of a portion of this satisfaction, because the career of the great warrior and statesman commenced under circumstances of peculiar advantage. Nobly

born, carefully educated, and connected with people enjoying considerable political influence, he was subjected to no early wrestlings with fate. He was launched upon the stream of life under the most favourable auspices, tasting neither the bitterness of poverty nor the humiliation of obscurity. His public life, from first to last, was one uninterrupted chain of glory, each link more brilliant than its predecessor, and, unlike other great adventurers, whose course from insignificance to splendour was broken, through a series of mischances or their own unsteadiness of character, *his* progress knew no culminating point—his fame no tarnish—his fortunes no reverse.

But the even tenor of his career is no disparagement of the vast merit of the Duke of Wellington. If his antecedents were less humble than the public beginnings of other men, let it be remembered that he reached a higher eminence than any personage of whom the annals of England possess a record—always excepting John, Duke of Marlborough, his prototype in all things but political virtue. Nor has his upward path been free from a thousand obstructions, which none but a gigantic mind and a firm heart could surmount. His difficulties began with his direct responsibility. His triumphs followed as the results of his indomitable perseverance, his unflinching courage, and his amazing constancy.

Irrational and exacting must be the biographer who is not content with such materials for his story!

It was in March, 1769, that Arthur Wellesley first saw the light. Biographers differ as to the date and the locality; but it appears by the evidence taken before a Parliamentary Committee in 1791, to inquire into a petition against his return for the borough of Trim, on the ground of his being a minor, that he was really born at Dangan Castle, in the county of Meath, Ireland, at the time alleged above. His father was the second Earl of Mornington, who enjoyed much celebrity for his nice musical taste; his mother, Anne, the eldest daughter of Viscount Dungannon. Early in life Arthur Wellesley was sent to Eton College for his education, in conjunction with his afterwards distinguished brother, Richard. Richard, at Eton, displayed an aptitude for the acquisition of knowledge, and was gifted with good taste and poetic fancy. There are extant several of his juvenile compositions, and even to a late period of his life he did homage to the Muses in the hours of leisure and retirement. The obvious bent of his genius and inclinations led to his removal to Oxford.

Arthur, on the other hand, gave no promise of excellence, and was therefore deemed fit for the army. In those days, younger brothers,

whose talent was slow in developing itself, were considered by sagacious friends only adapted to professions in which, it was most erroneously supposed, there was neither scope nor necessity for intellectual activity. They were sent into the army to acquire rank and position without effort. But it was considered, in the case of Arthur Wellesley, that he ought at least to have the advantages of some military preparation, and he was therefore sent to the College of Angiers, directed by Pignard, a celebrated French engineer,—for England at that time did not possess such an institution as the College at Sandhurst.

At the age of eighteen, after he had gone through a course of French military instruction, Arthur Wellesley was gazetted to an ensigncy in the 73rd Regiment. This was in March, 1787. Nine months later he was promoted to a lieutenancy in the 76th. Subsequent exchanges carried him into the 41st Foot, and the 12th Light Dragoons.

In 1791 (30th of June), being then twenty-two years of age, he procured a company in the 58th Foot, whence, four months later, he exchanged to a troop in the 18th Light Dragoons. Under the system in force in the British army, officers, avid of rapid promotion, must seek it in other regiments than their own, if their immediate seniors are prepared to purchase advancement. As Arthur Wellesley had had no opportunities of displaying zeal and gallantry in the field during these four years of service, his quick progress may be fairly set down to the combined action of ministerial favour, and a sufficiency of pecuniary means. Neither at school, nor college, nor in the performance of the easy regimental duty peculiar to a time of peace, and incidental to five exchanges, did he display any of those qualities which developed themselves in so remarkable a manner a few years later.

Previous to obtaining his company, Lieutenant Wellesley was returned a member of the Irish parliament. He sat for three years, during a portion of which time he was an aide-de-camp to the Earl of Westmoreland, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

The young member occasionally spoke, always in opposition to liberal measures; and his oratory was characterised more by a curt and decided form of expression than by the efflorescence then popular among the Grattans, Cuffs, Parnells, and other members of the legislature. His opinions were of the Tory cast; and, even at that early period he opposed himself to any consideration of the Catholic claims, and to schemes of Parliamentary Reform. As an aide-de-camp, and a member of a Protestant family, his sentiments were, of course, coloured by the opinions of the noblemen and statesmen with whom

he continually associated; but there can be little reason to suppose that he was altogether under the dominion of partisanship. Freedom of thought was an early habit with Arthur Wellesley, and he sought on all occasions the independence of action which was its proper accompaniment.

On the 30th of April, 1793, Captain Wellesley was gazetted Major of the 33rd Foot. On the 30th of September, of the same year, he succeeded to the Lieutenant-Colonelcy of the corps.

It was as Lieutenant-Colonel of the 33rd that the military career of Arthur Wellesley may be said to have fairly commenced.

In 1794, the French Republic was in arms to propagate the opinions upon which its existence was based, and to meet the forces of Austria and Prussia who had assembled to fight the battle of order and legitimacy. Some parties in Holland, who had imbibed the modern French doctrines, sought the aid of the Republicans in the establishment of a system of government and institutions akin to their own; and the Directory, recognising the appeal, menaced the Stadtholder with the invasion of his provinces. Alarmed for the integrity of Holland, the Stadtholder sought the assistance of England. Pitt, the British Minister, caught at the opportunity of assisting to check the dissemination of principles which threatened the social disturbance of Great Britain; and an army was at once equipped and dispatched to Holland under the orders of the Duke of York, the second son of King George III.

While this army was operating in the Netherlands, a separate expedition, under the Earl of Moira (afterwards Marquis of Hastings, and Governor-General of India), was directed to make a descent upon the coast of France. Of this expedition, the 33rd Regiment formed a part, Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur Wellesley commanding. The troops had embarked on board the transports, and awaited a wind, but the arrival of the intelligence of the failure of the Duke of York, the surrender of Tournay, and the repulse before Oudenarde, induced the Government to change the destination of the expedition, and to direct Lord Moira to proceed to Ostend.

Lord Moira's aid encouraged the Duke of York to persevere in his operations, but it did not in any way promote their success. Wherever the French Republican troops encountered the British, the latter, after a vain contest, were compelled to give way. At Mechlin, the Duke was forced to retreat; first upon Antwerp, then upon Breda and Bois le Duc. Occasionally a stand was made, and the French were attacked in their turn, but the result of the struggle was invariably unfavourable to the British.

These episodal affairs, however, gave scope for the display of good soldiery on the part of Lieutenant-Colonel Wellesley. At Schyndel, Lieutenant-General (afterwards Sir Ralph) Abercrombie was engaged with a large body of the Republicans, who had contrived to mask themselves, until the British, consisting of the two regiments of Guards, the 33rd and 44th Regiments of the line, and some squadrons of Dragoons, were brought within the range of a deadly fire of artillery, under cover of which the French Hussars prepared to make a desperate charge. In the retrograde movement rendered necessary by the cannonade, the British fell into some confusion, the Dragoons mingling with the Guards. At this juncture, with the promptitude which ever afterwards marked his movements, Lieutenant-Colonel Wellesley deployed the 33rd into line in rear of the household troops, in order to occupy the road, and hold the French in check.

The Hussars continued to advance, with their usual impetuosity, and when within a suitable distance furiously charged. The 33rd reserved their fire until the cavalry came within one hundred yards; then, delivering a murderous volley, they threw back the assailants, and followed them, as they in turn retreated, with a succession of destructive fusillades. Upon a subsequent occasion at Meteren,—Walmoden having intermediately succeeded to the command of the allied Hanoverian and British forces,—Lieutenant-Colonel Wellesley did good service in forcing a confident body of Republican troops to abandon an attack upon the position of Generals Dundas and Dalwick.

Occupying Meteren with a wing of the 33rd, two field-pieces, and a squadron of Hussars, Colonel Wellesley was obliged by superior numbers to fall back upon the British lines, losing his cannon in the retrogression. Reinforced by the other wing of his regiment, he, in turn, became the assailant, regained the guns, and repulsed the enemy: then, falling back upon the post of Geldermalsen, he maintained himself with the 42nd and 78th Highlanders, and the 33rd, until the French retired after repeated efforts to dislodge him.

Returning to England at the close of the disastrous campaign in Holland, the 33rd Regiment commenced recruiting, for what between sickness, and the ordinary contingencies of war, the corps had been reduced to a skeleton. It had scarcely been reported effective, ere, in the autumn of 1795, it was ordered to the West Indies as part of an expedition, and had actually embarked. Stress of weather, however, prevented the departure of the expedition, and the 33rd re-landed under instructions to prepare for service in the East.

If the optimist wished for an elucidation of his doctrine that *tout est pour le mieux dans ce meilleur des mondes*, he might triumphantly

point to the "ill-winds" which diverted the West Indian expedition from its destined course. But for the happy accident of the return of the 33rd to port, Wellesley would have lost the admirable opportunity for the display of his talents which India was shortly to open to him.

In the month of April, 1796, the 33rd sailed for India, the Lieutenant-Colonel remaining for the moment in England, in ill health. The regiment put into the Cape for provisions, and here it was joined by Lieutenant-Colonel Wellesley, who proceeded with it to Calcutta.

In those days, voyages to the East Indies were tedious operations, and they were not expedited by a stoppage at the Cape of Good Hope. It was February, 1797, before the 33rd Regiment disembarked at Calcutta.

For nearly two years subsequent to his arrival in India, the time of Colonel Wellesley was passed in the performance of garrison and district duty, if we except the preparation for an expedition to Manilla, which was abandoned before it was carried into execution. At the close of 1798, however, Lord Mornington (Colonel Wellesley's brother), who had become Governor-General of India, having acquired information that Tippoo, the Sultan of Mysore, was negotiating with the French Republicans at Mauritius (then called the Isle of France) for the establishment of an offensive and defensive alliance having for its object the expulsion of the English from India, his lordship determined on assembling a large body of troops in the vicinity of Tippoo's territories.

Colonel Wellesley was, on this occasion, appointed to a responsible command; and in November, 1798, we find him at the head of all the disposable troops assembled and encamped at Wallajabad. This responsible duty he fulfilled until February, 1799, when General Harris, who had been nominated to the chief direction of the operations which Tippoo's contumacy and treachery seemed to render advisable, joined the army, and took the command. He immediately addressed himself to the necessary preparations for the campaign. From no individual in the army did he derive greater aid than from Colonel Wellesley, as his first report of that officer's masterly arrangements to the Governor-General expressed in the following letter:

"CAMP, NEAR VELLORE, 2nd February, 1799.

"My Lord,

"Having had leisure since my arrival here to inspect the division of the army which has been since its formation under the

orders of the Honourable Colonel Wellesley, I have much satisfaction in acquainting your lordship that the very handsome appearance and perfect discipline of the troops do honour to themselves and to him ; while the judicious and masterly arrangements in respect to supplies, which opened an abundant free market, and inspired confidence into dealers of every description, were no less creditable to Colonel Wellesley than advantageous to the public service, and deservedly entitle him to my thanks and approbation.

“I have the honour to be, with great respect, &c.,

“G. HARRIS.”

Soon after General Harris had joined, the army, consisting of upwards of 50,000 fighting men, formed into three large divisions, one of which was placed under Colonel Wellesley, moved towards Seringapatam.¹ Tippoo, confident in his own resources, and the bravery of his troops, advanced to meet them. He had no alternative, he considered, but to attack himself, or to remain in his capital to be assailed. He adopted the former. At Sedaseer (6th March, 1799), he encountered the Western or Cannanore army, under General Stuart. Falling furiously upon a brigade of Sepoys, commanded by Colonel Montresor, he hoped to annihilate it by the superiority of his numbers. But Stuart coming to his aid, Tippoo's troops, after a five hours' attack, gave way with great loss. Three weeks subsequently, Tippoo affronted the allied army under General Harris at Mullavelly. The brunt of the battle was borne by the infantry of the Nizam under Colonel Wellesley, supported by the cavalry under General Floyd. The conflict lasted for some hours. At length the *élite* of Tippoo's divisions came in contact with the 33rd, and halting, coolly delivered its fire. The 33rd, Colonel Wellesley's regiment, returned the volley, and charged with the bayonet. The enemy wavered, broke, and fled ; General Floyd's cavalry pursued and destroyed them.

Tippoo now retired to Seringapatam, whither he was followed by the allied army. General Harris was not long in investing the city, and making arrangements for a siege. These siege operations commenced upon the junction of the Bombay army with that of the Madras force on the 14th of April, 1799, and continued unceasingly until the 4th of May, when breaches having been effected, the general assault was made, under the personal command of Sir David Baird. Intermediately some minor operations had taken place, connected

¹ A fortified town in Mysore, then the capital.

with the occupation of villages, the attack upon the citadel, and the repulse of sorties, and in all of these Colonel Wellesley displayed great judgment, coolness, and gallantry.

In an attack upon a tope or grove, occupied by the enemy, Colonel Wellesley was struck on the knee by a spent ball, and narrowly escaped falling into the hands of the Sultan's troops. On the day appointed for the attack on Seringapatam a circumstance occurred which illustrated the habit so long conspicuous in Wellesley in after life, of adhering rigidly to the orders of his superiors; a principle of action he was sedulous to inculcate when he came to exercise superior command. When all was ready for the assault, Colonel Wellesley was not present, and as General Harris had ordered that he should command, he could not comprehend why the Colonel was absent, especially when so much time had elapsed whilst the additional forces were marching down to their allotted stations. After waiting a little longer, and inquiring from his staff what could be the reason of Colonel Wellesley's absence, General Harris became uneasy and apprehensive that the favourable moment for the attack would be lost; and he directed General Baird, who was on the spot, to take the command, and proceed to the attack. General Baird immediately drew his sword, and, turning his horse, rode towards the column for this purpose. He had not moved many paces when General Harris called him back, and said, "On further consideration I think that we must wait a little longer for Colonel Wellesley," in which General Baird expressed his hearty concurrence. Colonel Wellesley appeared in a few moments afterwards, having, by an omission in the Adjutant-General's Office, been only just then warned for the duty. He instantly took the command of the troops, and proceeded to the attack.

Seringapatam fell after a short but murderous conflict.

After the capture of Seringapatam, Colonel Wellesley was placed in command of the fortress. In this responsible position it became his duty to see to the interment of the dead, the stoppage of the plunder of houses and the molestation of the inhabitants, and the re-establishment of bazaars throughout the city.

The inclination of the soldiery to indulge in every kind of debauchery and violence compelled the Colonel to resort to measures of severity, and it was not until several men had been executed for marauding, that the plunder ceased. Colonel Wellesley then applied himself to the task of conciliating the adherents of the Sultan, and of restoring the general confidence of the Mussulman population, a duty which he discharged with consummate sagacity.

A commission having been appointed to partition the conquered territories among the allies, in conformity to preliminary treaties, Colonel Wellesley was named one of the commissioners.

As soon as the Hindoo family which had been displaced by the Mussulmans was restored to the Musnud, or throne of Mysore, the grand army was broken up, General Harris returned to Madras, his head quarters, as Commander-in-Chief, and Colonel Wellesley was left in command of the troops serving above the Ghauts, a command with which were associated certain civil duties of an important character.

The manner in which these military and civil functions were discharged elicited the highest approbation. The "active superintendence, discernment, impartiality, and decision," of the Colonel called repeatedly for the especial commendation of the Government. There were, however, not a few persons who objected that the selection of Colonel Wellesley for the command was made at the instance of his brother, the Earl. This led to some correspondence between General Harris and the Governor-General, in the course of which the following passages occurred. Lord Mornington, in writing to General Harris, said—

" July 7th, 1799.

" With respect to the language which you say people have held of my brother's appointment to command in Seringapatam, you know that I never recommended my brother to you, and of course never even suggested how, or where, he should be employed; and I believe you know also, that you would not have pleased me by placing him in any situation in which his appointment would be injurious to the public service. My opinion, or rather knowledge and experience, of his discretion, judgment, temper, and integrity, are such, that if you had not placed him in Seringapatam, I would have done so of my own authority, because I think him in every point of view the most proper for that service.

" MORNINGTON."

No man who knows what was the nature of the service to be performed by the permanent Commandant of Seringapatam at that moment, will wonder that the Governor-General should have declared thus distinctly to General Harris, "if you had not placed Colonel Wellesley in command, I would." But General Harris had been deeply sensible of the weighty responsibility which

attached to him on the death of Tippoo, when the destinies of an empire hung in the balance, and when he was the sole guardian of the high interests involved in this momentous charge, until Lord Mornington should decide upon the future policy to be pursued. With a full sense of the imperative necessity of selecting as a commandant for Seringapatam one in whose talents, integrity, and discretion, unbounded confidence could be placed, he appointed Colonel Wellesley, and was, says his biographer, proud of his choice to the last hour of his life.

An early proof of the devotion of Wellesley to the interests of the service—his complete abnegation of self, when the public welfare demanded the sacrifice—is presented to us about this time. The Dutch, subdued by the French, had united with the Republic in its aggressive measures against England and other states. It became, therefore, a measure of policy to attack her principal possession in India, Batavia, the capital of Java. Lord Mornington, accordingly, prepared an armament for the reduction of the place, and in a just confidence in the military merit of Colonel Wellesley, offered the appointment to his brother. The probable advantages and credit to be gained by it were great; but Wellesley “left all that entirely out of the question.” He felt that the tranquillity of the country, then under his military government, was a subject of primary importance; and, believing his continued presence calculated to ensure it, he declined the proffered command, with the qualification that if Lord Clive, the then Governor of Madras, chose to accept it for him, he would not hesitate as to the course he should pursue, especially if the sailing of the expedition could be delayed. Before the appeal to Lord Clive could reach him, a letter from his lordship to Colonel Wellesley crossed it. This letter directed the advance of the troops under Wellesley into the Mahratta territory. The Colonel elected to refuse the Batavian command definitively.

Amongst the captives liberated from the dungeons of Seringapatam after Tippoo's death, was one Dhoondia Waugh, a Mahratta trooper, who had deserted from Hyder Ali, and at the head of an armed banditti committed depredations in Mysore. Tippoo seduced him to his court, and then seizing an early pretext for quarrelling with him, converted Dhoondia into a Mussulman, and plunged him into a prison. Once more enlarged through the generosity of the British, the ungrateful ruffian collected a body of miscreants, the greater part of whom had been in the military service of Tippoo, and who were now, by his destruction, cast upon the world. At the head of this band of desperadoes Dhoondia ravaged the country of Bednore. His

power increased each day. Thousands flocked to his standard. Many of the Killadars (governors of fortresses) either surrendered to him, or freely joined his plundering enterprise. At length he became so formidable, that it was found necessary, for the sake of the peace of the country, to send out troops to check his wild career. The expedition was successful. Dhoondia, who called himself, in the hyperbolic phraseology peculiar to the potentates of the East, the "King of the Two Worlds," was driven from place to place by the British force under Colonels Dalrymple and Stevenson, and his camp ultimately dispersed. Dhoondia took refuge in the Mahratta country.

In the year 1800, Dhoondia reappeared in the field, at the head of a considerable army, and at this time also the Polygars, Nairs, and other warlike people in the south of India, began to threaten



MAHRATTA SOLDIERS.

the tranquillity and integrity of Mysore. It now became necessary for Colonel Wellesley to assume the offensive in person, and to the end that he might completely crush the daring marauder Dhoondia, he declined the proffered command of an expedition to Batavia,

which George III. was anxious should be undertaken.¹ Joined by the cavalry of Goklah, a Mahratta chieftain in the interest and service of the Peishwa of Poonah, Colonel Wellesley set forth with the 19th and 25th Dragoons, and a body of native cavalry and infantry.

Dhoondia moved away on his approach, and for three months the pursuit continued over a hilly country, dotted with hill-fortresses, or droogs, and intersected by rivers. At length after several successful assaults upon the hill-forts occupied by his partisans, and the destruction of most of his baggage and equipage, Dhoondia Waugh was overtaken at Conahgull with a body of 5000 horse. Here Colonel Wellesley gave him battle, defeated and dispersed his force, and obtained possession of his standing camp. In this encounter Dhoondia was killed. The warfare was thus terminated; happily for Mysore, which would probably have been over-run by the freebooter and his hordes had Colonel Wellesley permitted him to cross the Toombuddra with the Pathan chiefs.

The expedition against Dhoondia Waugh was not merely creditable to Colonel Wellesley's sagacity and soldiership; it was honourable also to his humanity. When the baggage of the brigand was overtaken, his son, a child of four years of age, was found. He ran up to the palanquin of the Colonel, and sought his compassion. The appeal was not made in vain. Colonel Wellesley adopted him, and supplied the means of his subsistence and education for some years.²

The warfare against Dhoondia at an end, Colonel Wellesley returned to his command at Seringapatam. He had in the recent contest achieved more than the simple subjugation of a powerful robber, and the annihilation of an extensive system of brigandage. He had raised his reputation among the Mahrattas to a lofty pitch, and, with the moral force thus created, was enabled to check any intrigues in which the remaining discontented might indulge. At this moment, however, the Mahrattas were too much engaged in encroachments upon one another, to trouble themselves much about the British.

The operations of the French did not cease to be a subject of much solicitude with the Anglo-Indian authorities. Tippoo had been destroyed, but Mauritius (then called the Isle of France) still

¹ It was Wellesley's principle that an officer should always forego private considerations when public duty was in question. In this instance we have an illustration of the conformity of his practice to his principle.

² The boy lived until his twenty-sixth year, when he died of cholera, while in the service of the Rajah of Mysore.

furnished a rendezvous for plotters, a *depôt* for French troops and ships, and a *point d'appui* for hostile movements against the British possessions in India. Moreover, Egypt had now become the arena of European warfare. Napoleon Buonaparte, eager to neutralise the mischievous effects of the Battle of the Nile, by restoring the reputation of the French arms in Egypt, was engaged in reinforcing the troops in the latter country. He had an ulterior object in view—the invasion of India from Egypt—in which project he calculated upon being assisted by Russia. To counteract this object, or to attack Mauritius, was the motive of an armament now ordered by Lord Mornington to assemble at Trincomalee, a harbour on the north-eastern coast of Ceylon.

Colonel Wellesley was directed to assume the command of the force. Early in 1801, we find him at Ceylon preparing to act according to the orders he might receive. He believed that the destination of the force would be to the Red Sea; and, under this persuasion, as the season rapidly advanced, he sailed to Bombay *en route*, intending there to re-victual his troops, and receive definite instructions from his brother. But the Earl of Mornington had, in the meanwhile, determined to send the expedition to Batavia, and having, for certain good reasons, resolved on placing General Baird at the head of the enterprise, Wellesley, on reaching Bombay, found letters superseding him in the command. It has been conjectured that the Earl of Mornington intended by this measure to mark his disapprobation of Colonel Wellesley's procedure upon his own responsibility. The Earl himself explained the act by reference to the relative rank of the officers. He conceived that for such an enterprise a General Officer should be employed. Be this as it may, the supersession was a subject of much distress to Wellesley, and he expressed himself regarding it in terms of annoyance most unusual with him when his own personal interests were alone concerned:—

“I have not been guilty of robbery or murder, and he (Lord M.) has certainly changed his mind; but the world, which is always good-natured towards those whose affairs do not exactly prosper, will not, or rather does not, fail to suspect that both, or worse, have been the occasion of my being banished. * * * * I did not look, and did not wish, for the appointment which was given to me; and I say that it would probably have been more proper to give it to somebody else; but when it was given to me, and a circular written to the Governments upon the subject, it would have been fair to allow me to hold it till I did something to deserve to lose it. I put private considerations out of the question, as they ought (to have) and have had no

weight in causing either my original appointment or my supercession. I am not quite satisfied with the manner in which I have been treated by Government upon the occasion. However, I have lost neither my health, spirits, nor temper, in consequence thereof. But it is useless to write any more upon a subject of which I wish to retain no remembrance whatever."

It should be stated that this little explosion of wrath and disappointment occurs in a private letter to the Hon. Henry Wellesley (afterwards Lord Cowley), and does not form any part of an official record.

By way of balm to his hurt mind, Lord Mornington appointed his brother second in command under General Baird; but it was not in his destiny to fill an office for which, on subsequent occasions, he declared he never could perceive the necessity. Fever seized him, and he was incapable of proceeding with the expedition, which was now ordered to Egypt. He nevertheless gave Baird, in an elaborate and interesting memorandum on the operations in the Red Sea, the fruits of his reflections and examination of the subject; establishing in this a magnanimity of character, and a zealous anxiety for the prosperity of the public service, rarely found in men smarting under the pangs of imaginary injustice. Nor was his philosophy less conspicuous than his generosity. "I see clearly," he says to Colonel Champagné, "the evil consequences of all this to my reputation and future views; but it cannot be helped, and to things of that nature I generally contrive to make up my mind."

In April, 1801, Colonel Wellesley resumed his appointment in Mysore.

A year elapsed, during which Colonel Wellesley continued to fulfil his duties in the most exemplary manner, acquiring the confidence of the people by his rigid love of justice, and his respect for their religious prejudices and social usages. In April, 1802, he was gazetted a MAJOR-GENERAL.

And here again we find cause of thankfulness to the mysterious fate which had decreed the continuance of Wellesley in a sphere where he was to achieve measures of far greater importance and utility than, as the result established, could be accomplished by the army sent into Egypt.

For a considerable time previous to the campaigns narrated above, the great Mahratta chieftains, Scindiah, Holkar, and the Peishwa, had been at issue. Each had acquired possessions of immense extent in the Deccan (or south), the country lying between the Nerbudda and Kistna rivers, and the two former were ambitious of an extension of



MARCH OF A BRITISH ARMY IN INDIA. THE DECCAN, 1803.

their power. With this view, Scindiah had procured the military services of a great many French and other European officers, who were employed to drill and discipline his troops. Holkar, similarly influenced, employed a similar agency. The clash of ambitious projects at length placed Holkar and Scindiah in an attitude of hostility to each other.

The latter then formed an alliance with the Peishwa, but Holkar, vigorously prosecuting hostilities, defeated the combined forces in the territories of the Peishwa, and entered the Peishwa's capital, Poonah. At this juncture the Peishwa sought the aid of the British, through the Resident at Poonah. The application was favourably received, for the Governor-General, now become Marquis of Wellesley, had viewed with alarm the growth of the power of the different chieftains, each of whom trenched more or less upon the territories of allies which were contiguous to the British dominions, and was anxious to strengthen his hands by a connexion which would interpose a barrier between the Mysore country and the designs of the Mahrattas. Accordingly an agreement was entered into with the Peishwa to procure the restoration of his authority.

Offers were made to Scindiah to admit him a party to the treaty, but as he had his own designs against the British, he declined to share in the arrangement.

The course now taken by the Governor-General, in concert with the governments of Madras and Bombay, was to order the assembly of a *corps d'armée* at all the points threatened by Holkar in the conduct of his operations against the Peishwa. A corps of observation was placed on the southern frontier of the Peishwa, to maintain the integrity of the British possessions, and the territories of the Nizam, and the Mysore Rajah.

Another was established on the north-west frontier of Mysore, while the Bombay government pushed troops to the eastern and southern confines of the territory which it controlled. The Nizam was not inactive. The subsidiary force at Hyderabad prepared for service.

To Major-General Wellesley was entrusted the command of a division of the Madras army. He had previously drawn up a memorandum for the guidance of any officer who might at any time be called upon to conduct a war against the Mahrattas, and was therefore deemed peculiarly competent to open a campaign in the Mahratta country. His instructions were to advance upon Poonah in concert with the subsidiary force of the Deccan, to drive Holkar from the capital, and secure the return of the Peishwa. The march

was successfully accomplished, the troops were received everywhere with open arms, and Major-General Wellesley reached Poonah on the 20th of April, 1803.

The Peishwa soon afterwards entered his capital. But this did not deter Scindiah from the prosecution of his designs. In conjunction with the Rajah of Berar he threatened the territories of our ally, the Nizam, and was also discovered to be in active correspondence with Holkar. Hereupon, the Marquis of Wellesley resolved upon further measures.

Lord Lake was appointed to the command of the army of Hindostan, and high powers were entrusted to General Wellesley. His campaign against Dhoondia, and his march to Poonah, had familiarised him with the topography of the country; and the admirable discipline he had established inspired him with perfect confidence in his troops. The 74th were with him, and the 78th (Highlanders), and his European Cavalry comprised the 19th and 25th Light Dragoons, ably commanded. The Sepoys had learned to respect and confide in him; and although they had not attained the degree of efficiency for which they are now remarkable, they knew the value of loyalty to their *salt*. Every man prided himself in being *nimmukvallah*¹ of the Company, for his pay was good, the pension was certain, and he had profound faith in the care which the Government took of the families of men who fell in action. The latter at once marched to the city of Ahmednuggur, a fortified town of great strength, in the province of the same name. He found the Pettah, or citadel, garrisoned by about 3000 Mahrattas, and 1500 Arabs. No time was lost in attacking it. It fell to an assault, in which the British sustained important losses, on the 8th of August. Two days afterwards an attack was directed upon the fort, but the cannonade had not lasted very long when the Killadar made proposals of surrender, and in effect the fort was given up on the 12th, and thenceforth occupied by our troops. The conquest of Ahmednuggur was of much importance. It secured to the army the communication with Poonah, and became a very useful depôt.

The loss of Ahmednuggur, followed, as it was, by the occupation of Aurangabad,—for General Wellesley suffered very little time to elapse between one operation and another,—induced Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar to quicken their movements upon Hyderabad. Their united forces consisted of 38,500 cavalry, 18,000 infantry, some matchlock

¹ Literally, "salt-fellow." To have eaten the salt of another, is, in the figurative language of the East, to have given a pledge of loyalty.

men, 500 zambooruks (camel guns), and about 200 pieces of artillery 35 of which were of a heavy description of ordnance. French officers commanded their troops.

With the view of protecting Hyderabad, and of securing certain convoys on their route to join his army, General Wellesley arranged with Colonel Stevenson that they should divide their force, consisting of 17,000 men, so as to reach the enemy with the greater rapidity and ease, the former proceeding by a westerly, and the latter by an easterly, route to Bolderun, where the Mahrattas were encamped, and there to co-operate in an attack. Information which was brought to the General, by the *hircarrahs* (messengers), on his reaching Naulniah, induced him to believe that the enemy had retired with their cavalry, leaving their infantry to follow. It was added that the latter were still encamped at a distance of two leagues from the division under General Wellesley. Sending messengers to expedite the movements of Colonel Stevenson, Wellesley hurried forward, and, after a severe march, found himself to his great astonishment in the presence of the whole of the armies of the confederate chiefs. They occupied a space between Bolderun and the village of Assaye, having the river Kaitna in their front, and the Jouah in their rear. The Mahratta infantry occupied the left and centre of the line, while the cavalry was on the right.

Surprised but undismayed by this formidable array, General Wellesley, after contemplating the enemy's position for a short time, determined to attack the infantry. His force consisted at this moment of only 8000 men, 1600 of whom were cavalry. Of the entire body of troops not more than 1500 were British—the 19th Light Dragoons, the 74th and 78th Regiments of Foot. The artillery consisted of seventeen guns. Colonel Stevenson's division had not come up.

It is not venturing too much to say that any other man would have doubted the propriety of attacking under such circumstances. He would have halted to give Stevenson time to come up, or he would have retreated. But Wellesley did not see with the eyes of other men; he did not reason with the faculties of ordinary soldiers. His eagle glance discerned in an instant the point of vantage whence the foe might be stricken. He had learned the value of a "dash" at the natives when unprepared; and this dash he was determined to attempt. The Mahrattas were stationed between two rivers meeting at a point. To gain a position near the angle formed by the confluence of the streams, and thus to offer a narrow but compact and well flanked front to the enemy—to attack his infantry on ground where

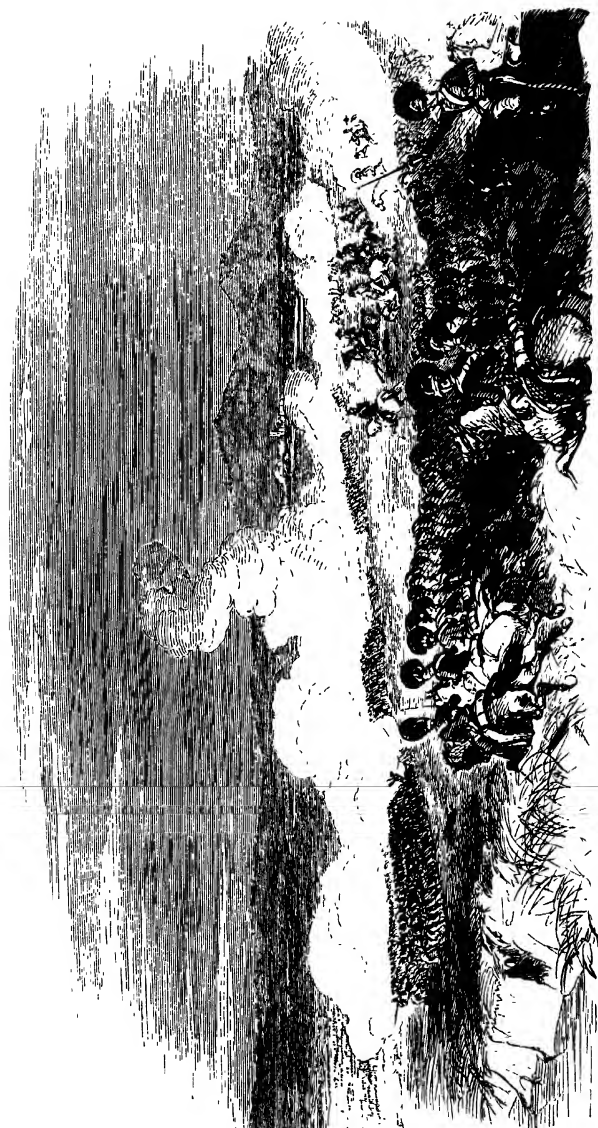
his Cavalry could not manœuvre—were the objects to which General Wellesley at once directed his attention. And with him to conceive was to execute. He instantly passed the river Kaitna, at a ford beyond the enemy's left flank, and, under cover of the Mysore Cavalry, took up the coveted position. "*My doing this,*" we have heard the lamented Duke say, "*has been called a stroke of genius. I call it common sense.*"

Scindiah's army immediately changed its position, and occupying the whole space between the Kaitna and Assaye, with a great number of guns in front, commenced a murderous cannonade. The small number of British guns was quite incapable of coping with this vast battery. General Wellesley, therefore, directed his infantry to advance with the bayonet.

With the determined courage which had given them victory at Seringapatam, in the actions with Dhoondia Waugh, and on the walls of Ahmednuggur, the line dashed forward, carried the guns on the right, and approached Assaye. At this moment a cloud of Mahratta horse, which had stolen round the village, fell upon them—sabre to bayonet—with characteristic fury. The 74th wavered—the charge was too much for them, cut up as they had previously been by the grape shot from the guns.

Colonel Maxwell, of the 19th Light Dragoons, saw that the critical moment had arrived. Forward! was the word. Falling upon the Mahratta cavalry, the Dragoons gave the British infantry time to rally, cut up the Mahratta horsemen, pushed through Scindiah's left, and threw the whole of that part of the Mahratta army into confusion.

In the mean time, the enemy's centre, which had remained untouched, closed in upon the ground before occupied by their left wing, and, uniting with such of their artillery and infantry as had been passed over unhurt by the British cavalry, formed itself into a kind of crescent, with its right horn resting on the river Jouah, and its left on the village of Assaye; thus presenting themselves in a fresh position on the flank of our infantry, on which, having collected a considerable number of their guns, they re-commenced a heavy fire. The battle was now to be fought over again, with this difference, that the contending forces had exchanged sides; and, had the enemy's horse behaved with the least spirit, while our cavalry was absent in pursuit of their broken battalions, there is no guessing what the consequence might have been; but, happily for General Wellesley, they kept aloof. To oppose the enemy in their new position, the Sepoy battalion on the right was immediately advanced against them, but without effect, being compelled to retire. Another was brought



ADVANCE OF THE BRITISH LINE AT ASSAYE. WELLESLEY'S HORSE SHOT. SEPT., 1803.

forward, and equally repulsed. The cavalry, having by this time returned from the pursuit, and formed on the left, and the enemy's horse having disappeared before them, the General ordered the 78th Regiment and 7th Cavalry up to head a fresh attack against the enemy's infantry and guns, which still defended their position with obstinacy. No sooner, however, had he formed the 78th Regiment in line, in directing which his horse's leg was carried off by a cannon shot, than the enemy, without awaiting the attack, commenced their retreat across the Jouah, which they passed in tolerable order before our troops could come up with them. Previously to this last attack, Colonel Maxwell had requested and obtained permission to charge a considerable body of infantry and guns, which, having formed part of the reserve, were seen retiring in good order along the right bank of the Jouah.

The 19th Dragoons were not long in coming up with the enemy, who, having formed with their left to the Jouah, steadily awaited their approach. The charge was sounded: the Dragoons advanced with rapidity, amidst a shower of musketry and grape, and had already got almost within reach of the bayonets of the enemy, who still gallantly stood their ground. "At this moment," writes an officer engaged in the charge, "instead of dashing among their ranks, I suddenly found my horse swept round as it were by an eddy torrent. Away we galloped, right shoulders forward, along the whole of the enemy's line, receiving their fire as we passed, till having turned our backs upon them, we took to our heels manfully, every one calling out, '*Halt! Halt!*' while nobody would set the example; till at last, a trumpet having sounded, we pulled up, but in complete disorder, dragoons and native cavalry, pell-mell. On this occasion, Colonel Maxwell fell, pierced by a grape-shot. He was gallantly leading the charge, when he received his death-blow. Having involuntarily checked his horse, and thrown his arm back, when he received his wound, the soldiers immediately behind him, not knowing the cause, mistook the gesture for a signal to retire, and did so accordingly. At least, this was the reason afterwards assigned for the failure; and, if true, it shows how the fate of armies, and even of nations, may depend upon the direction of a single shot." Recovering from their disorder, the Dragoons renewed the charge with terrible effect, and the enemy gave way in every direction.

Thus closed this memorable battle, one of the most bloody on record to the victors. Out of about 4500 men in action, upwards of 2000 were either killed or wounded, the former amounting to more than a third of the whole number.

Nothing could be more complete than the *déroute* of Scindiah's force. In broad mid-day he was the occupant of the ground with 50,000 men,—at sunset a small proportion of the British *corps d'armée* bivouacked on his position.

General Wellesley has been censured for fighting Scindiah with so inferior a force. He had scarcely an alternative. He knew how much discipline, order, coolness, and judicious movements might accomplish against hordes of irregular or half-disciplined troops, and he likewise knew that, if he did not attack the enemy, Scindiah would certainly have availed himself of the absence of Colonel Stevenson's division to become the assailant, with all the advantage of a good theatre for cavalry operations. Be this as it may, the end justified the audacity of General Wellesley's procedure. Never were skill, moral courage, and sound discipline more brilliantly and more effectively displayed. In testimony of the high honour acquired by the army under the personal command of Major-General Wellesley at the battle of Assaye, the Governor-General in Council ordered that honorary colours, with a device properly suited to commemorate that signal and splendid victory, should be presented to the corps of cavalry and infantry employed on that glorious occasion. The names of the brave officers and men who fell at the battle of Assaye were commemorated, together with the circumstances of the action, upon the public monument erected at Fort William, Calcutta, to the memory of those who had fallen in the public service during the campaign.

Contemporaneously with General Wellesley's operations in the Deccan, Lord Lake was destroying Scindiah's power in the centre of Hindostan. He had taken the fortress of Allighur, and obtained possession of Delhi, and defeated the Mahrattas under French leadership at Laswarree. Meanwhile Colonel Harcourt attacked the possessions of the Rajah of Berar in the south of India, and Colonel Woodington, with a part of the Bombay army, subdued Broach, Chumpaneer, and other places belonging to Scindiah in the province of Guzerat. Colonel Stevenson was dispatched to reduce Burhampoor and Asseerghur, while Major-General Wellesley moved southerly towards Aurungabad, from which direction, however, he diverged, when within sixteen miles of the city, in order to go down the Ghauts, and reinforce Colonel Stevenson.

Colonel Stevenson succeeded in the duty intrusted to him. He gained possession both of Burhampoor and Asseerghur, with comparative ease.¹

¹ Sir Jasper Nicolls, afterwards Commander-in-Chief in India in 1840, '41, '42, and '43, was on the staff of General Wellesley during the Mahratta campaign. He preserved notes of

And here it may not be irrelevant to quote the instructions which he received from General Wellesley, regarding the best method of proceeding against the Mahrattas. They demonstrate the aptitude of Wellesley's genius to contend with the Mahrattas, and the talent with which he could compress into a few words a volume of advice upon a system of strategy suited to the exigencies of the time.

"Supposing that you determine to have a brush with them, I recommend what follows to your consideration. Do not attack their position, because they always take up such as are confoundedly strong and difficult of access, for which the banks of the numerous rivers and nullahs afford them every facility. Do not remain in your own position, however strong it may be, or however well you may have entrenched it; but when you shall hear that they are on their march to attack you, secure your baggage, and move out of your camp. You will find them in the common disorder of march; they will not have time to form, which, being but half-disciplined troops, is necessary for them.

"At all events, you will have the advantage of making the attack on ground which they will not have chosen for the battle; a part of their troops only will be engaged; and it is possible that you will gain an easy victory. Indeed, according to this mode, you might choose the field of battle yourself some days before, and might meet them upon that very ground."

Scindiah being nearly disposed of, General Wellesley now bestowed his attention upon the Rajah of Berar. Having ascertained that he had traversed the hill country on the borders of Candeish on his route to the banks of the Godavery, the General, on the 25th of October, 1803, ascended the Adjunttee Ghaut.

From this point he continued to press the Rajah back upon his own territories. On his way, in an easterly direction, General Wellesley encountered a Vakeel (Envoy) from Scindiah, who had retired to his proper dominions, and now sought peace.

An armistice resulted, from which the Rajah of Berar was excluded.

the campaign, and from these may be gathered some pleasing evidences of Wellesley's humanity. After the taking of Asseerghur, late in October, 1803, Sir Jasper writes :—

"Visiting the sick officers and wounded, we heard of General Wellesley's liberality to them. The evening we left Asseerghur, he sent in to every one a dozen of Madeira from his stock, and that wine is neither cheap nor plentiful; to-day he was in amongst them before the camp was pitched, making inquiries which are as honourable to his feelings as they are agreeable and gratifying to the poor invalids. The men have every comfort which can be afforded from the camp, or procured here, which I fear are not very numerous; indeed, the refugees from the adjoining parts, and Scindiah's wounded men, are dying here every day in want of the commonest and coarsest food."

The object of the armistice was to detach one chieftain from the other, and to render unnecessary the pursuit of his horse to a distance, which would interfere with other operations of consequence.

It was a condition of the armistice that Scindiah should retire within his own dominions, which he affected to do. General Wellesley, being now bent on the reduction of the fort of Gawilghur, proceeded down the Ghauts to cover the investment which was to be undertaken by Colonel Stevenson. But when he came within six miles of the village of Argaum (28th November, 1803), he found Scindiah's army drawn up in front of the village in a line five miles in extent. Forming his own force in two lines, one of cavalry and one of infantry facing the enemy, covered by the Mogul and Mysore cavalry, he advanced to the attack, the enemy as usual commencing with a terrific discharge of artillery. It was late in the day. Sufficient light, however, remained to enable him to defeat and scatter the foe, who were pursued by the cavalry by moonlight. From this defeat Scindiah never rallied.

Continuing the movement upon Gawilghur, a fort situated in a range of mountains between the sources of the rivers Poonah and Taptee, it was reached early in December, and the place was at once invested by the combined forces of Wellesley and Stevenson. The walls were breached and rendered practicable by the 14th, and on the morning of the 15th a storming party, consisting of the flank companies of the 94th and of the native corps in Colonel Stevenson's division, assaulted Gawilghur and carried it triumphantly. The opposition was vigorous but brief. The garrison was extensive, consisting of the refugee troops from Argaum, and their bravery undeniable. Great numbers were killed, but the victors did not disgrace their achievement by subsequent barbarities. So moderate was the conduct of the soldiery as to call for the special commendation of General Wellesley, who declared that he "never saw a storm in which so little irregularity was committed."¹

¹ A second reference is made to the characteristic humanity of Wellesley, in General Nicoll's notes to the storming of Gawilghur.

"December, 1803.

"When General Wellesley entered the fort, his first enquiry was for the Killadar, and he went immediately to his house; his son, a fine lad of nine or ten years of age, said he did not know where he was, that he had gone out about two hours before, and had not returned. The poor fellow was ignorant of his fate, perhaps; but when order was sufficiently restored to admit the inhabitants who survived to venture out, a search was made, and his body, with that of Bery Sing, was found amidst a heap of slain, near the gateway. These two men, of good Rajpoot families, had determined to die in defence of their trust; and, according to the custom of their country, to save their wives and daughters from destruction by putting them to death before they went out to meet their own. From some cause unknown to us, this was

Two short days only elapsed between the fall of Gawilghur and the ratification of a treaty of peace between the Rajah of Berar and the East India Company. The Rajah ceded extensive territories in Cuttack, near the western shores of the Bay of Bengal, and in the Deccan renounced his connection with the Mahratta confederates, and engaged never again to retain in his armies the natives of any European state who might be at war with England. These cessions were followed by Scindiah's formal submission, which conferred upon the Company even still greater advantages than those obtained from the Berar Rajah.

With these achievements the career of Major-General Wellesley in India may be said to have closed, although he continued for some little time to wage a desultory war with the hordes, who, deprived by peace of their regular means of subsistence, levied contributions on the country.

The hour of recompense had now arrived, and if it had had to be measured by the gratitude and admiration of the Europeans and natives of India, General Wellesley received tributes and addresses enough to have satisfied the most inordinate cravings. A sword of the value of 1000*l.* was voted to the General by the British inhabitants of Calcutta; the officers of his division presented him with a service of plate; *fêtes* and addresses awaited him at Bombay, at Madras, and at Seringapatam; but the approbation—next to that of his own pure mind—which Wellesley coveted, was unaccountably withheld. No sign or token of thankfulness came from the Court of East India Directors nor the Government of George III. The Order of the Bath was, indeed, conferred upon the hero of Assaye and Argaum, and there all reward stopped, for in those days the difficulties of Indian conquests were unappreciated, or their real value misunderstood. The noble generosity which in these days garnishes the coronet of a Hardinge or a Gough with a valuable pension, and recognises the deeds of a Pollock and a Nott with suitable annuities, had no share in the councils of Leadenhall Street. Founded on a trading charter, the government of the East India Company discerned more merit in the voyage of a single commander of one of their splendid 1400 ton vessels than in the brightest military achievement which added a hundred thousand acres to their possessions. In

but imperfectly performed; of twelve or fourteen women, but three, I think, were dead when our men discovered them, and three or four more lay bleeding, having received two or three cuts or stabs with a knife or dagger: probably these Rajpoots entrusted this shocking duty to hands more humane than their own. General Wellesley visited them, and ordered every respect and care to be shown to them."

the fulness of his chagrin, Wellesley wrote to his friend, Major Shawe,—

“I have served the country in important situations for many years, and have never received any thing but injury from the Court of Directors, although I am a singular instance of an officer who has served under all the governments, and in communication with all the residents, and many civil authorities; and there is not an instance on record, or in any private correspondence, of disapprobation of any one of my acts, or a single complaint, or even a symptom of ill-temper, from any one of the political or civil authorities in communication with whom I have acted. The King’s ministers have as little claims upon me as the Court of Directors. I am not very ambitious, and I acknowledge that I never have been very sanguine in my expectations that military services in India would be considered on the scale on which are considered similar services in other parts of the world. But I might have expected to be placed on the Staff of India, and if it had not been for the lamented death of General Frazer, General Smith’s arrival would have made me supernumerary.”

A similar degree of indifference to high claims marked the conduct of the Government towards the Earl of Mornington. The King raised him to the Marquise of Wellesley; but it was not until thirty or forty years subsequently that the Court of Directors repaired the shameful omission of their predecessors by soothing his declining days with a valuable gratuity.

In March, 1805, Sir Arthur Wellesley embarked in the *Trident* frigate for England. He left behind him an imperishable reputation. For long years afterwards the name of Wellesley was synonymous in India with truth, justice, humanity, and good faith. The natives of Mysore had found in him a firm and honest friend, and the army recognised in Wellesley the general who was always sure to conduct them to victory. His unceasing activity in procuring supplies, his stern reprehension of infractions of discipline, his excellent example of patience and endurance when long and forced marches tried the spirits and strength of his companions, his assertion of the interests and regard for the comforts of the soldiery, all tended to raise the character and condition of the army, and render it an efficient agent in the accomplishment of the important objects he was called upon to accomplish. Although he had suffered from severe attacks of illness both in India and before his arrival in the country, and found incessant occupation in an extensive correspondence which regulated distant affairs, in the presence of formidable enemies, or the necessity

for conciliating and overawing doubtful friends, yet he never betrayed anxiety of mind or exhaustion of body. On the contrary, writes an eloquent biographer, "not a man in his army seemed more devoid of care. Full of animation and urbanity, no reproving look checked the joke or suppressed the laugh of those about him. 'Come away!' he would call out, and off he went at full speed after his gallant greyhounds, who commonly obtained much of his attention during a march, and game abounding, the general, and any officers not required to be with their regiments, who felt disposed to enjoy the coursing, were able to beguile the time with the exhilarating sport. With an astonishing facility of getting through business, aided by a rapid pen, he found leisure for everything, and the ordinary hours of employment past, was ready to give his opinion on the shape or qualities of a dog or horse with all the acumen of a connoisseur. He was temperate in his habits, especially as regarded the pleasures of the table, and appeared to suffer but little from the power of a tropical sun. In person he was a little above the middle height, well limbed, and muscular, with little encumbrance of flesh beyond that which gives shape and manliness to the outline of the figure, with a firm tread, an erect carriage, a countenance strongly patrician both in feature, profile, and expression, and an appearance remarkable and distinguished. Few could approach him on any duty, or on any subject requiring his serious attention, without being sensible of something strange and penetrating in his clear, light eye."

However great the advantages which he gained from his subsequent experience in European warfare, it must be obvious to all who have studied the "Despatches" written during the Indian campaigns that very much of the renown acquired by Wellesley was the fruit of his natural sagacity. We trace in these despatches, and in the records of the time preserved by others, the prompt development of all the qualities on which his subsequent greatness was built—the immediate sources of his marvellous success—the key to the confidence with which he alike inspired those who employed and those who served under him. His leading characteristic was his devotion to the public service. By no means destitute of ambition, and having private objects to attain, he invariably treated them as secondary to the duty imposed upon him, even when the opportunity was given him of doing just as he pleased. In a letter to the Hon. H. Wellesley, of March, 1801, he says: "I have never had much value for the public spirit of any man who does not sacrifice his private views and convenience when it is necessary." And that this was an ingrained principle was apparent in 1800, when he declined to take the command

of the troops intended for Batavia, because it would remove him from the Mahratta country, where he might be more usefully employed. "I cannot think," he wrote to Lord Clive, "of relinquishing the command with which your lordship has entrusted me at this interesting period for any object of advantage or credit to be gained in another place."

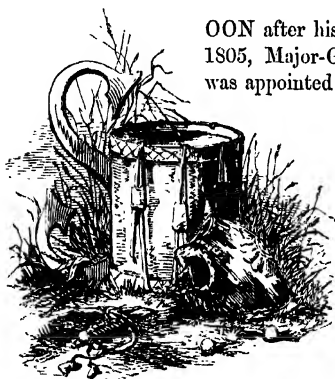
Of his quick appreciation of the military character of the Mahrattas and the organisation of their forces, no better proof can be afforded than the battle of Assaye and his instructions to Colonel Stevenson. He discovered that they were unwary—loose in their discipline—and liable to be thrown into confusion by a sudden attack upon the march, or in a position in which they believed themselves to be secure. The tactics of his great contemporary Napoleon, who had taught the Austrians to respect an enemy who moved with promptitude and assaulted with vigour, were practised by Wellesley—from the same intuitive perception of their value—in the Indian campaign. Time was, in the opinion of both commanders, *everything* in military operations.

The justice and moderation of Wellesley were conspicuous in his management of the affairs of Seringapatam, and his protestations against appointments of officers whose merit lay rather in their family connections than their capacity. He evinced no irritability in his commerce with the natives, who were new to British rule; on the contrary, he always practised and recommended patience and forbearance. Speaking of the new Hindoo government of Seringapatam, he said, "We have never been hitherto accustomed to a native government: we cannot readily bear the disappointments and delays which are usual in all their transactions; prejudices are entertained against them, and all their actions are misconstrued, and we mistrust them. I see instances of this daily in the best of our officers, and I cannot but acknowledge that, from the delays of the natives, they have sometimes reason to complain; *but they have none to ill use any man.*"

The quickness of General Wellesley in acquiring a knowledge of the topography and resources of the country in which he was to carry on operations was the theme of admiration amongst the officers who had spent their lives in India. Nothing escaped him—nothing was left unsaid in his instructions to his subordinates, or his applications to the local government, which could contribute to the completeness of his equipments, and the success of the service on which he was engaged. Of his kindness and humanity, Sir Jasper Nicolls has supplied proofs, which are already before the reader.

CHAPTER II.

Appointed to the Staff as Commander of a Brigade—Becomes Secretary for Ireland—Joins the Expedition to Denmark—Distinguishes himself at Kioge—Proceeds to Portugal—Gains the victories of Rorica and Vimiero—The Convention of Cintra—Returns to England.



SOON after his return to England, in March, 1805, Major-General Sir Arthur Wellesley was appointed to the Staff as Commander of a brigade of troops stationed at Hastings, in Sussex, upon their return from Hanover. His descent from the command of an army to a comparatively inferior trust did not in any way weaken his zeal or diminish his interest in his professional duties. The order and superior discipline of the

brigade while under his direction were equally conspicuous with the fine state of the troops he had elsewhere led to victory.

The Colonelcy of the 33rd Regiment having fallen vacant through the demise of the Marquis Cornwallis in India, the King bestowed it upon Major-General Wellesley. Previous, however, to this occurrence he married the Lady Catherine Pakenham, daughter of the Earl of Longford, by whom he had issue, Arthur, (born 3rd February, 1807), and Charles (born 16th January, 1808).

When the Duke of Richmond became Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1807, Sir Arthur Wellesley accepted the appointment of chief secretary, upon the understanding that it was not to interfere with his military promotion or pursuits. In this new office, Sir Arthur displayed all the courage and perseverance which characterised his career in India. The condition of Ireland at the time rendered it

necessary to place large powers in the hands of the secretary, and these were exercised with firmness, discrimination, and temper, in spite of the violent opposition which they experienced from the liberal party.

It would interfere too much with the course of the narrative to trace the career of Napoleon Bonaparte, whose great jealousy of the power of England, had now begun to take a formidable shape. A few words must, however, be employed to establish the connection between the future military operations of Sir Arthur and those of the French Emperor, against whose armies he was afterwards to be so much, and so successfully, employed.

Passing through the gradations of power, during the existence of the Republic of France, until he had attained the office of First Consul in perpetuity, Napoleon, in 1804, procured himself to be elected Emperor of the French. Defeated at sea by Nelson, Jervis, Calder, and Collingwood, Napoleon, after the rupture of a brief treaty with England in 1801, directed the arms of France upon Austria, Prussia, and Russia; and obtaining great successes over the Prussians established himself in the Prussian capital. Here he gave full latitude to his hostility to England, and published a Decree for the blockade of the British Isles! This proceeding,—which was intended to destroy the commerce, and by terminating the prosperity eventually to crush the power of England; but which, in operation, recoiled upon Napoleon, and accelerated, if it did not produce, his overthrow,—was dated on the 21st November, 1806. After setting forth that England would not consent to regulate naval warfare by the laws and amenities which were established on land, but had introduced new customs into her maritime code, and revived those of a barbarous age; that she refused to recognise the distinctions of private property and the rights of foreigners not serving in war, but seized on merchant vessels and made their crews prisoners as if they had been armed and sent out by their respective governments against an enemy, and that the British declaration of blockade extended to places not actually blockaded—thus extending the evils of war to peaceful and unarmed citizens,—the British isles were declared by the Decree to be in a state of blockade. All commerce and correspondence with them were strictly prohibited. All English subjects found in countries occupied by the troops of France were declared to be prisoners of war. All merchandise or property of any kind belonging to British owners, and all articles of British manufacture, or the produce of British colonies, were declared to be lawful prize. Half of the proceeds of all confiscations were to be

applied to the relief of those merchants whose ships had been captured by English cruisers. No vessel from England or the English colonies was to be admitted into a continental port, but every one entering a foreign harbour was to be seized and forfeited. Two Prize-Courts were to be established; one at Paris for the French Empire, and the other at Milan for the kingdom of Italy.

The system thus established had, there is no doubt, been for some time in contemplation, but Napoleon had not deemed the time favourable for its promulgation till he was master of nearly all the line of coast round Europe. . . . The habits of two or three centuries of unrestricted commerce had placed many of the articles sought to be prohibited, among the absolute necessities of life; to dispense with which would have occasioned great and universal distress and inconvenience. It was, therefore, a proclamation of war with the feelings, tastes, and wishes of mankind—an attempt to force civilisation backward for three centuries, which the most tyrannic and absolute power could not have succeeded in effecting. One blow in one place was useless; to exclude commerce it required a constant tension of watchful energy in every port of the Continent, not only at the known ports and harbours, but at every creek, cove, and islet by which the shore of ocean was indented; and while Napoleon was thus employing his ascendancy, the British government was exerting all its energies to defeat the powers arrayed against its commerce. It began by endeavouring to create a new species of commerce where none had previously existed, and where the simple wants of the inhabitants were supplied by the produce of the land. Two expeditions were sent (one in 1806 and another in 1807) against Buenos Ayres, to compel the natives to deal in British merchandise, but the sturdy semi-barbarous population, not only resolutely refused to purchase what it did not require and had no money to pay for, but took up arms in defence of its national independence, and speedily defeating the British troops, drove them from the insulted coast. The Government of England next despatched an armament against Turkey, to compel the Sultan to abandon an alliance he had formed with Napoleon, dismiss the French ambassador from Constantinople, and surrender all his ships of war to the English until a general peace. Sir Thomas Duckworth, who commanded the expedition, passed the Dardanelles and urged the demands contained in his instructions, but with so little effect and under such increasing disadvantages and dangers, that after negotiating for a week, the admiral precipitately retired from before the Turkish capital. Petty expeditions, however, constituted at this period the British system

of warfare. Accordingly, in March, a small army was sent against Egypt under General Frazer, which easily obtained possession of Alexandria, but being subsequently pressed hard on all sides by the Turks and Mamelukes, was compelled, after losing more than a fifth of its number, to capitulate and wholly to evacuate the Egyptian territories. As a set-off against these disasters, the small Dutch island of Curaçao and the Cape of Good Hope—a really important acquisition, were conquered. But the general policy of the English cabinet was too narrow to accomplish any great object, or to operate with effect in bringing the war to a close. At length the people of England began to complain of the imbecile conduct of the ministry, and this, echoed by the press, eventually stimulated the Government to bolder action.

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In the beginning of August, an expedition consisting of twenty-seven sail of the line and a great number of frigates, and smaller vessels carrying upwards of 20,000 soldiers under the command of Lord Cathcart, was despatched to the Baltic, secretly commissioned to demand from Denmark, the only northern power which still possessed what might be justly called a fleet, the delivery of its ships and naval stores to Great Britain, to be held in trust till the proclamation of peace. Sir Arthur Wellesley accompanied the expedition as commander of a division. Between the Danes and the English at this period the truest friendly relations were subsisting. Extensive mercantile dealings were mutual and ambassadors resided at their respective courts. No intimation was given of the hostile intentions of Great Britain. No complaint of misconduct on the part of Denmark, or hint of apprehensions as to her ulterior designs, was suffered to transpire even after the expedition had sailed. Admiralty licenses were granted to British merchants trading to Denmark, and Danish ships were encouraged to enter English ports as those of friends and allies. Hence the object of the armament was unsuspected, when Admiral Gambier, with his armed freight, passed the Sound and the Great Belt, and entering the Baltic, blockaded the island of Zealand, on which Copenhagen, the capital of the kingdom, is situated. It was not until ninety pennons were flying around these unprepared shores that Mr. Jackson, the British Minister, thought fit to communicate to the Crown Prince the requisitions of his government, which were then stated to have originated in a fear that the French Emperor would not long permit Denmark to remain neutral, but would seize and employ her fleet in his meditated attempt to subjugate England. The Danish Prince, with just indignation, repelled the demand as an unwarrantable

attempt to deprive his country of its independence, and prepared to offer what resistance he could to the unprovoked aggression of his pretended friends. The British, however, were too numerous, and their course of proceeding had been too well organised for a hasty and ill-arranged defence to be availing. The troops were disembarked, and preparations made for bombarding Copenhagen, which, after a gallant resistance for three days, during which many public buildings, churches, libraries, and an immense number of private habitations, and great part of the population were destroyed, was compelled to surrender its citadel and forts.¹

Shortly after Copenhagen had been invested by the British forces, Sir Arthur Wellesley was detached with 4000 or 5000 men to march against the Danish Lieutenant-General Castenskiold, who was then encamped near Rochild, with an army composed of 14,000 men. As the British commander advanced, the Danish retreated, endeavouring by all means to avoid a battle. After Sir Arthur had passed through Rochild with his forces, he hesitated for some time which of the two roads he should take, either that towards Kioge, or that towards Holbeck; he ultimately determined upon the latter; and in the evening he fixed his head-quarters at an inn not far distant from the mansion of the Count of Holstein, named Leigre or Lethrabort, the former residence of the ancient kings of Denmark. On his march thither Sir Arthur observed that the Danish army had recently been encamped in a very advantageous situation on a steep hill, near Gjeoninge: he expressed his surprise that the enemy should have quitted a place, where it would scarcely have been possible for him to have dislodged them or attacked them with any chance of success. Inquiring into the strength and disposition of the Danish army, he was informed that the enemy consisted of about 14,000 men; and so inveterate were they against the invaders of their country that they had unanimously intreated their commander in the most earnest manner, to lead them directly against the British, a request with which General Castenskiold did not think proper to comply.

Sir Arthur Wellesley without the least altering his countenance, and without changing the plan he had already laid down for himself to proceed upon, turned round to the officers near his person, and in his usual laconic way, coolly observed, "Then, gentlemen, I suppose we shall have pretty hot work of it." The Danish army debouched towards Riogo: the British general had no sooner intimation of this manœuvre, than he crossed the country and followed the enemy close

¹ Bussy's "Life of Napoleon."

up. General Castenskiold made a stand near Riogo. Sir Arthur immediately attacked the Danish forces, which he defeated after a very short action, and dispersed in all directions over the country. Sir Arthur then returned to his former head-quarters, and it was now that he exercised that humanity, and displayed that generosity towards the adjacent inhabitants, which always formed such a conspicuous feature in his character. He preserved the utmost regularity and order among his men; no complaint preferred, even by the poorest peasant, against any man, of whatever rank, who had either injured or insulted him, went unnoticed; and the country people, who had been taught to look upon the British as monsters of iniquity, loudly exclaimed that they were better treated by their enemies than they had been by their own people: the former paid for all they had with the utmost liberality; the latter compelled them to furnish them with whatever they required, without offering the least indemnification. The men had been taken away from their homes to fill up the ranks in the militia; thus labourers were wanting to gather in the harvest; distress and ruin would have been the sure consequences, had not Sir Arthur permitted the British troops to assist the farmers. It was a sight not less curious than grateful to see soldiers placed in almost every house, to guard the inhabitants from the insults of such stragglers as might stray from the British camp, from a desire of plunder; nor would Sir Arthur permit his troops to receive any reward for their services in this respect, though the gentlemen, farmers, and peasants, were willing to be liberal towards men whom they looked upon as their protectors; in fact, so attached had they become to our troops, that they anticipated with much uneasiness the day which, by the capitulation of Copenhagen, was fixed upon for the evacuation of Zealand by the British forces. Theft of any kind was punished by Sir Arthur with the utmost severity; but it is just to state that only two complaints of this nature were ever made against any British soldier in Zealand, and then, by the exertion of their officers, the property was restored to its owners. Such was the magnanimous conduct of the subject of this memoir during his stay with the army in Zealand.

In the siege of Copenhagen not more than 200 were killed and wounded out of an army 20,000 strong. Late in September, 1807, the expedition returned to England, carrying with it the Danish fleet of sixteen sail of the line, nine frigates, fourteen sloops, and many smaller vessels.

Some difference of opinion prevailed in England upon the justice and necessity of the expedition, though its policy obtained almost

universal concurrence. A vote of thanks to the forces employed was not obtained without some resistance in the House of Commons, but it was at length ultimately carried by a majority of eighty-one.



A VIEW OF COPENHAGEN.

The Speaker, in communicating the vote, thus expressed himself with regard to Sir Arthur Wellesley:—

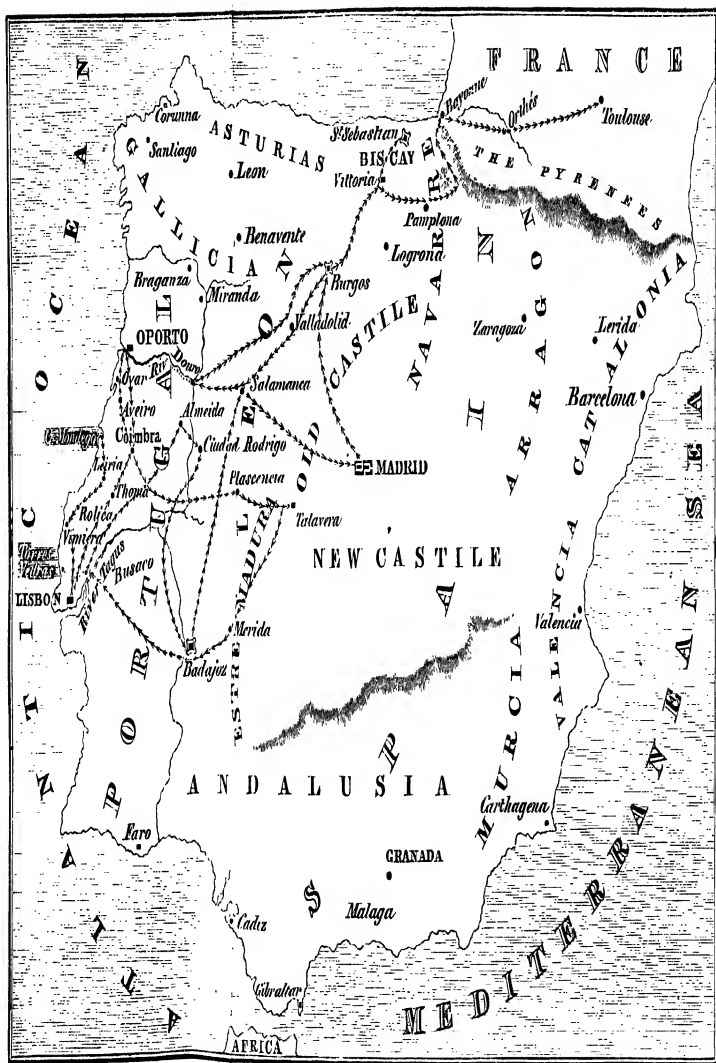
“But I should indeed be wanting to the full expression of those sentiments which animate this House, and the whole country, if I forbear to notice that we are, on this day, crowning with our thanks one gallant officer, long since known to the gratitude of this House, who has long trodden the paths of glory, whose genius and valour have already extended our fame and empire; whose sword has been the terror of our distant enemies, and will not now be drawn in vain to defend the seat of empire itself, and the throne of his King. I am, Sir Arthur Wellesley, charged to deliver the thanks of this House to you; and I do accordingly thank you, in the name of the Commons of the United Kingdom, for your zeal, intrepidity, and exertion, displayed in the various operations which were necessary for conducting the siege, and effecting the surrender of the navy and arsenal of Copenhagen.”

Major-General Sir Arthur Wellesley replied as follows:—

“Mr. Speaker,—I consider myself fortunate that I was employed by his Majesty on a service which this House has considered of such importance, as to have marked with its approbation the conduct of those officers and troops who have performed it. The honour which this House has conferred upon my honourable friends and myself, is justly considered by the officers of the navy and army, as the

highest which this country can confer; it is the object of the ambition of all who are employed in his Majesty's service; and to obtain it has doubtless been the motive of many of those acts of valour and good conduct which have tended so eminently to the glory, and have advanced the prosperity and advantage of this country. I can assure the House that I am most sensible of the great honour which they have done me; and I beg leave to take this opportunity of returning you, Sir, my thanks for the handsome terms, respecting myself, in which your kindness to me has induced you to convey the resolution of the House."

Early in the year 1808 Sir Arthur resumed his duties as Irish Secretary, which, however, he only continued to fulfil for about five months. A new field was now opening to his honourable military ambition, and Europe was about to receive the benefits of those services which had hitherto been rendered to England alone.



MAP OF SPAIN AND PORTUGAL:

SHOWING THE ADVANCE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON FROM LISBON TO TOULOUSE, AND THE RETROGRADE MOVEMENT FROM BURGOS TO THE DOURO.

CHAPTER III.

French invasion of Portugal—Occupation of Spain—Sir Arthur proceeds to Portugal—Battles of Rorica and Vimiero—Convention of Cintra—Sir Arthur returns home.



IN the execution of his design for annexing Spain to the dominions of France, and punishing Portugal for refusing to obey the Berlin decree, Napoleon Bonaparte had covered the former countries with his troops, and usurped the government of the kingdoms.

To counteract his purposes, and to expel the French from Portugal, the British Government, in virtue of the obligations imposed upon England by treaty, resolved to despatch a large force to the Peninsula.

This force, consisting of eleven battalions of infantry, the 29th Foot, a body of dragoons, a detachment of the Royal Staff Corps, and a proportion of artillery, was confided to the command of Sir Arthur Wellesley, who had now obtained the rank of Lieutenant-General.

A reserve force of 10,000 men was, in the meantime, held in hand in England, until it should be required in Portugal.

Lieutenant-General Sir Arthur Wellesley embarked with the expedition in July, 1808, quitting it, in pursuance of his instructions, in the "Crocodile" frigate, and making immediately for Coruña, where he would obtain the means of learning the actual state of things in Spain and Portugal before the arrival of the army.

To understand the magnitude of the task which now devolved upon Sir Arthur Wellesley, it may be as well to glance at the position

which Bonaparte had acquired in Europe, and the events which preceded the despatch of the Expedition. Prussia, beaten, humbled, and dismembered, existed only by his sufferance. Austria, after three lamentably miscondacted and disastrous struggles with Revolutionary France, found herself despoiled of the Netherlands, the Tyrol, all her Italian territories, and other possessions. "Denmark was in alliance with France; the government, rather than the nation, co-operating with Bonaparte. Sweden, with an insane king and a discontented people, maintained against him a war which was little more than nominal. Russia, the only country which seemed secure in its distance, its strength, and the unanimity of its inhabitants,—the only continental state to which the rest of Europe might have looked as to a conservative power,—Russia appeared to be dazzled by Bonaparte's glory, duped by his insidious talents, and blindly subservient to his ambition. Spain was entirely subject to his control; its troops and its treasures were more at the disposal of the French government than of its own. Portugal had hitherto been suffered to remain neutral, because Bonaparte, from time to time, extorted large sums from the court as the price of its neutrality, and because the produce of the Spanish mines found their way safely through the British cruisers under the Portuguese flag. England alone perseveringly opposed the projects of the ambitious conqueror, and prevented the possibility of his accomplishing that scheme of universal dominion which, had it not been for her interference, he believed to be within his reach."¹

Spain having been duped into a secret treaty with France, by which Portugal was to be partitioned, and the *élite* of the Spanish army, amounting to 16,000 men, placed at the disposal of Napoleon, and drafted to the north of Germany, steps were taken to obtain military possession of Portugal, and, if possible, secure the persons of the Braganza family. By way of pretext for these iniquitous acts, the French and Spanish ambassadors communicated to the Court of Lisbon Napoleon's demands, to which Portugal was desired to submit. Her ports must be closed against England,—any subjects of that power resident in the country were to be arrested,—all English property confiscated,—and these stipulations were to be acceded to within three weeks, or war with both powers denounced as the alternative.

Before the time allowed to the Portuguese Court for taking these demands into consideration had elapsed, Napoleon commenced his aggressions. All Portuguese vessels in his harbours were seized, and an army of 25,000 infantry, with 3000 cavalry, was ordered to march

¹ Southey.

directly on Lisbon, to be joined on the frontier by a Spanish corps. Junot, a favourite aide-de-camp of Napoleon, to whom the occupation of the devoted kingdom had been entrusted, moved immediately from Salamanca. Junot had risen from the ranks. He was a man of great courage, but possessed neither judgment nor moral principle.

In a few days he reached Alcantara, and by forced marches was within ninety miles of Lisbon before the authorities in that city were apprised that the enemy had crossed the Spanish frontier.

Spain joined readily in the aggression, because she could not help herself. Every soldier in the Spanish army was put in requisition to make up the force auxiliary to the French invading corps.

To avert the hostility which suddenly threatened to overwhelm her, Portugal yielded without a blow; and the British minister removed himself on board a man-of-war forming part of a squadron which now blockaded Lisbon, the more strictly that a Russian fleet, unable to reach the Baltic before the winter would set in, had anchored in the Tagus.

Junot continued to advance. With promises of friendship on his lips, and declarations of peaceful intentions in his proclamations, he permitted his army to practise every kind of spoliation on its way. Houses and churches were plundered, orchards robbed of their produce.¹ Alcantara, Castello, Brama, Santarem, were given up to sack and ruin. None of the inhabitants escaped insult, even though they received the invaders with kindness. Reaching Lisbon, Junot formally took possession of that capital, and the royal family at once threw itself upon the protection of England, and emigrated to the Brazils.

The conduct of the French, when at Lisbon, has been thus forcibly described:—"The French were scarcely rested in Lisbon until the true character of the invaders displayed itself. Nightly, and without beat of drum, reinforcements poured in, and they were quartered in such parts of the capital as were best calculated to overawe the citizens, and secure a safe communication between the troops. The great convents were converted into barracks, their former occupants

¹ When the British troops subsequently occupied Lisbon after the expulsion of the French (in 1808), they entered their various hutted camps across the river, which were found arranged with comfort and taste. Their army had found the ripe wheat standing, and, regardless of its value, had not only thatched, but made whole huts, with the corn in the ear, which, hanging down, shed the grain on the ground. They had built with boughs of trees an immense *Salle de Spectacle*, and formed, by cutting down and removing the largest olive-trees, and sticking their pointed ends into the ground, an avenue leading up to it, of some length—an act more wanton and reprehensible than that of taking the unthrashed corn, as the fruit of the olive is not produced under several years' growth.

having been unceremoniously ejected; while the houses of the noblesse, and the wealthier of the merchants, were taken from their owners and occupied by the general officers and their staff. Edicts were issued for the confiscation of English property, the use of arms strictly prohibited, and the inhabitants were not only obliged to afford lodgings, but subsistence, to the unwelcome inmates forced upon them by their pseudo-deliverer. Even when persons abandoned their homes, and retired to the country, they were required to support the establishment, and answer all the demands the intruders chose to make.

"Continued insults and exactions at last inflamed the people to resistance; riots ensued, and lives were lost on both sides. Junot easily suppressed the tumult and took effectual means to prevent its recurrence.

"New works were thrown up around the castle by which the city might at any time be laid in ruins; the provincial militia were disbanded; to prevent alarm, the French commander ordered that the church bells were never to be rung at night, while the host itself, during its circuit, was to be restricted to the accompaniment of a hand-bell, and that only was permitted to be sounded thrice.

"The effect of French oppression was soon apparent; trade and industry altogether ceased, and a kind of national despondency pervaded every class. The merchant abandoned himself to despair, and the peasant refused to till the ground. Suicide, a crime unfrequent among the Portuguese, occurred daily in the city, while fields unsown, and vineyards running wild, told that the peasant had become as reckless as the trader.

"Such was the state of Portugal—such the immediate consequences of her military occupation by the French, assisted by their faithless and imbecile confederates, the Spaniards. The latter, indeed, appeared to have entered fully into the spirit of aggression, and imitated the example of the 'emancipating' army. Caraffa, who commanded a division at Porto, raised on his march a contribution of 4000 cruzados at Thomar, and plundered the depository at Coimbra of 10,000 more. But while aiding in the oppression of their neighbours, and abetting the robbery of an ancient ally, the Spaniards little dreamed that the chain was secretly and swiftly winding round themselves, and that the spoilers were soon to be within the gates of their own capital."

Napoleon had despatched a second army of observation under Dupont, and another under Moncey, across the Pyrenees, with the ostensible purpose of strengthening the hands of Junot. This raised the French force in Spain to 50,000 men. With Moncey's corps

was Murat, the Grand Duke of Berg, who crossed the Somosierra and advanced upon Madrid. In the meanwhile the feeble old King of Spain, alarmed at a state of things which he could not control, abdicated the crown in favour of his son Ferdinand, who was proclaimed the sovereign of the Spanish people on the 20th of March, 1808; but Ferdinand was not permitted to hold the sceptre many days. The French Commander refused to recognise him, and Charles, the ex-king, interpreting this into Napoleon's espousal of his own cause, revoked his abdication, and implored the direct assistance of the French Emperor. Ferdinand then fled to France, appointing a Junta, with his uncle Don Antonio at its head, and Murat a member thereof. His example was followed by his demented and senile father. Soon afterwards Napoleon caused Don Antonio to be re-called from the lieutenancy of the kingdom; Murat being appointed sole Regent. This last measure roused the anger of the Spanish people to the highest point of exasperation. A mob used violent means to prevent the departure of the remaining members of the royal family of Spain—the traces of the carriages were cut, and Murat's officers insulted. The Regent wished for no better excuse for placing the French troops in an attitude of hostility to the populace. The alarm was beaten, a bloody conflict ensued. Madrid was filled with French guards. The Spanish citizens, aided by a large body of the peasantry, fought with amazing resolution under a hundred disadvantages; but they were borne down by disciplined and well-organised battalions, and many of those who escaped butchery in the streets were seized, tried by a military commission, and were immediately executed, in groups of forty, in the public squares and parades.

The news of the wholesale massacres of Madrid flew like wildfire through the country. Shocked at the state of degradation to which they had been reduced by the imbecility of their rulers, the people rose *en masse*, resolved to deliver their country at all hazards from the ruthless and perfidious invader.

A national government was formed at Seville, under the denomination of the Supreme Junta, and subordinate Juntas were appointed in the remainder of the towns and districts.

It is beyond the purpose and the proposed compass of this rapid narrative to describe at length the episode of the general insurrection which created for Spanish patriotism an almost universal sympathy. The murders of the governors who were favourable to French domination; the elevation of Joseph Bonaparte to the monarchy of Spain; the proclamation of "war to the knife" in the Asturias,

Gallicia, Estremadura, Catalonia, Valencia, and Andalusia; the noble defence of Saragossa; the vigorous measures taken by Napoleon to crush the rebellion; the defeat and surrender of Dupont's corps; and the appeal of Spain to Great Britain for intervention and assistance, are historical events with which every tyro is familiar.

The spirit of resistance originating in Spain communicated itself to Portugal, and led to the defection of the national troops who formed part of the force under Junot's orders. The vigilance, however, of that astute soldier prevented any general outbreak, and he and the 25,000 Frenchmen at his command, continued to trample upon the unhappy inhabitants of Lisbon.

Sir Arthur Wellesley reached Coruña in due course, and after communicating with the Gallician authorities proceeded to Oporto, where the Supreme Junta of Portugal had assembled. To that body he expounded his plans. He was convinced that nothing effectual could be accomplished towards the deliverance of Spain and Portugal until Lisbon was occupied by a friendly force. He therefore proposed to land his troops, and with the aid of the collected patriots of Portugal march at once upon the capital. This proposal was, however, negatived, and Sir Arthur set sail for Mondego Bay, to the northward of Lisbon, because that place afforded a better landing place than any part of the coast lower down.

The "Sepoy-General," as Napoleon, in his assumed contempt for the British leader, was wont to call him, landed with his small compact force between the 1st and 5th of August, 1808. As the last brigade was leaving the transports for the shore, General Brent Spencer's division most opportunely came to anchor. By the 8th of the same month General Spencer, with his 4000 or 5000 men, was by the side of Sir Arthur, and the latter, without waiting for any one of the three or four expected senior officers who might at any moment wrest the chief command from his capable hands, commenced operations. Anything more interesting than the march from Mondego Bay,¹ considered with reference to its then expected results, is not to be found in the page of history. Junot, alarmed at the news of his approach, instantly despatched General Laborde and General Loison to arrest his progress. We trace, in our mind's eye, the anxious progress of Loison and his cohorts, in order to effect a junction with Laborde and repel the English intrusion: we watch with equal interest the movements of Wellesley and Spencer: with nervous apprehension we read of the outpost affair at Obidos, where

¹ A bay to the north of Lisbon. It is the only part of the coast contiguous to the mouth of the Tagus which offered security in landing.

the impetuosity of the British Rifles carried them into the lion's jaws: and then we come upon the rencontre at Roriça. As Laborde enters to take up a better position—as Fergusson and the Portuguese



RIFLEMEN AT RORIÇA.

move forward and find themselves checked by ravines—we hold our breath; the issue hangs upon a thread. At length, the indomitable 29th Foot and the daring 9th advance under a shower of bullets; the 29th is foremost; it nearly reaches the crest of the mountain. Lake, its colonel, cheers it on to the attack—the French rush forward in masses—the 29th staggers—gives ground—the men fall off by sections—Lake is killed. But the 9th are at hand! Hurra! both corps renew the attack with increased vigour. “Forward!” is still the word. Stewart, the Lieutenant-Colonel of the 9th, falls, mortally wounded. Again a terrific concussion—the French retire—the table land is gained and held by the British infantry—Laborde grows desperate—the 5th Foot and Hill’s flank companies now scale the heights—the French are obstinate in their attacks—Fergusson’s column appears—Laborde commands a retreat—his cavalry support it with their charges. No matter—the British are resolute

—the cavalry are discomfited—the French retire to Zambugeira—they rally and deploy: it is of no use; Spencer is at them with his division: one gallant charge,¹ and the enemy fly; the British are masters of the field!

Sir Arthur Wellesley lost 480 men in killed, wounded, and missing on the heights of Rorica; but had not Lake been amongst the killed, he would have considered his first victory cheaply purchased.

The heroic attack at Rorica, and the perseverance which distinguished the British troops, satisfied the French that they had now an enemy to contend with who could be as formidable on land as he had proved himself at sea. The moral influence of the victory in Portugal and Spain was immense. At the same time it pointed out to the French leaders the necessity of increased exertion.

It was the intention of Sir Arthur Wellesley to press the retreat of the French even to the very gates of Lisbon. Intelligence, however, reached him that General Anstruther, with a fresh brigade and a fleet of store ships, had arrived from England and was anchored off Peniche. Sir Arthur, therefore, moved on Lourinha to secure the safe landing of this welcome accession. A second brigade under General Acland soon afterwards arrived, and with the united forces, now amounting to 16,000 men, and eighteen pieces of artillery, Sir Arthur Wellesley took up a position near the village of Vimiero. Thence he intended to march to Lisbon. The arrival of Sir Harry Burrard, an officer senior to himself, however, prevented the execution of this intention. Sir Harry Burrard was on board a frigate in Maceira roads, contiguous to the little river Maceira, which runs through the village of Vimiero, and did not immediately land. Sir Arthur visited him. Sir Harry did not consider the army sufficiently strong and effective for such an enterprise as the march to Lisbon: he wished to delay operations until Sir John Moore should reach the coast with reinforcements. Like the Cunctator of old, he was all for delay, while Wellesley knew that success depended upon taking time by the forelock. Finding that no impression could be made upon him, Sir Arthur Wellesley returned to his quarters; but the

¹ The military character of Sir Brent Spencer was marked by an ardent zeal, an inflexible firmness, and a devotion to the performance of the trusts reposed in him, almost unparalleled. The charge, and the use of the bayonet, were his constant and favourite mode of warfare. In the numerous actions in which he was afterwards engaged, he, on all occasions possible, adopted it, with the most powerful effect; and he must be considered to have been particularly instrumental in establishing a practice which has in all our military movements given a decided superiority to our arms; and in restoring to the British soldier that mode of fighting the most consonant to the national character, and by which the victories and conquests of former ages were gained.

very next morning an event occurred which gave him the opportunity he sought of striking another blow at the power of the French in Portugal.

Junot, the Duke d'Abrantes, feeling that after the terrible repulse at Rorica, safety was not to be found in remaining at Lisbon, pushed forward with the whole of his disposable force. Reaching the heights on the road to Lourinha, in the vicinity of Vimiero, on the morning of the 21st of August, he descried the British, and at once gave battle. Dividing his army into two parts, one wing under Laborde assailed the advanced brigade of Sir Arthur's position on an eminence near the village of Vimiero, and General Solignac, with the other division, attacked the British left. The contest was most desperate—the attacks, though separate, were simultaneous, but only one-half the British force was engaged. In less than four hours the French were completely routed, and driven from the field in disorder. Nearly 3000 of their number lay dead upon the heights, and in the valley; one general officer (Brennier) was wounded and made prisoner, and not less than thirteen pieces of cannon, twenty-three ammunition waggons with 20,000 rounds of ammunition, powder, shells, and stores of all kinds, were taken from them. The loss of the British amounted to nearly 800 men and officers. Flushed with their signal victory, the British pursued the scattered French columns, the dragoons cutting them up in their flight, when an order was given for a *halt*. Sir Harry Burrard had assumed the command; and, obstinate in his determination to impede the movement suggested by Wellesley, checked the troops in their victorious career! The consternation and bitter vexation of Sir Arthur at this untimely interference may be imagined. But true to his principle of obedience, he confined his dissatisfaction to simple remonstrance.

Within twelve hours of the fatal halt, Sir Hew Dalrymple arrived, and assumed the direction of affairs.

Satisfied with the course, and applauding the victory, of Sir Arthur at Rorica, it was his wish that the latter should continue his course of proceeding uninterruptedly. This intention did not, however, reach Sir Arthur until too late to be of use; the French had had time to recover their order and to effect a retreat in a regular and soldier-like manner.

Sir Hew Dalrymple, on taking the command of the army, issued orders for an advance in conformity with the original plan of Sir Arthur. An unexpected incident prevented the fulfilment of this intention.

General Kellerman, with an escort of cavalry, appeared in the

British camp. He came to propose an armistice as a preparatory step to the evacuation of Portugal by the French army.

The armistice was agreed to, and negotiations were entered upon, which terminated in what is called the CONVENTION OF CINTRA, although Cintra was at some distance from the scene of discussion.

This Convention was so exceedingly indulgent towards the French, conceding to them so many points which the British generals were in a position to refuse, that Sir Arthur Wellesley protested vehemently against it, but failing to prevent its conclusion, he drew up a paper (dated Ramahal, 23rd of August, 1808), which involved several subsidiary stipulations calculated to neutralise, in some sort, the mischievous effects of the concession.

To the Home Government, a few days subsequently, he communicated his sentiments respecting the Convention, and the prospects of the British in Portugal, and expressed his anxious desire to quit the army. The officers and men he had led to victory deeply regretted with himself the unnecessary suspension of operations, and the Generals Spencer, Hill, Fergusson, Nightingale, Bowles, Fane, and Catlin Crawford, who had commanded brigades and divisions under his orders, presented him with a piece of plate value one thousand guineas, as a testimony of their esteem and respect.

From Vimicro, the British army proceeded to Torres Vedras, and quartered there and in the vicinity of Lisbon. That Sir Arthur could feel himself at his ease under Dalrymple was not to be expected after all that had occurred, and though he was unremitting in his co-operation with that officer, when his advice and assistance were called for, it is no subject of marvel that we find him writing to Captain (afterwards Admiral Sir Pulteney) Malcolm in these terms:—

“I am afraid that I am so much connected with the credit of this army that I cannot remain with it, without falling as it will fall. If I could be of any use to men who have served me so well, I would stay with them for ever; but as matters are situated, I am sure that I can be of no use to them; I am convinced that they cannot render any service, and I am determined to go home immediately.”

And again, addressing Lord Castlereagh, on the 30th of August, he says—

“I assure you, my dear Lord, matters are not prospering here; and I feel an earnest desire to quit the army. I have been too successful with this army ever to serve with it, in a subordinate situation, with satisfaction to the person who shall command it, and of course

not to myself. However, I shall do whatever the Government may wish."

On the 11th and 12th of September, the French army embarked under the protection of a brigade of British troops. The inhabitants of Lisbon were so much incensed by the conduct of the French, and so little pleased with the Convention, that they had previously perpetrated numerous assassinations in the streets and houses. Without the protection afforded, the French could not have left the city. On their departure, the people gave way to tumultuous joy which lasted for nine days.

Five days subsequent to the embarkation of the French, Sir Arthur Wellesley obtained leave to return to England. He had pointed out a course of conduct to Sir Hew Dalrymple which Sir Hew did not choose to adopt, and the just pride and patriotism of the hero of Rorica and Vimiero were offended that Lord William Bentinck should have been selected as the medium of communication between the British commander and the local Junta.

Not long after Sir Arthur Wellesley's return, Sir How Dalrymple was recalled, and Sir Harry Burrard, who temporarily succeeded him, resigned. The command of the army then devolved upon Sir John Moore.

Nothing could exceed the sorrow and indignation of the people of England at this issue to a victory they had been tumultuously celebrating. Byron, in some unpublished lines in "*Childe Harold*," thus summed up the national feeling *post* and *ante* the battle and the Convention :—

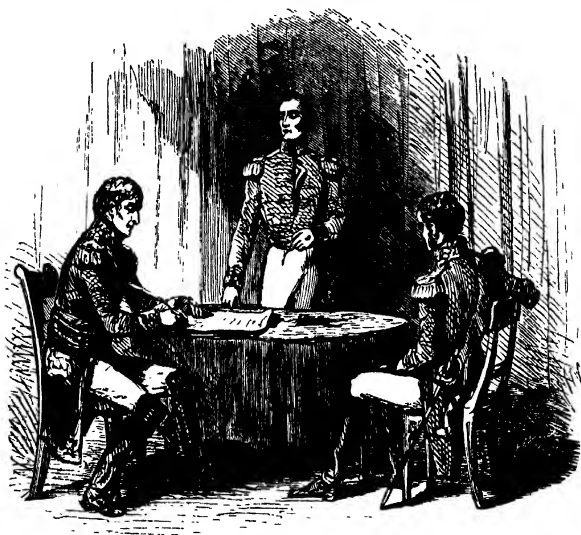
"Dull victory! baffled by a vanquished foe,
 Wheedled by conyng tongues of laurels due,
 Stood worthy of each other in a row—
 Sir Arthur, Harry, and the dizzard Hew,
 Dalrymple, seely wight, sore dupe of t'other tew.

* * * * *

—Well I wot when first the news did come,
 That Vimiero's field by Gaul was lost,
 For paragraph ne paper scarce had room,
 Such Pæans teemed for our triumphant host,
 In Courier, Chronicle, and eke in Morning Post.

But when Convention sent his handywork,
 Pens, tongues, feet, hands, combined in wild uproar;
 Mayor, Aldermen, laid down the uplifted fork;
 The Bench of Bishops half forgot to snore;
 Stern Cobbett, who for one whole week forbore
 To question aught, once more with transport leapt,
 And bit his devilish quill again, and swore
 With foe such treaty never should be kept.
 Then burst the blatant beast, and roared, and raged, and slept."

Upon the arrival of Sir Hew Dalrymple and Sir Harry Burrard, a board of general officers was ordered to investigate the circumstances attending upon the (so called) Convention of Cintra. During the sitting, public opinion was loudly expressed against the measure. At its conclusion, "at which nothing was concluded," the King expressed a vague opinion upon the armistice and the negotiations, which certainly did not imply satisfaction at their terms and conditions.



THE CONVENTION

CHAPTER IV.

Sir John Moore in Spain, and Sir John Cradock in Portugal—Memorandum on the Defence of Portugal—Departure for Portugal—Reception at Lisbon—Advance upon Oporto—Passage of the Douro—Battle of Talavera—The British wounded—Lines of Torres Vedras—Massena's advance—Guerrillas—Battle of Busaco.



SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY resumed his duties as Chief Secretary of Ireland. Parliament met in January, 1809. He took his seat upon the occasion, and then received the thanks of the House of Commons for his "distinguished valour, ability, and conduct" at the battle of Vimiero.

The gallant and skilful, but ultimately unfortunate attempt of Sir John Moore to penetrate Spain, and rescue her from the domination now consolidating under the personal exertions of Napoleon Bonaparte, forms an appropriate episode in a memoir of the Duke of Wellington. The limits, however, which we have prescribed to ourselves in this sketch, forbid more than a passing reference to occurrences in which his Grace was not either an actor, or over which he did not exercise an immediate personal control. Moreover, the story of the retreat to Coruña has been so vividly related by a hundred eloquent writers, and lives so freshly in the memory of all who have read the biography of Moore, that its repetition would be almost a work of supererogation. Let it suffice that, though the retreat was in all respects a victory, reflecting the highest honour upon the talents and bravery of Sir John Moore, and the noble fellows he commanded, its effects were disastrous in the extreme to Spain. Her cause was virtually lost. "Her armies" (I quote Napier) "were dispersed,

her government bewildered, and her people dismayed: the cry of resistance had ceased, and, in its stead, the stern voice of Napoleon, answered by the tread of 300,000 veterans, was heard throughout the land."

To command the small body of British troops, which remained in the Peninsula, Sir John Cradock was despatched to Lisbon. He found the government in a state bordering upon imbecility,—the people unreflecting, oblivious of past service, in an attitude of hostility to their recent protectors,—the whole country in a state of confusion, and the army disorganised. From the Minho to the Tagus, the distressing picture was unvaried, and it was quite obvious that nothing which Sir John could do to restore order and confidence would possibly succeed with the limited means then at his disposal. In these circumstances, the English Ministry thought of abandoning the Peninsula, but before they came to any final decision upon the subject it was deemed advisable to consult Sir Arthur Wellesley.

The opinion given by this matchless soldier is contained in a Memorandum, dated London, 9th March, 1809. The subjoined extract will sufficiently disclose his views:—

"The British force employed in Portugal should not be less than 30,000 men, of which number 4000 or 5000 should be cavalry, and there should be a large body of artillery.

"The extent of force in cavalry and artillery, above required, is because the Portuguese military establishments must necessarily be deficient in these two branches; and British or German cavalry and artillery must be employed with the Portuguese infantry.

"The whole of the army in Portugal, Portuguese as well as British, should be placed under the command of British officers. The staff of the army, the commissariat in particular, must be British, and these departments must be extensive in proportion to the strength of the whole army which will act in Portugal, to the number of detached posts which it will be necessary to occupy, and in a view to the difficulties of providing and distributing supplies in that country. In regard to the detail of these measures, I recommend that the British army in Portugal should be reinforced as soon as possible with some companies of British riflemen, with 3000 British or German cavalry; that the complement of ordnance with that army should be made thirty pieces of cannon, of which two brigades should be nine pounders; that these pieces of ordnance should be completely horsed; that twenty pieces of brass (twelve pounders) ordnance, upon travelling carriages, should be sent to Portugal, with a view to the occupation of certain positions in the country; that a corps of engineers for an

army of 60,000 men should be sent there, and a corps of artillery for sixty pieces of cannon.

"I understand that the British army now in Portugal consists of 20,000 men, including cavalry. It should be made up to 20,000 infantry, at least, as soon as possible, by additions of riflemen and other good infantry, which by this time may have been refitted after the campaign in Spain.

"The reinforcements may follow, as the troops shall recover from their fatigues.

"The first measures to be adopted are to complete the army in Portugal with its cavalry and artillery, and to horse the ordnance as it ought to be. As soon as this shall be done, the general and staff officers should go out; as it may be depended upon, that as soon as the newspapers shall have announced the departure of officers for Portugal, the French armies in Spain will receive orders to make their movements towards Portugal, so as to anticipate our measures for its defence. We ought, therefore, to have everything on the spot, or nearly so, before any alarm is created at home, respecting our intentions.

"Besides the articles above enumerated, 30,000 stands of arms, clothing and shoes, for the Portuguese army, should be sent to Lisbon as soon as possible."

This "memorandum," from such a source, was not to be disregarded. Lord Castlereagh instantly resolved upon the adoption of the suggestions, provided the consent of the Junta of Portugal could be obtained. The intention to assist Spain in her prostrate condition, was not immediately contemplated, but it was not concealed that the success of Sir Arthur's scheme in Portugal would sooner or later operate beneficially upon the interests of the sister kingdom.

Upon the receipt of the acquiescence of the Portuguese in the proposals, the command of the Portuguese army was offered to Sir Arthur, and on his declining its acceptance, the appointment was conferred on General Beresford, who was subsequently assisted by General Hill. At the same time the force of Sir John Cradock was augmented. Under Beresford's excellent system of discipline, the Portuguese battalions rapidly acquired an efficient character, and ~~were about to take the field, in conjunction with the troops under Cradock, when Napoleon's generals made a dash upon the territory, seizing Oporto under circumstances of cruelty,~~¹ and establishing

¹ Soult, who commanded, issued an order, upon his entry into Spain, commanding that all

themselves in positions which compelled Sir John Cradock to restrict himself to an arrangement by which he could cover Lisbon and the Tagus.

The British Government now saw the necessity of employing the master spirit whose genius had devised the new scheme of defence. At this distant period it appears unaccountable that any hesitation should have existed to entrust to one so highly gifted the execution of a project which he alone could conceive.

Accepting the trust, Sir Arthur embarked on board the *Surveillante*, with his staff, left Portsmouth on the 16th of April, 1809, and after a dangerous, but quick passage, anchored in the Tagus on the 22nd.

"The effect produced upon the British army in Portugal, by the arrival of their favourite chief seemed magical. Into every department his presence seemed to infuse new life and confidence. Men spoke no longer of defensive security, or speculated on the probable period of their departure from the Tagus; but all looked forward to active service, as a thing consequent on the appearance of a victorious commander; and the general question which was asked was, 'When shall we be in readiness to move forward?' The delight of the Portuguese was unbounded, and they welcomed Sir Arthur Wellesley 'as if conquest and his name were one.'

"All day long the streets were crowded with men and women congratulating one another on the happy event; and at night the city was illuminated, even in the most obscure and meanest of its lanes and alleys.

"In the theatres pieces were hastily got up, somewhat after the fashion of the masks anciently exhibited among ourselves, in which Victory was made to crown the representative of the hero with laurels, and to address him in language as far removed from the terms of ordinary conversation as might be expected from an allegorical personage. But it was not by such exhibitions alone that the Portuguese nation sought to evince its confidence in its former deliverer and its satisfaction at his return. Sir Arthur Wellesley was immediately nominated Marshal-General of the armies of Portugal; by which means, whilst the care of training and managing the whole of the interior economy rested still with Beresford, the fullest authority to move the troops whithersoever he would, and to employ them in any series of operations in which he might desire to embark, devolved upon him."

persons found with arms in their hands should be treated as gangs of banditti, having no other object than robbery and murder, and condemned and shot immediately. This sanguinary edict he carried into Portugal.

The eagle glance of Wellesley at once took in a view of the position of the French armies, and the condition of Portugal, and with characteristic decision he resolved to march to the northward, with the whole of the British troops, and 6000 Portuguese. The conviction of success which seemed to possess him is visible in a passage of his despatch to the Foreign Minister of the 27th of April, 1809:—

“As soon as the enemy shall have evacuated the north of Portugal, it is my intention to return to the eastern frontier of the kingdom, and to co-operate with the Spanish General Cuesta against the army of Marshal Victor.”

On Sir Arthur's way to Coimbra, the greatest demonstrations of joy were made by the people. The towns were illuminated, and his entrance into Coimbra was distinguished by the most extravagant excesses of delight. The balconies were thronged with ladies, who covered the General *“with roses and sugar plums.”*

On the 4th of May the army was fresh brigaded. It was divided into eight brigades of infantry and one of cavalry. The latter, commanded by Major-General Stapleton Cotton, consisted of the 14th 16th, and 20th Light Dragoons, and the 3rd regiment of the King's German Legion. The infantry was composed of two battalions of Guards, the 3rd, or Buffs, the 7th Fusileers, 9th Foot, 27th, 29th, 31st, 45th, 48th, 53rd, 66th, 83rd, 87th, 88th, and 97th, the 5th battalion of the 60th Rifles, and a battalion of detachments. Intermingled with these were several Portuguese battalions, and the brigades were commanded by Major-Generals Hill, Tilson, and M'Kenzie; Brigadier-Generals H. Campbell, Cameron, Stewart, Sontag, and A. Campbell. In addition to this force were four regiments (two brigades) of the infantry of the King's German Legion, respectively commanded by Brigadier-Generals Langworth and Dribourg, which were again commanded by Major-General Murray. The whole army was subsequently divided into wings under Lieutenant-Generals Sherbrooke and Paget, and the cavalry placed under Lieutenant-General Payne.

On the 6th of May Sir Arthur Wellesley inspected the troops, and was gratified with the appearance of the disciplined Portuguese, although of course they were every way inferior to the British. On the 9th of the month the Commander-in-Chief quitted Coimbra with the last brigade, the remainder having preceded him in two columns on the main roads towards Oporto, by Adiga on the Vouga, and by the Bay of Aveiro to Ovar. Previous to this, a corps, consisting of General Tilson's brigade and some cavalry under the orders of Marshal Beresford, had been sent forward to move on the enemy's left flank and rear.

The advance of the French, under General Franceschi, was on the Vouga, and arrangements were made for surprising it. This, however, failed from want of sufficient precaution on the part of the Portuguese cavalry and the guides. On the 11th of May the army came upon a strong body of 4000 or 5000 infantry of the division of Mermet, posted upon a height over the village of Grijon. The 16th Portuguese regiment and the German Light Infantry were in front acting as skirmishers on the left and right of the road. As the enemy showed himself, the skirmishing became very sharp, and the 29th regiment was forced to support the Portuguese, who were once obliged to fall back. At the moment of this retrogression the French pushed a column of infantry down the road through the village, which being reported to Sir Arthur, he replied in the most quiet manner, "*Order the battalion of detachments to charge them with the bayonet if they come any further.*"

The officers of the staff, many of them at that time young soldiers, could not help evincing strong feeling on hearing the simple and distinct manner in which the order was given; but before some months had passed over their heads, they had opportunities of not only hearing similar orders repeated, but of seeing them carried into execution.

The French retired from their position. The cavalry, under Brigadier-General Stewart pursued them for some distance, making some gallant charges and capturing one hundred prisoners. The French fell back on Ovar, where, finding Major-General Hill, they withdrew, after some skirmishing, to Oporto during the night.

Approaching Oporto, Sir Arthur Wellesley received intimation that the bridge of boats over the Douro had been destroyed by the enemy. At Villa Nova, where Hill's brigade had previously arrived, Sir Arthur took a reconnaissance of the country in his front. Taking post upon an elevated spot, the garden of the Convent of Sierra, he found the whole city visible like a panorama; nothing that passed within it could be hidden from his view. The French guards and sentries were at their posts, but they did not appear to notice the proximity of the British.

The passage of a river in the front of an enemy is allowed to be the most difficult of military operations; and when it became obvious, from the collection of boats on the other bank, that precautions had been taken to secure them from the English, the barrier appeared insurmountable. General Murray had been directed to march in the morning to try and cross the river, about five miles up at Avintas, but having only four battalions and two squadrons, unless he could

be aided in his successful passage, he would lie open to defeat ; and in consequence, Sir Arthur's anxiety was very great to establish his army on the opposite bank. In the meanwhile, Colonel Waters, of the Quartermaster General's Department, had passed up the left



PASSAGE OF THE DOURO.

bank of the river, searching for means to cross it, and about two miles above the city found a small boat lying in the mud partially concealed among some reeds. The peasantry demurred at going over to the other side to procure some larger boats seen on the opposite bank ; but the Colonel (from speaking Portuguese like a native), learned that the Prior of Amarante was not distant from the spot, and hoped by his influence to attain his object. This patriotic priest, on learning the desire of the British, joined with Colonel Waters in inducing the peasants, after some persuasion, to accompany the Colonel across, who brought back four boats.

When the doubts and fears of the army were at the highest, this agreeable information arrived, and was received by all with the greatest satisfaction. The moment the first boat reached the bank, the circumstance was reported to Sir Arthur. " Then," said he, " let

the men cross." Three companies of the Buffs, accompanied by General Paget, were immediately conveyed to the other side.

The spot at which they passed over and landed was about half a mile above the city, at the foot of a steep cliff, up which a zigzag road, or wide path, led to a vast unfinished brick-building, called the seminary, standing on the brink. This was intended for a new residence for the bishop, and placed in the Prado, being surrounded by a wall with a large iron gate, opening on the road to Vallonga. It was a strong post, and the three companies, on gaining the summit, threw themselves into it, as it at once covered the place of disembarkation, and was for themselves a good means of defence. The British Artillery was posted on the high bank, on the other side, completely commanding the Prado and the Vallonga road.

Soult had his quarters on the side of the city near the sea, and having collected all the boats, as he supposed, on the right bank, considered himself in perfect security. He thought if the British made any attempt to cross, it would be in conjunction with the ships lying off the bar, and all his attention was devoted to that quarter. He even turned into ridicule the first report of their having crossed, and discredited the fact to the last, until it was incontestably proved by the firing. The boats had made more than one trip before any one in the town appeared to notice it. General Foy instantly ordered the drums of the nearest battalion to beat the *générale*. Nearly the whole of the Buffs had crossed, and the French regiments began forming on their parades. This was an anxious moment, and just as the whole of the Buffs had landed, a battalion was observed moving down a road towards them. This was the 17th *Infanterie de la ligne*, brought down by Foy, and which was quickly supported by the 70th. The first made an attack on the Buffs, who stood their ground, giving a tremendous fire, while the artillery from the opposite side killed and wounded a great many of the enemy.

More boats, in the mean time, were carried across, and more troops; the 48th, 66th, and a Portuguese battalion, landed, and not only defended themselves successfully, but even drove the enemy from the walls, between the town and the bishop's palace. This petty success was seen by Sir Arthur and his staff, who cheered the soldiery as they chased the enemy from the various posts. The enemy's troops now came through the town in great numbers, and obliged our troops to confine themselves to the enclosure.¹ They

¹ A visitor to the scene of action, speaking of the sequel to the fight, says: "With difficulty we pushed our way through the dense mob, as we turned our steps towards the seminary. We felt naturally curious to see the place where our first detachment landed, and to examine

continued running along the road towards and beyond the iron-gate, while the shells and shot were whizzing through the trees and between the houses into the road as they passed. They brought up a gun through the gate to batter the house ; but this proved an unfortunate experiment, as the British troops increasing in number by fresh disembarkations, though General Paget was wounded, charged and captured it. The enemy also brought some guns to bear from the open spaces in the town, but they were tamely, if not badly, served. But General Murray had made good his position on the north bank of the river, and was soon descried making as much show as possible, marching with his ranks open towards the Vallonga road, thus threatening the communication of the enemy with Loison. He was not, however, strong enough to interrupt the retreat of 10,000 desperate men ; for the French now began to think of nothing else, and directed their march towards Amarante. On their deserting the quays, the Portuguese jumped into the boats, which soon transported across (amidst the cheers of the people and the waving of pocket handkerchiefs by the women from the windows) the Guards and General Stewart's brigade, who proceeded through the town with the greatest speed.

The Buffs, in the mean time, had dashed into the city and cut off a battery of Light Artillery in retreat, which becoming jammed between that regiment and the 29th, received the fire of both, and was captured.

The flight of the enemy was continued, but they were overtaken by the two squadrons which had passed with General Murray, led by Brigadier-General Stewart, who charged the rear and made 200 prisoners. Major Hervey, who commanded the Dragoons, lost his arm. The enemy collected their scattered troops at some distance, but continued their retreat towards Amarante in the night. The loss of the British did not exceed 120 men, while the enemy, besides

the opportunities of defence it presented. The building itself was a large and irregular one, of an oblong form, surrounded by a high wall of solid masonry, the only entrance being by a heavy iron gate. At this spot, the battle appeared to have raged with violence ; one side of the massive gate was torn from its hinges, and lay flat upon the ground ; the walls were breached in many places, and pieces of torn uniforms, broken bayonets, and bruised shakos, attested that the conflict was a close one. The seminary itself was in a falling state ; the roof, from which Paget had given his orders, and where he was wounded, had fallen in. The French cannon had fissured the building from top to bottom, and it seemed only awaiting the slightest impulse to crumble into ruin. When we regarded the spot, and examined the narrow doorway which, opening upon a flight of a few steps to the river, admitted our first party, we could not help feeling struck anew with the gallantry of that mere handful of brave fellows who thus threw themselves amid the overwhelming legions of the enemy, and at once, without waiting for a single reinforcement, opened a fire upon their ranks."

killed and wounded, left on hand 500 prisoners and 1000 sick in the hospitals, and several pieces of cannon. The city of Oporto was illuminated at night, and Sir Arthur, without allowing himself any rest, the same evening gave out an order of thanks to the army, after eating the dinner which had been prepared for Soult. The operations of the three preceding days had been most gratifying, and the quickness with which the enemy had been forced from his various positions and pursued, seldom equalled. The army had advanced eighty miles in four days, three of which were in constant presence of the enemy.

Sir Arthur had completely surprised in his quarters one of the most distinguished French Marshals, and consummated in his face the most difficult operation in war, that of crossing a deep and rapid river before an enemy. The rapidity of Sir Arthur's own movements had been wonderful; for within twenty-six days of leaving Portsmouth, Oporto was captured, and the enemy in full retreat. Captain Fitzroy Stanhope, one of the Commander of the Forces' aides-de-camp, was sent to England with the despatches containing the report of this success by one of the ships cruising off the port, whose crews from the sea had seen the smoke of the firing during the actions of the 11th and 12th of April.

The Duke of Dalmatia, Marshal Soult, was overwhelmed with astonishment at the audacity and success of the passage of the Douro. But he was too experienced and collected a soldier to regard the reverse as final.

Falling back by the Vallonga road he restored his battalions to their just organisation, and retreated with great regularity in order to unite with Loison at Amarante. He was not aware at the time that Beresford had forced Loison to abandon the bridge and move towards Oporto. This news came upon him like a thunder-clap. He saw that his intended retreat was cut off, and that his army could only be saved by the desperate expedient of abandoning artillery, ammunition, and baggage, and rapidly marching over the mountains to the Braga road.

The object to be attained was worth the sacrifice; and the sacrifice was accordingly made. After encountering innumerable perils consequent upon a mountain march, over almost impassable paths, and in the midst of the most tempestuous weather, pursued by the British, encountering everywhere blazing or deserted villages, and suffering a variety of obstructions from the indignant Portuguese people, Soult reached Orense with 19,000 men, having lost since he crossed the frontier, nearly one third of his force, and sixty pieces of

artillery! His renown, however, was far from tarnished by this bold movement; on the contrary, it gained in the estimation of military men, and above all in that of the astute British Commander.

Intimation now reaching Wellesley that a menacing movement had been made on Estremadura, he determined to return immediately to the Tagus. He accordingly proceeded thither by easy marches. Sickness had broken out among his troops, and of those who continued in the vigour of health so many were guilty of excesses as they passed through the towns and villages that it became necessary to make examples of some of the most flagrant offenders, and this involved halts and delays. The Provost Marshal had continual employment. Sir Arthur was compelled to execute some of the heaviest culprits.

Nor was the ill health of some, and the misconduct of others, the only obstruction to rapidity of movement.

Money w^{as} wanting. The remittances from the Home Government were inadequate to the necessities of the hour, and the Portuguese Government and merchants doled out loans reluctantly, and in small sums. Over all these difficulties Sir Arthur ultimately rode triumphantly. But valuable time was consumed in the struggle, and in the meanwhile the French Marshals, Soult and Victor, were enabled leisurely to take up good positions, or to retreat towards the frontier.

If the enforced pause in Sir Arthur's operations was in one respect detrimental and vexatious, it had its advantages in giving him time to arrange his future plans. Several were open to him, and he selected that which held out the prospect of cutting off the retreat of the enemy. He resolved to unite himself to the Spanish General Cuesta, and to march by Plasencia and Almaraz towards Madrid.

The French at this time were tolerably strong upon the Spanish frontier. Marshal Victor, Duke of Belluno, had 28,000 men stationed at Merida; General Sebastiani was at Ciudad Rodrigo with 16,000. The plan suggested by Sir Arthur was calculated either to force Victor to give him battle or retire, and Cuesta might have acted separately against Sebastiani, for the latter general was not able with facility to form a junction with Victor. Unhappily for the interests of Spain, her Commander was an obstinate, ignorant, vain, and indolent man. Advanced in years, incapable of physical exertion, and unwilling to admit the great intellectual superiority of his *collaborateur*, he seemed rather to take a pleasure in thwarting the designs and wishes of Sir Arthur Wellesley. In dealing with this incapable and impracticable soldier, Sir Arthur evinced wonderful patience and forbearance, and felt his talents for war called into

redoubled exercise to avert the evils which Cuesta's perverseness would have precipitated.

Pending Sir Arthur's arrangements, Joseph Bonaparte, who was King of Spain, crossed the Tagus, and reinforced Sebastiani and



MARSHAL VICTOR.

Victor. The force of the latter now consisted of 35,000 men, and was concentrated in the vicinity of Talavera del Reyna and on the Alberche. Sir Arthur resolved to attack it, and arranged with Cuesta to execute his plan of operations on the 18th of July, "if the French should remain so long in their position." But Cuesta had his own projects. Eager to reap the honour of driving the French single-handed out of the Peninsula, he forsook his position, followed a French corps into a net, was surrounded, and compelled with heavy loss, and in great disorder, to retrace his steps. Upon his return, Sir Arthur, with some difficulty, placed him on the right



GENERAL CUESTA INSPECTING THE SPANISH ADVANCED POSTS. 1809.

of the British line, in a position of some security in front of the town of Talavera down to the Tagus, protected by olive trees, walls, fences, and embankments. The British line occupied two miles, of open ground commanded by a height on which was placed a division of infantry under Major-General Hill.

The bivouac of Cuesta was on the road to Madrid, about three-quarters of a mile from the Alberche, where, on the cushions taken out of his carriage, he sat the picture of mental and physical inability. Two soldiers stood near to aid or support him in any little necessary operation, and the scene would have been ridiculous had it not been painful, as the British officers saw the tide, which, "when taken at its flood," might, nay, would "lead on to fortune" and victory, fast ebbing without advantage being taken of it. After considerable suspense, it was universally reported throughout the army, that on being pressed and driven to his last excuse, Cuesta pleaded that it was Sunday, at the same time promising to attack at daylight the next morning, and the troops were in consequence ordered back to their bivouacs. It may be fairly considered that pride had considerable weight on this occasion. Cuesta was a true Spaniard, and disliked suggestions from an English General in his own country, and, with the recollections of two hundred and fifty years before him, could not bring his ideas down to present changes and circumstances. These feelings were national and constantly evinced, and it was only very late in the war, after the Spaniards found they had not an officer to lead their armies, and they despaired of finding one, that they consented to place Sir Arthur at their head.

Though sorely annoyed by Cuesta's determination, the officers could not let pass without ridicule the incongruity they had observed within a few days in the old gentleman's proceedings. It was impossible not to notice the Spanish General going out to battle, to within half-a-mile of the advanced posts, in a carriage drawn by nine mules, and the precautions to preserve him from rheumatism, like those taken by delicate ladies, in our humid climate at a *fête champêtre*, in placing the carriage cushions on the grass. To these the Spanish Commander-in-Chief was supported by two grenadiers, and on which he was let drop, as his knees were too feeble to attempt reclining without the chance, nay, certainty, of a fall. Yet this was the man to whom the Cortes had entrusted their armies, but who ought (if he did not himself feel his own inability) to have been removed without a moment's delay after the first trial.

The French army, commanded by Joseph Bonaparte, was admirably posted, and in great strength. It consisted of upwards of 60,000

men, formed into corps severally commanded by Marshals Victor and Jourdan and General Sebastiani. The British army and the German legion did not exceed 20,000 cavalry and infantry, with 30 guns. In subordinate commands in the French army were Generals Ruffin, Villatte, and Lapisse. The British brigades were led by Hill, Campbell, Tilson, McKenzie, and Colonel Donkin.

On the night of the 26th July, Sir Arthur, surrounded by his staff, slept, wrapped in his cloak, on the open ground, in rear of the second line, about the centre of the British army. A hasty doze was occasionally taken, as more continued rest was disturbed by alarm of different kinds, while the reflections of others kept them waking.

"We could not but feel," wrote one of the young combatants new to such scenes, "that here was to be another trial of the ancient military rivalry of England and France; that the cool, constitutional, persevering courage was again to be pitted against the more artificial, however chivalrous, though not less praiseworthy, bravery of the latter. This view of the relative valour of the two nations cannot be questioned, if we consider that the reminding the British of this moral quality is wholly unnecessary, and instead of language of excitement being constantly applied to our soldiery, that of control, obedience, and composure is solely recommended; while our ancient opponents are obliged incessantly to drive into the ears of their men that they are nationally and individually the bravest of the human race. Hearing nothing else so flattering to their unbounded vanity, they become so puffed up by this eternal stimulant, as to be fully convinced of its truth, which, in consequence, makes their first attack tremendous."

It was on the 27th and 28th of July, 1809, that the BATTLE OF TALavera was fought. It was a terrible trial. The odds were greatly against the British—three to one, at least, and most of the latter were raw soldiers.¹

True, there was the Spanish army of 34,000 men, with 70 guns, pseudo allies of the English; but when it is remembered that no dependence was to be placed upon the fidelity of their adherence, and that they were commanded by a senile dotard, whose *soi-disant* co-operation had been a fruitful source of vexation and perplexity to Sir Arthur for some time previously, they are scarcely to be counted

¹ "We could not hide from ourselves," says an officer writing soon afterwards, "that our ranks were filled with young soldiers, being principally the second battalions of those English regiments who had embarked at Coruña, and consisting of draughts from the Militia, that had never seen an enemy. With the exception of the Guards and a few others, there were more knapsacks with the names of Militia regiments upon them, than of numbered regular regiments." This was a force scarcely to be relied upon.

as augmenting the British strength. And, in effect, they did nothing during the whole of the two eventful days of the battle, although they afterwards claimed a portion of the honour. We may, then, in all fairness, consider Wellesley to have been opposed by a disciplined and highly effective force, nearly treble the numerical extent of his own army. This was a difficulty of sufficient magnitude to appal generals of other nations; but from the days of Henry V., Englishmen have never stood upon ceremony in that respect. Marlborough revived the practice of beating the French with an inferior army, after four or five centuries of comparative peace, and Wellesley adopted it from his first entrance upon the Peninsula. This was a feature of the battle of Talavera, calculated to give it importance in the eyes of the world; but there were other circumstances of interest in the operation. The opposite tactics of the two greatest generals of the age had now to be tried on a grand scale. The French attacked in dense column, sending out clouds of skirmishers in the first instance, and supporting the advance with a heavy cannonade from heights in the rear. The English commander received them in line, delivering volley upon volley, then charging with the bayonet,¹ assisted by the

¹ Throughout the campaigns in the Peninsula, Lord Wellington adopted this method of resisting the French attack in column, and as he was almost always successful, he expresses his surprise, in one of his despatches, that they should persevere in such a system. It has, however, been demonstrated by able military writers that it requires certain qualities in soldiers to act in line which are seldom found united in any but the British. Success is also in some measure dependent upon the nature of the ground. "In line, the greater part of the officers and non-commissioned officers are either in the rear or in the ranks; the soldier is, therefore, not animated by the example of his superiors; the enemy's grape-shot and musketry-fire may cause blanks in the ranks, which can only be repaired by the rapidity of the march; it may be requisite to halt, and re-establish order, and then all impulse is at an end. The natural instinct of the soldier induces him to make use of his weapon at the sight of danger; hence, firing begins in spite of all the orders of the officers, and the charge fails. This frequently occurs when the enemy, not allowing himself to be intimidated, awaits the charge with coolness, and only begins to fire within short range. Besides, the defeat of one battalion, exposing the flank of the one next to it, might cause a general rout."—(*Jervis's Manual of Field Operations.*)

This found its illustration at Toulouse, where the Spaniards attacked a horn work in line, and were driven back in great disorder. At Albuera, also, Colborne's brigade was exposed to heavy loss by General Stewart's attempt to deploy into line within range of the enemy's fire. The advantages of the column, when not too deep, are, that impulse is given to the men by their confidence in the support they possess; the leading division, finding itself supported, advances more boldly; those that follow fancy they are protected by the one in front; the sharpshooters make up for the deficiency of the fire of the columns, and in this formation they can be more numerous without inconvenience, as they have large intervening spaces to retire into. Besides, the sharpshooters protect the deployment of columns, who can, thus protected, continue, according to circumstances, their charge in line, or halt and begin firing. This is so obviously rational, that the continual failure of the French is only to be ascribed to the fact of their columns being too deep, exposing them to great loss from the fire of artillery,

cavalry of the German Legion. The contest was long and doubtful; but British resolution ultimately succeeded in maintaining the position which had been taken up, and the enemy retired to the ground they had occupied before the battle, leaving 10,000 men dead upon the field. Never, perhaps, were the characteristic coolness and decision of Sir Arthur put to a severer test than in the battle of Talavera del Reyna.

From his point of observation in a tower, and afterwards on the summit of a hill, he was continually witnessing scenes which would have alarmed less gifted men. The flight of 5000 Spaniards, almost immediately after the "order of battle" had been formed; the turning of the left of Donkin's brigade; the night charge of Ruffin's division; the announcement next day that "Cuesta was betraying the English army;" the check given by the ravines to Anson's Dragoon charge, just as the French were commencing their attack upon the whole British line—all conspired to try the British General's nerves to the utmost. The greater, therefore, the achievement.

Few victories excited greater emotion in England than this of Talavera. The good old King was peculiarly pleased with the success of Sir Arthur Wellesley's operation, and the Duke of York, always prompted to the generous expression of his sentiments, put forth the following general order:—

"The Commander-in-Chief has received the King's commands to notify to the army the splendid victory obtained by his troops in Spain, under the command of Lieutenant-General the Right Hon. Sir Arthur Wellesley, on the 27th and 28th of last month (July, 1809), at the battle of Talavera de la Reyna.

"His Majesty is confident that his army will learn with becoming exultation that the enemy, after escaping by a precipitate retreat from the well-concerted attack with which Sir Arthur Wellesley, in conjunction with the Spanish army, had threatened him on the 24th of July, concentrated his force by calling to his aid the corps under the French General, Sebastiani, and the garrisons of Madrid; and thus reinforced, again approached the allied army on the 27th of July; and, on this occasion, owing to the local circumstances of its position, and to the deliberate purpose of the enemy to direct his whole efforts against the troops of his Majesty, the British army

and the lapping fire of the British infantry wheeled upon their flanks. The best order of attack is a combination of the two systems—making one portion of the troops march in line, while the other is formed in columns at the wings. It was tried with success by Lord Wellington in 1812.

sustained nearly the whole weight of this great contest, and has acquired the glory of having vanquished a French army double its numbers, not in a short and partial struggle, but in a battle obstinately contested on two successive days (not wholly discontinued even throughout the intervening night), and fought under circumstances which brought both armies into close and repeated combat.

"The King, in contemplating so glorious a display of the valour and prowess of his troops, has been graciously pleased to command that his royal approbation of the conduct of the army serving under the command of Lieutenant-General Sir Arthur Wellesley shall be thus publicly declared in General Orders.

"The Commander-in-Chief has received the King's commands to signify, in the most marked and special manner, the sense his Majesty entertains of Lieutenant-General Sir Arthur Wellesley's personal services on this memorable occasion, not less displayed in the result of the battle itself, than in the consummate ability, valour, and military resource with which the many difficulties of this arduous and protracted contest were met, and provided for, by his experience and judgment.

"The conduct of Lieutenant-General Sherbrook, second in command, has entitled him to the King's marked approbation. His Majesty has observed with satisfaction the manner in which he led on the troops to the charge with the bayonet—a species of combat, which, on all occasions, so well accords with the dauntless character of British soldiers.

"His Majesty has noticed with the same gracious approbation the conduct of the several generals and other officers. All have done their duty; most of them have had occasions of eminently distinguishing themselves, the instances of which have not escaped his Majesty's attention.

"It is his Majesty's commands, that his royal approbation and thanks shall be given in the most distinct and most particular manner to the non-commissioned officers and private men. In no instance have they displayed with greater lustre their native valour and characteristic energy, nor have they on any former occasion more decidedly proved their superiority over the inveterate enemy of their country.

"Brilliant, however, as is the victory obtained at Talavera, it is not solely on that occasion that Lieutenant-General Sir Arthur Wellesley, and the troops under his command, are entitled to his Majesty's applause. The important service effected in an early part of the campaign by the same army, under the command of the same

distinguished General, by the rapid march on the Douro, the passage of that river, the total discomfiture of the enemy, and his expulsion from the territory of one of his Majesty's ancient and most faithful allies, are circumstances which have made a lasting impression on his Majesty's mind; and have induced his Majesty to direct that the operations of this arduous and eventful campaign shall be thus recorded, as furnishing splendid examples of military skill, fortitude, perseverance, and of a spirit of enterprise calculated to produce emulation in every part of his army, and largely to add to the renown and to the military character of the British nation.

"By order of the Right Honourable the Commander-in-Chief.

"HARRY CALVERT, *Adjutant-General*.

"HORSE-GUARDS, 13th August, 1809."

In the battle of Talavera, General McKenzie was killed. Sir Arthur had also to lament the loss of Brigadier-General Langworth of the German Legion, and Brigade-Major Beckett of the Guards. The battle of the 27th began at two in the morning, and was continued until night. Renewed at day-break on the 28th, it raged until nine o'clock, when a pause of two or three hours took place. In this interval a signal illustration of the absence of personal vindictiveness, on the part of rival French and English soldiers, was presented. A small stream, tributary to the Tagus, flowed through a part of the battle-ground, and separated the combatants. During the pause, the respective armies removed their dead from the scene of action, and then it was, as Lord Castlereagh observed, when moving a vote of thanks to the army and its leader, that "those whose arms were before uplifted for mutual havoc met at the stream which intervened between their mutual positions, and shook hands in token of their reciprocal admiration of the bravery, skill, and firmness displayed on both sides."¹

¹ These civil passages, so characteristic of civilised warfare, were of frequent occurrence during the Peninsular War. An interesting article in a popular Magazine, contained, about twenty-five years ago, the subjoined description of the friendly understanding subsisting between the rival armies:—

"I have known several instances of right feeling evinced by the enemy, worthy of gentlemen who are above turning into individual strife the quarrels of the two countries. While the light division was at Gallegos, some greyhounds belonging to an officer strayed into the enemy's lines, and an opportunity was found, by means of the first flag of truce, to request their being returned. The answer was favourable, stating that they should be sent in on the first opportunity. A day or two after, the greyhounds were seen in couples in the rear, and on the first carbine being fired, they were let slip (the dogs of war!), and came curvetting through the whistling balls to their old master.

"These recollections revive others. On the day the French retired from Fuentes

On the day following the battle of Talavera, the light brigade, under Major-General Robert Craufurd, consisting of the 43rd, 52nd, and 95th (Rifles) reached Talavera. They had marched sixty miles in twenty-six hours. With this reinforcement, it was the intention

d'Onore, the last troops they withdrew from our front were some squadrons of cavalry. Accompanied by a friend of mine, we quietly followed their retrograde movement, and, secure in the speed of our horses, and the open plain, gradually neared the rear-guard. When we came within a few yards, an officer rode out, and begged that we would not encroach so much, or otherwise he should be obliged, but with regret, *à faire charger les tirailleurs*; it is needless to say that we did not further obtrude upon his good nature or civility. I have witnessed some remarkable instances, on a momentary suspension of arms, even during a general action, of almost a mixture of the armies. At Busaco, when the baggage of General St. Simon, who had been left in the midst of our ranks on the repulse and overthrow of the enemy's attack, was sent for, the light division and the enemy's troops opposed to them fairly mingled in plundering the dead, and Lord Wellington became desirous of checking it, as some of their soldiery had strolled up (I spoke to several of them) to the very summit of the hill, even beyond where their advance had penetrated in their previous attack.

"A similar occurrence took place in front of our lines that covered Lisbon. Before we fell back upon our redoubts, we held the ground near the village of Santa Quintina, opposite our centre, for several days. The 71st, under Colonel Cadogan, were here posted behind a little bank they had thrown up, and were only divided from the enemy, equally covered by a wall, by a small field, about a hundred yards across. Under Loison's direction, the enemy stormed our post, and were beat back by Colonels Cadogan and Reynell, at the head of two companies, literally with the bayonet, as one of their men was stabbed as he was crossing the parapet of the breast-work. The whole skirmish and the repulse were speedily over, and when all firing had ceased, they called across for permission to carry off their killed and wounded men, who were strewed over the little field in front. To this we assented, and they sent a party, accompanied by an officer, who commenced their removal. Whilst they were so employed, the officer came up to Reynell, and with some flippancy, mingled with mortification, said, '*Après l'affaire nous sommes de bons amis.*' Colonel Reynell replied with great quickness, pointing to a shot he had just received through his blue cloth light infantry cap, '*Sans doute, cependant je vous remercie pour cette marque de votre bonté.*'

"I only know of one accident arising from similar communication, and that, I have understood, arose from mistake, though its effects were fatal. During the time Colonel Cadogan occupied the town of Fuentes d'Onore, when no firing was going on, though a portion of the village was in the hands of the enemy, he was called to by a French officer to approach, having something to communicate. He accordingly descended, with a sergeant and a man, to the banks of the little rivulet that runs through the village to meet him, and at that instant some of their nearest men, seizing their muskets (it is believed not being aware of what had passed), fired, and shot the sergeant through the body, and the private (one of his best men) through the ear into the head. Considering that we are always playing with *edge tools*, it is surprising that more accidents do not occur. At Oporto, in 1809, to be sure, we commenced by cannonading a few Portuguese, whose blue jackets we mistook for French; at Talavera we had some pitiable instances of the light infantry in our front being killed and wounded by our own fire during the night; and Sir S. Cotton being wounded by a Portuguese sentry after Salamanca; but beyond these, I do not recollect any similar mishaps.

"Civilities have at all times passed between the two armies, softening much the rigours of war, and baggage and money have ever been received on both sides for officers who have had the misfortune to be made prisoners. Lord Wellington generally received the enemy's officers of rank at his table; and on one occasion, at Celorico, the pertness of a Colonel of *gens-d'armes* drew forth from a Spanish Colonel attached to head-quarters a keen repartee. Lord Wellington

of Sir Arthur Wellesley to have maintained his ground. But news reached him of the advance of Soult, and as Cuesta refused until too late to send a Spanish corps to defend Banos, the point to which Soult directed his steps, and supplies of every kind were with difficulty obtained at Talavera, Sir Arthur Wellesley resolved on moving with the British army to Plasencia in the hope of encountering Soult, Ney, and Mortier. This resolution was carried out on the 3rd of August, arrangements having been made that the Spanish General, Cuesta, should remain at Talavera to check Victor, secure the rear of the British army, and protect the numerous sick and wounded who were unavoidably left in the hospitals. A few hours subsequent to the departure of the British, Cuesta violating his promise and utterly regardless of consequences, abandoned Talavera, and followed upon the footsteps of Sir A. Wellesley, to his great consternation and embarrassment.

Sir Arthur's thoughts immediately reverted to the wounded. He wrote at once the following note to General Kellerman:—

“ TO GENERAL KELLERMAN.

“ DELETTOSA, 9th August, 1809.

“ The fortune of war has placed the officers and soldiers of the British army who were wounded in the recent battle of Talavera in the hands of the Commander in Chief of the French army.

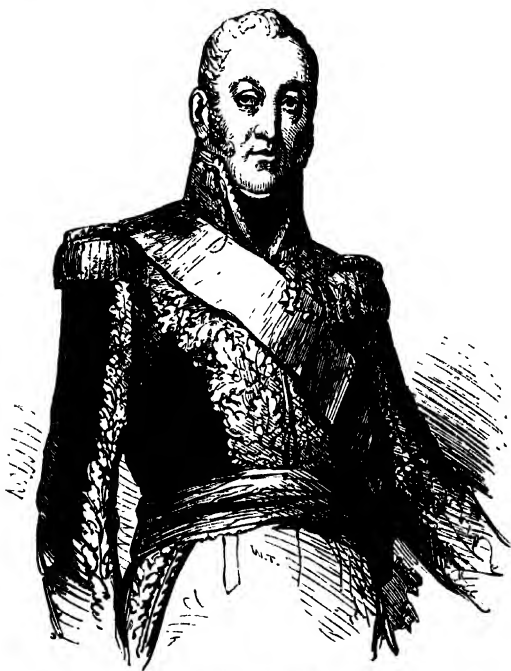
“ I wrote to the Commander in Chief of the French army to commend these soldiers to him, and to request him to permit me to send to Talavera to attend to those officers who will not be considered as prisoners of war, and to whom their return to the army may be granted when their wounds are healed. I requested, also, to be allowed to send a small amount of money to the officers.

“ Having the honour of being known to you, I venture to engage your kind offices with the Commander in Chief of the French army, and to recommend my wounded to you. If it were Marshal Soult who commanded, he owes me all the care which can be given to my brave soldiers, for I saved his (whom the fate of warfare placed in my power,) from the fury of the Portuguese populace, and took care of them. Besides, as the two nations are always at war, we ought to reciprocate those attentions which I claim for my wounded, and

asked if the Duchess of Abrantes (Madame Junot) was not at Salamanca, to which he replied in the affirmative, and added, ‘*Elle a l'intention d'accoucher dans son Duché*’—Abrantes being at that time two hundred miles to our rear, and into which place, as it happened, the French never entered. This brought upon him the happy and neat remark to which I allude ‘*Peut-être la Duchesse aura une fausse couche!*’”

which I have always bestowed upon those whose lot cast them on me."

Happily for the interests of humanity, the French Marshals, who occupied Talavera upon its evacuation by the besotted Spaniards, took every care of the British wounded! Victor, who, more than any other French general, embodied the characteristics of the *preux chevalier* of old, on his entrance into the town, sent soldiers to every house with orders to the inhabitants to receive and accommodate the wounded English, as well as the wounded French, and he expressly directed that, in the care and attention bestowed on them, preference should be given to the English. On his being relieved by Marshal Mortier, Duke de Belluno, the latter continued the humane offices of his gallant predecessor, and would not permit his own soldiers,



MARSHAL MORTIER.

although suffering severe privations themselves, to receive rations until the hospitals were first supplied.

Mortier was a man of great humanity of character. In the Russian war of 1812, he gave several proofs of the excellence of his heart. It is said that his conduct towards the wounded at Talavera arose from the fact of one of his old friends and schoolfellows of the English army being amongst them, but those who have tracked him through other campaigns are aware that humanity was a feature of his character.

The idiotic (to call it by no worse name) proceeding of Cuesta forced Sir Arthur to change his plan of operations. He felt compelled to give up the movement upon Plasencia, and retire to the left bank of the Tagus.

On the 11th of August he withdrew his troops over the bridge of Arzobispo, with the view of covering Seville and the south of Spain, and at the same time preserve his communication with Lisbon, and reached the valley watered by the Elevante on the 11th of August. After his troops had had time to repose, finding that it would be impossible to prosecute the war in Spain with any chance of success against the French forces, which had now greatly augmented, and were preparing to enter Portugal by Ciudad Rodrigo and Almeida, Sir Arthur Wellesley determined to move into Portugal. He therefore fell back, and in September, 1809, took up the line of the Guadiana, and established his head-quarters at Badajoz. In this position he expected to secure the province of Andalusia, as the enemy could not venture to penetrate across the Sierra Morena with the British army on their right flank; to give confidence to the army of La Mancha, and finally to encourage the people to persevere in the cause, by affording the Spanish nation an opportunity of reforming its government, and of choosing new men to direct their measures in the cabinet and conduct their armies in the field.

While in this position a variety of circumstances occurred, calculated to produce an alternation of hope and despair, ultimately terminating in the destruction of Sir Arthur Wellesley's plans. The British Minister, Frere, who had caused much annoyance to the British commander, was withdrawn, and replaced by the Marquis of Wellesley, the sagacious brother of Sir Arthur Wellesley, who had destroyed the Mysore power and the Mahratta confederacy in India. Cuesta was removed from the command of the Spanish army, and in recompense of the very distinguished gallantry and profound skill which had marked Sir Arthur Wellesley's operations at Talavera, the King raised him to the peerage, by the titles of Baron Douro of Wellesley, and Viscount Wellington of Talavera, and of Wellington in the county of Somerset; and a grateful country, by its repre-

sentatives in Parliament, voted him a pension of two thousand pounds per annum.

On the other hand, all the Spanish generals who held out against the French in different parts of Spain endured serious reverses, the British troops, suffering intensely from privations and sickness, daily diminished in numbers; dissatisfaction arose among the officers; a large political party in England assailed Lord Wellington with every species of misrepresentation and acrimonious abuse; the Spanish Junta continued to torment the General with their indecision and imbecility, and Napoleon, having humbled Russia, Prussia, and Austria, sent his cohorts, 110,000 strong, under Marshal Massena, to attempt the reconquest of Portugal.

After a stay of a month or so at Badajoz, Lord Wellington set out for Lisbon upon a journey, leaving the army in its quarters. The object of this journey, which he kept a profound secret as long as it was possible, excited a great deal of speculation among the troops, and throughout the Peninsula. By many it was expected that he meditated arrangements for the evacuation of Portugal, but he, hoping against hope, confident while all others despaired, was, on the contrary, devising means for defending Lisbon against any army the French could bring into the field. Lord Wellington's purpose was to examine the ground personally, and to plan those famous lines which were to give a fatal check to the progress of Napoleon's armies. THE LINES OF TORRES VEDRAS, which brought the Peninsula struggle to a crisis, are a monument of power and perseverance which "neither the Romans in ancient, nor Napoleon in modern times" ever reared, vast as was their military genius. When completed, these works formed a double and nearly parallel chain of redoubts and other entrenchments. The outer or advanced lines extended from the mouth of the small river, Zizandro, on the ocean through the mountain points of Torres Vedras and Monte Agraça, the keys of the position, to Alhandra, on the Tagus, and, following the trace of its defensive features, this outer line measured twenty-nine miles. In rear of this, the second, or principal, line of defence across the Peninsula had its left on the sea, at the mouth of the little river, St. Lorenzo (in front of Ericeira), and its right on the Tagus at Via Longa: occupying on its trace the strong mountain passes of Mafra, Montachique, and Bucellas, through which run three of the four great roads to Lisbon, while the fourth skirts the river. The principal line, in its sinuosities, measured twenty-four miles, the direct breadth of the neck of the Peninsula between the flanks of the two lines being, however, twenty-five and twenty-two miles respectively.

In the month of December, 1809, Lord Wellington withdrew his army from Spain, and in the course of three weeks the whole of his force was placed on a new and extended position along the frontier of Portugal, the head-quarters being in the city of Viseu. Here they remained for six months.



BRITISH HEAVY DRAGOONS.

During this interval Napoleon put an immense force in motion. Besides the 100,000 men mentioned above, 20,000 of the Imperial Guard were marching on the Bidassoa, a corps of Poles and Italians had entered Catalonia, and a powerful siege-train, and nearly 800 carriages with stores and ammunition, were moving by the Burgos road. The grand total of the French army actually within the Pyrenees amounted to 365,000 men. From the *élite* of this enormous force two grand armies were formed, each comprising three distinct corps. The first, under the command of the Duke of Dalmatia, was composed of the corps of Victor, Mortier, and Sebastiani, with a reserve under General Dessoles. The second comprised the corps of Ney, Junot, and part of Victor's, and was especially intended to be employed by Massena, the Prince of Essling. The first *corps d'armée*,

collected at the foot of the Sierra Morena, mustered 65,000 men, and was intended to overrun Andalusia. The second, concentrated in the valley of the Tagus, amounted to 80,000 effective soldiers, and was destined to reduce Ciudad Rodrigo in the onset, and finally to expel the English from Portugal, and thus achieve the conquest of the Peninsula.

On the 11th of June, 1810, the enemy invested the fortress of Ciudad Rodrigo with 30,000 infantry, and 5000 cavalry. The garrison, despairing of being able to hold out against so large a force, deputed the Marquis of Romana to entreat Lord Wellington to advance to its relief; but this his lordship refused to do. It did not appear to him that it was safe to risk the general cause of the Peninsula for the sake of saving a small garrison. He, therefore, held his ground, and on the 16th of July the fortress surrendered by capitulation to Marshal Ney. Foreseeing the line of attack meditated by the French upon Portugal, Lord Wellington had taken up a fresh position. His army, organised into six divisions, and respectively commanded by Generals Spencer, Hill, Picton, Lowry Cole, Robert Craufurd, and Stapleton Cotton, formed the segment of a circle of which the convex part was opposed to Beira and the Alemtejo. Guarda, Celerico, Pinhel, and the west bank of the Coa with its tributary streams flowing in front of the line along the greater part of its extent.

The fortresses of Almeida, Elvas, and Valenca, Peniche, Abrantes, and Setuval, were garrisoned by the Portuguese regulars and militia. Bacellar held the provinces beyond the Douro, with native troops. The country between Penamacor and the Tagus was similarly defended. Four regiments of militia occupied the Alemtejo; three garrisoned the fortresses of the Algarves; while twelve remained in reserve, quartered upon both banks of the Tagus, and chiefly about Setuval.

By this masterly arrangement, the extremes of the defensive line were entrusted to the militia and ordenanza, while the whole of the regular troops occupied the central positions; thus enabling Lord Wellington, in two marches, to concentrate 40,000 splendid soldiers, either at Guarda, or between that place and the Douro.

The tenure of this position, and the general operations of the war at this time, were distinguished by a very gallant affair on the river Coa occasioned by General Craufurd's movement in aid of the besieged at Ciudad Rodrigo; by the fall of the fortress of Almeida, and by the growth, activity, intelligence, and determination of the Spanish Guerillas. Without discipline, but acting always in concert,

and with a fierce determination to exterminate the French, these daring men, often headed and encouraged by the priesthood, assembled in bands at a brief notice, and from the rocks above the mountain passes, in forests skirting the roads, on the banks of rivers, in towns and in villages, assailed the enemy, committed the most barbarous cruelties upon the persons of the French in retaliation of the wrongs done to themselves and their families, and intercepted the provisions and stores which were sent from France across the Pyrenees.



GUERRILLAS CAPTURING A FRENCH PRISONER.

Mina, a chief possessing great authority and ability, had under his command 3000 of these men, who, divided into small parties, from their knowledge of the country dispersed and assembled in a few hours' time. One instance of their activity and courage is sufficient to furnish an idea of what they could accomplish, when regularly organised. Mina was a member of the Spanish University: a nephew of his commenced this destructive method of weakening the enemy, with his companions, most of them young men of education. The nephew was killed in a skirmish, and the uncle took the lead;

and of so much importance was he considered by the enemy, that a plan was formed by four French generals, to entrap him and his followers, particularly as a large quantity of stores were expected from Bayonne, which they apprehended would fall into the clutches of this daring leader and his hardy companions. By four different routes they imagined he might be surrounded, and, by closing, take himself and party. The wily Mina, however, was not only aware of this plot laid for him, but also was on the watch to attack the convoy, amounting to 2000 men.

By the mode of dispersing his troops in small parties, he soon got clear of the French forces, and by re-assembling at an appointed place on the Pyrenees, he was enabled to attack the convoy, of which he killed 900, took 600 prisoners, and all the stores: King Joseph's secretary, disguised as a peasant, was killed. Thus the skill, courage, and dexterity of Mina, with a band of undisciplined men, defeated a body of 2000 French soldiery, and took an immense quantity of stores.

Many like feats were performed by the other Guerilla chiefs, and as a convincing proof of their activity, the French could not send a bag of letters, but under a guard of 250 horse and foot; nor could this Guerilla force be readily destroyed; for, acquainted as they were with the different passes in the mountains, and the by-roads through the country, they could assemble at any given point, or disperse, without the possibility of defeat.

As this description of warrior was self-appointed, and acknowledging no control, although at all times found prepared to conform to the chieftain's orders, no exact account could be taken of their numbers: they were, however, very generally esteemed at 15,000 men: they lived by rapine, of course were no expense to the state: they were dressed as each man could afford, and armed as they could obtain weapons; some mounted, some on foot, but all equally ferocious and hardy.

The following extract from the notes of an officer who served the campaign of 1809-14, illustrates the feeling and acts of the Guerillas:—

"Though the large towns had become accustomed to the French, still the peasantry felt to the last, hatred and vengeance. These became blended in all their acts and ideas, and were even introduced in their national songs. Little couplets of four lines, or of two, with a senseless chorus, imitating the crowing of a Gallic cock, sounding like *kokaroo, kokaroo, koo*, were chanted by the very girls during the evening dances, and accompanied by their tambourines.

One, I recollect, amused me much, putting in fair contrast the oaths of their friends and their enemies :

“ ‘Viva los Ingleses qui dicen
God damn you !
Mueran los qui dicen
Sacre nom de Dieu !’

“ The inhabitants of the Peninsula thought the French who invaded and insulted their houses could deserve no mercy ; and the peasantry, who found a fit opportunity to shoot one of them, felt no more compunction than in destroying a pole-cat, or other vermin. The military ideas of the French only tolerated as a legitimate enemy those in uniform, and considering all others they found armed as brigands, put them to death without mercy. These different views produced retaliation, leading on both sides to horrid atrocities, and for a long while no quarter was given or received between the Guerillas and the enemy.

“ General Franceschi, one of the most active officers of the French Light Cavalry, having most imprudently declined an escort, was taken near Zamora, early in 1809, and afterwards died at Granada, in prison. The Guerillas, posted in countries difficult of access, as much actuated by hope of plunder as patriotism, were constantly on the alert ; and the corps under the enterprising Mina, established in the valley of Arragon and Biscay, at the very threshold of France, interrupted all supplies not accompanied by a little army. Large supplies of clothes and stores fell occasionally into their hands, and in 1813-14, the infantry of Mina were in French uniforms. An officer of Guerillas, on one occasion, brought his plunder for sale to head-quarters, which we conceived to be, from the choice and number of patterns, the travelling stock of a tailor. We were shown several badges of embroidery and beautiful cyphers (several with that of Marie Louise), intended for collars, cuffs, and skirts of coats, besides some splendid sashes. The Guerilla captain understood so well to *marchander*, and remained so long at head-quarters, that we were all satisfied he was less patriotic than mercenary. Do not suppose that we give the like credit to the Guerillas as you have done in England ; for, however they may have annoyed and even distressed the enemy, and rendered necessary the employment of large bodies of troops to keep up communication, they never could nor would have liberated their country. Their petty mountain warfare could not lead to great results, while their miserable armies only entered the plains to be dispersed, and, but for our forces, all the best

and accessible countries of every province were permanently subdued."

Towards the middle of the month of September, 1810, the Prince of Essling (Massena), made a feint of moving down upon the left bank of the Mondego.



MARSHAL MASSENA.

Wellington retired behind the Alva. By the 20th of September, Massena had crossed the river below Celerico, and was advancing upon Coimbra by the way of Vizeu. This movement was counteracted by Lord Wellington with his usual prescience. The intentions of the enemy being very apparent, the second division of the army under the orders of Lieutenant-General Hill made a parallel movement with Regnier's *corps d'armée*, when the whole of the combined army, with the exception of General Fane's division of cavalry, and Le Cor's brigade of Portuguese infantry, "was placed upon the right bank of the Mondego with a celerity which set all ordinary calculation at defiance."

The mountain road north of the Mondego runs over a high ridge

called the Sierra de Busaco. Towards this it was evident Marshal Massena's force directed its steps *en route* to Coimbra. At this point, therefore, Wellington was resolved to stop him. Accordingly, at day-break on the 26th of September (1810), the several divisions of British and Portuguese troops ascended the heights of Busaco, where the whole of the enemy's force, consisting of 60,000 infantry, and a very large body of cavalry could distinctly be seen from a convent which Sir Arthur occupied. Colonel Leith Hay, in his "Narrative of the Peninsular War," vividly describes the scene that presented itself. "Nothing could be conceived more enlivening, more interesting, or more varied, than the scene from the heights of Busaco. Commanding a very extensive prospect to the eastward, the movements of the French army were distinctly perceptible; it was impossible to conceal them from the observation of the troops stationed along the whole range of the mountain; nor did this appear to be the object of the enemy. Rising grounds were covered with troops, cannon, or equipages: the widely-extended country seemed to contain a host moving forward, or gradually condensing into numerous masses, checked in their progress by the grand natural barrier on which the allies were placed, and at the base of which it became necessary to pause. In imposing appearance as to numerical strength, there has been rarely seen anything comparable to that of the enemy's army from Busaco; it was not alone an army encamped before us, but a multitude: cavalry, infantry, artillery, cars of the country, horses, tribes of mules with their attendants, sutlers, followers of every description, crowded the moving scene upon which Lord Wellington and his army looked down."

Towards evening, the French pickets made an attack upon the Portuguese *Caçadores*, who returned the fire with great steadiness and effect. At night the troops bivouacked in their several positions. "The veterans," says Alison, in his admirable "History of Europe," "accustomed to similar scenes of excitement, slept profoundly on their stony beds; but many of the younger soldiers, who were now to witness a battle for the first time, were kept awake by the grandeur and solemnity of the scene around them."

At dawn of day the fight began by the French making two desperate attacks upon the right and centre of the allied army. General Simon's brigade led the assault. The fire of the light troops and the horse artillery scattered death among the leading columns, but did not check their advance—they reach the summit—they deploy into line. "Charge!" cried Craufurd, who watched the upward progress of the French brigade—the 43rd, 52nd, and 95th



BATTLE OF BUSACO. "CHARGE!" CRIED CRACFURD. SEPT., 1810.

rush forward with the bayonet—the French give way—their columns are overlapped by the light troops—they break—retreat—volley after volley is poured into them, tumbling them down the hill, whence they escape covered by the fire of Ney's guns from the opposite side of the hill. Previous to this an attack was made on the right of the British line, but was repelled with equal gallantry by Colonel Mackinnon's brigade, directed by Major-General Picton, supported by Generals Leith and Lightburne. The battle lasted great part of the day, but with unvarying success on the part of the British.

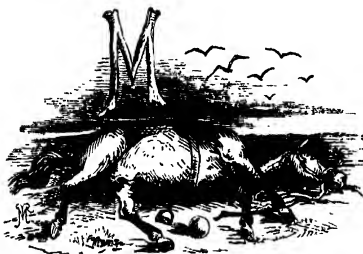
Every effort of the French troops, however daring and skilful, was foiled by the indomitable British line and the Portuguese levies. The British force engaged in the battle of Busaco consisted of 24,000 men. The French army was not less than 55,000 strong. The British artillery was used with great effect from the heights, and the Portuguese Caçadores made a most successful *début* in the field.

On the morning of the 28th, Marshal Massena made a feint attack with his light troops, and towards mid-day marched on the road from Mortagoa, over the mountains towards the Vouga. Inferring from this movement, that it was the Prince of Essling's intention to gain the Oporto road, and the position of Busaco having been actually turned, on the 29th Lord Wellington recrossed the Mondego, and retreated to the position he had previously determined on in front of Lisbon, with his right at Alhandra on the Tagus, passing by Torres Vedras, and his left on the sea.

Lord Wellington's army entered the lines of Torres Vedras on the 8th of October, and by the 15th the allies finally took up their ground. Shortly afterwards they were joined by the Marquis de la Romana with about 5000 effective men. Lord Wellington was now to reap the advantage of his admirable foresight. Girdled by impregnable works, strengthened by Nature, the allied army remained within the Lines for five months laughing to scorn the futile efforts of Massena to penetrate its strongholds.

CHAPTER V.

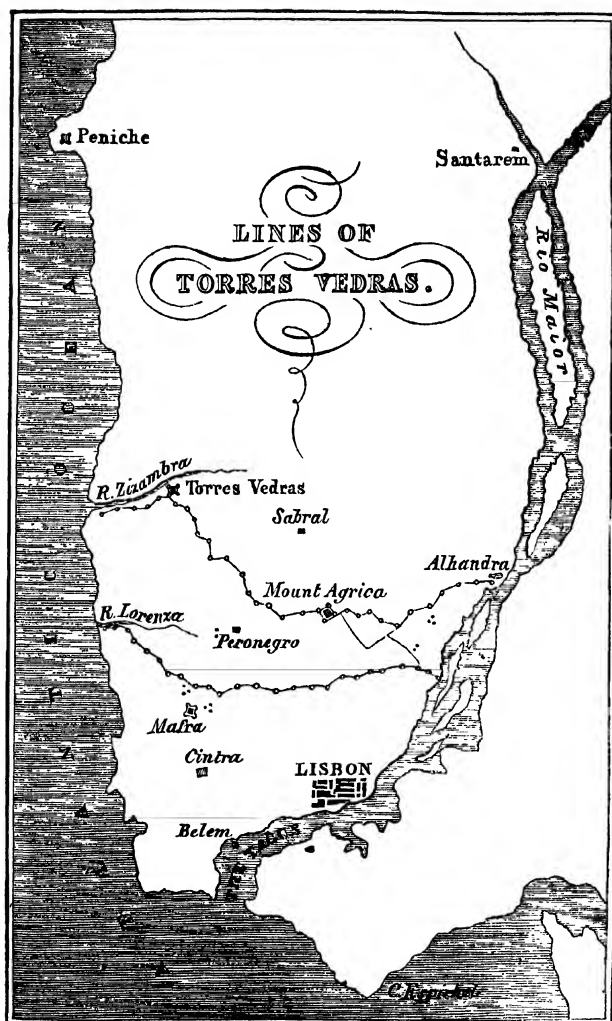
Massena before the Lines—His Retreat—Pursuit by the Allies—Affairs at Redinha, Pombal, Foz d'Aronce, and Casal Nova—Wellington's Correspondence.



ASSENA—baffled in his endeavours to force the Lines—of the existence of which he had only heard five days before he approached them—retired on the 14th of November, 1810, to Santarem—a place admirably adapted for a

defensive post against an assailant moving from the side of Lisbon. Whether he hoped to lure Lord Wellington from his fastnesses to attack him, or whether he really wished to maintain the position against any possible attack, it is certain that he took great pains to entrench himself. What nature had left unfinished to render the position formidable, Massena endeavoured to accomplish. Field-works of various kinds crowned the eminence, while the face of the hill was studded with innumerable breast-works, from which thousands of Frenchmen frowned defiance upon the allies.

When Massena moved to Santarem, Lord Wellington concluded that he was about to retreat into Spain. The grounds of this supposition were natural. By the retreat, Massena would have been able to supply his army with plenty of food during the winter, and put them into good and quiet cantonments; he could have procured medical attendance and medicines for his numerous sick; he would have been able to clothe and re-equip his troops, afford the people of the country the means of cultivating their ground, and at any



time have resumed his position in greater strength. Acting, then, upon the belief that a retreat was intended, Lord Wellington dispatched Major-General Hill to cross the Tagus and attack Santarem, while his lordship moved the head-quarters to Cartaxo. When General Hill was near enough to reconnoitre the positions, it was evident that the crafty Massena had no such object as an immediate retreat in view. The whole of his force was brought up in the vicinity of Santarem. From this circumstance, and the fact of the roads and rivulets being impassable, owing to heavy rains, it was deemed unadvisable to attempt the attack. Immense loss must have ensued, and the British General ran a risk of having some of his detachments insulated and cut off from all communication with others.

It was late in November when General Hill crossed the Tagus and stood in the path of the French Marshal, who obviously meditated an attempt on Lisbon. From that time until the 5th of March, 1811, neither army stirred. Lord Wellington was not inactive, as we shall



REINFORCEMENTS.

presently show, but his antagonist made no effort to disturb his repose. In fact, during January and February, 1811, the weather

was so bad that military operations upon either side were quite out of the question. With an uninterrupted communication with the sea, Lord Wellington was enabled to receive reinforcements and considerable supplies from England during this interval, though the latter came not by any means in the proportion expected or desired. The British Prime Minister, Percival, oscillating between the fear of increasing the power of the opposition, who continued steadily to oppose the Peninsular War on financial grounds, and the apprehension of weakening his own position with the Prince Regent, almost starved the troops, notwithstanding the arguments of the Marquis of Wellesley at home, and the indignant remonstrances of Lord Wellington abroad. Massena's position grew every day more perilous. It was the practice of the French armies to make the countries through which they passed support them. Every man foraged for himself when the columns came to a halt, and, as a necessary consequence, much violence was practised if the villagers and townspeople did not in their alarm burn and forsake their dwellings, and drive away their flocks before the enemy arrived.¹ This abominable and most unwise usage had converted the country in Massena's rear into a desert. To feed his army at Santarem, he was, therefore, obliged to send out strong foraging parties to scour the country to the very confines of the British positions. Several important captures of cattle and grain were made in this way. But

¹ "The French plundered after the most scientific and approved methods; they used to throw water on suspected places, and watch its absorption, judging the spot where it dried the quickest had been lately disturbed. No qualms of conscience prevented the orthodox Catholic soldiery of the French army from rifling the most sacred places. The communion plate and silver lamps and candlesticks even vanished in the twinkling of an eye. Not content with what the churches afforded above-ground, or from a zeal for antiquarian research, they despised a superficial or traditional account of the former modes of burial, and investigated the point by breaking open the tombs. At Jaricejo (a word, by-the-by, no one but a native ever pronounced), when they turned Cuesta's flank, in 1809, by the bridge of Arzo Bispo, they tore open a sarcophagus, let into the wall, containing the mortal remains of some great hidalgo, who had been buried (the date was the 16th century) near three hundred years before. Finding the body, though not absolutely embalmed, was dried into a sort of mummy, they took it out, and stuck it up against the door as a bugaboo, with a musket in his hand! However chivalrous and warlike this contemporary Don of Charles or the Phillips, he could never have surmised, had he even believed in the metempsychosis (which would not have been prudent in those times for a good Catholic), that after being comfortably buried two hundred and fifty years, he should do duty as a Factionnaire Scarecrow at the door of his own church! The thoughtlessness of the French character was often shown in similar practical jokes. When they retired from before the lines, they placed the bodies of their dead comrades in cupboards and against closed doors, insuring the fall of these grim *memento moris* on the first inquisitive searcher. At Cartaxo, with a view, no doubt, to improve the water, or to leave us ingredients to prepare a *soup maigre* on a large scale, they dropped a dead donkey into one of the finest wells in the place. This was not detected until it was possible for a regiment of the 1st Division to report upon the flavour of *soup à l'âne*."—*United Service Journal*.

the cavalry of Lord Wellington was always upon the alert, and the cattle and corn were often recovered, while the French foragers, thrown into a frightful state of indiscipline, were frequently cut off and made prisoners. The cupidity of some of the people of Lisbon was likewise a material source of supply to Massena. "Under the pretence of selling sugar at Thomar and Torres Novas, the agents of certain fidalgos in Lisbon passed by the road of Celdas and through the mountains of Pedragoa." This failed in time, as discovery increased Wellington's surveillance, and Massena, early in March, 1811, found it necessary to break up his camp and abandon in despair the hope of reaching Lisbon.

It is a rule in war that a retreat shall always, when practicable, be followed by a pursuit. Massena quitted his position on the 4th of March. He had continued at Santarem longer than was justifiable by the state of his magazines and the health of the troops, in the expectation of being joined by Marshal Soult with 14,000 men—an expectation defeated by the vigilance of the foe. Moving away with the apparent intention of proceeding to Thomar, he was followed in a day or two by Lord Wellington's army, every now and then checking his pursuer by a movement which appeared to be directed on the lines of Torres Vedras, thus gaining four marches upon his adversary.

There are many tales extant in the history of war of disastrous retreats—retreats in which the sufferings of the retreating force have even awakened the compassion of their pursuers—but the world's annals do not produce a parallel to the cruelties and abominations which marked the progress of the French when quitting Portugal. With the double purpose of satisfying the cravings of hunger, and avenging the hostility of the Portuguese, who had rendered their stay at Santarem a bitter trial, they burnt, plundered, devastated, and murdered without remorse. Sir William Napier, always just, often indulgent, towards a gallant enemy, truthful to a point offensive to prejudice, says :—

"The laws of war, rigorously interpreted, authorise such examples,¹ when the inhabitants take arms, yet it can only be justly done to overawe, and not to revenge defeat; but every horror making war hideous attended this dreadful retreat! Distress, conflagration, death in all modes!—from wounds, from fatigue, from water, from the flames, from starvation, on every side unlimited ferocity! I myself saw a peasant hounding on his dog to devour the dead and dying; and the spirit of cruelty once unchained smote even the brute creation, for, on the

¹ He is referring to the "harsh and ruthless spirit" with which Massena burnt towns and villages.

15th, Massena, to diminish the incumbrances, ordered the destruction of some beasts of burthen, and the inhuman fellow charged with the execution hamstringed 500 asses and left them to starve. Being thus found by the British army, the mute yet deep expression of pain and grief visible in their looks, wonderfully aroused the fury of the soldiers, and so little weight has reason with the multitude when opposed by a momentary sensation, that no quarter would have been given to any prisoner at that moment, and a humane feeling would have led to direct cruelty. The French have, however, been accused of crimes which they did not, and could not, commit; such as the driving of all women above ten years of age into their camp at Redinha, near which there were neither men nor women to be driven! The country was a desert! They have been also charged, by the same writer, with the mutilating of John the First's body in the Convent of Batalha during Massena's retreat; whereas the body of that monarch had been wantonly pulled to pieces and carried off by British officers during the retreat to the lines!"

Colonel Jones, in his work on the sieges in Spain, quotes from a *French military writer* a distinct statement, in contradiction of part of the foregoing, that in Massena's army detachments sent out to forage had orders to bring in all girls between twelve and thirty years of age for the use of the soldiery. "*I saw with my own eyes*," writes an officer in the "*Quarterly Review*" of 1839, "when Massena had retired from before the lines of Torres Vedras, forty or fifty of these wretches in a state of disease, famine, and *insanity* beyond all conception." This was making war support war (Napoleon's theory) with a vengeance!

Vigorously following the baffled French Marshal, Lord Wellington's troops came up with him several times. Massena turned, showed his teeth, and again moved on with a still diminishing force. He was making for the Mondego river, when the Light Division, the German Hussars, and the Portuguese Caçadores, under Brigadier Pack, came up with him at Pombal, drove the French from the castle and town, and took several prisoners. On the 12th of March, the French having, during the previous night, reached a strong position at the end of a defile between Redinha and Pombal, with their right in a wood, Redinha on their rear, and their left extending towards some high ground above the river of Redinha, the British army again assailed them. Sir W. Erskine led the Light Division, and forced the wood in gallant style. Lord Wellington, in his despatch, bore personal testimony to the dashing facility with which the operations were performed. The 3rd Division—which acquired,

during the Peninsular war, the soubriquet of the "fighting division"—was headed by Major-General Picton: Major-General Cole took the 4th Division into action; and Lieutenant-General Sir Brent Spencer led the line against the enemy's position on the heights. Two days after this affair the British came up with a strong corps of the enemy, under Marshal Ney, an officer of the rarest courage and determination—intrepid in attack—resolute in defensive retreat. Unaware of the strength of the position Ney had taken up at Casal Nova, owing to the density of the fog on the mountains, Erskine sent forward the 52nd Light Infantry to attack him. Isolated, opposed by a daring and superior foe, the Oxfordshire Regiment was in peril, but it manfully held its ground until succour came in the shape of the residue of the glorious Light Division. The combat then became general. The 6th Division, under General Campbell, supported the Light Division, assaulting the front of the French. The 3rd and 4th Divisions, under Cole and Picton, turned their left and right. The enemy, after a sharp struggle, abandoned all their positions in the mountains, and the *corps d'armée*, composing the rear guard, were flung back upon the main body, at Miranda de Corvo, upon the river Deira, with considerable loss of killed, wounded, and prisoners.

The first contest in the retreat is graphically described by the historian of the Peninsular war. "The French right rested on wooded and rugged ground, their left upon the village of Foz d'Aronce. The weather was obscure and rainy. The allies reached the Ceira at four o'clock on the 15th, and, expecting no action, kindled fires; but Wellington, having rapidly scanned Ney's division, directed the Light Division and Pack's Brigade to hold the right in play, and sent Picton against the left, while the horse artillery, galloping forward to a rising ground, opened with a great and sudden effect. Ney's left, overthrown by the first charge, fled in confusion towards the river, and some missing the fords, rushed into the deeps and were drowned; others crowding to the bridge, were crushed to death. On the right, the ground being rugged and close, the action resolved itself into a skirmish, and Ney was enabled to use some battalions to check the pursuit of his left; but darkness came on, and the defeated troops in their disorder fired on each other. Four officers and sixty men fell on the side of the British. The French lost five hundred, one half being drowned, and an eagle was afterwards found in the river. Massena had gone behind the Alva, yet Ney, notwithstanding this disastrous combat, kept his post on the left bank of the Ceira until every incumbrance had passed, and

then, blowing up seventy feet of the bridge, sent his corps on, remaining himself with the Rear-Guard.”¹

Lord Wellington, never slow to recognise the good services of troops, though wanting perhaps in the fervour of expression which has characterised other Generals, speaks of the 43rd, 52nd, 95th, and the 3rd Portuguese Caçadores (Light Infantry) as having particularly distinguished themselves in this last affair. He also named with honour Colonels Drummond and Beckwith, Lieutenant-Colonels Ross, Elder, and others. Particularly to mark his sense of the services of the three regiments, he recommended a serjeant of each regiment for promotion to an ensigncy.

The account of the close of the operations in the pursuit of Massena must be given in Lord Wellington's own words:—

“The result of these operations has been that we have saved Coimbra and Upper Beira from the enemy's ravages; we have opened the communications with the northern provinces; and we have obliged the enemy to take for their retreat the road by Ponte da Murcella, on which they may be annoyed by the militia acting in security upon their flank, while the allied army will press upon their rear. The whole country, however, affords many advantageous positions to a retreating army, of which the enemy have shown that they know how to avail themselves. They are retreating from the country, as they entered it, in one solid mass, covering their rear on every march by the operations of either one or two *corps d'armée* in the strong positions which the country affords, which *corps d'armée* are closely supported by the main body. Before they quitted their position they destroyed a part of their cannon and ammunition, and they have since blown up whatever the horses were unable to draw away. They have no provisions, excepting what they plunder on the spot, or, having plundered, what the soldiers carry on their backs, and live cattle.

“I am concerned to be obliged to add to this account, that their conduct throughout this retreat has been marked by a barbarity seldom equalled, and never surpassed. Even in the towns of Torres Novas, Thomar, and Pernes, in which the head quarters of some of the corps had been for four months, and in which the inhabitants had been invited, by promises of good treatment, to remain, they were plundered, and many of their houses destroyed on the night the enemy withdrew from their position; and they have since burnt

¹ As a further and a striking illustration of the indomitable perseverance of Marshal Ney in covering a retreat, the reader is recommended to peruse Segur's and De Fezensac's description of the retreat from Moscow to the west of the Niemen.

every town and village through which they have passed. The convent of Alcobaça was burnt by order from the French head-quarters. The Bishop's palace, and the whole town of Leyria, in which General Drouet had had his head-quarters, shared the same fate; and there is not an inhabitant of the country of any class or description, who has had any dealing or communication with the French army, who has not had reason to repent of it, and to complain of them. This is the mode in which the promises have been performed and the assurances have been fulfilled, which were held out in the proclamation of the French Commander-in-Chief, in which he told the inhabitants of Portugal that he was not come to make war upon them, but with a powerful army of 110,000 men to drive the English into the sea. It is to be hoped that the example of what has occurred in this country will teach the people of this and of other nations what value they ought to place on such promises and assurances; and that there is no security for life, or for anything which makes life valuable, excepting in decided resistance to the enemy."

It has been observed above, that Lord Wellington was not inactive during the period of his occupation of the Lines of Torres Vedras. His correspondence at this period conveys the best evidence of the grasp and activity of his mind. Ranging discursively over fifty subjects of deep interest, we find him calmly and dispassionately examining questions of high political importance, offering advice deferentially, yet with a conviction of its utility, and then descending to small matters of regimental economy with equal zeal and earnestness. Nothing seems to have been too high for his judgment—nothing too low for his generosity. His orders between October, 1810, and March, 1811, embrace manifold subjects bearing reference to the good order and safety of the army, and the integrity of its conduct in its relations with the Portuguese country people. He was most anxious to prevent straggling, plundering,¹ and the employment of

¹ The following General Order was issued at Leyria, on the 3rd of October, 1810:—

"LEYRIA, 3rd October, 1810.

"The Commander of the Forces is concerned to have been under the necessity of carrying into execution the determination which he has so long announced, of directing the immediate execution of any soldiers caught plundering; and that a British and a Portuguese soldier have consequently been hanged this day, for plundering in the town of Leyria, where they were, contrary to order, and for this criminal purpose.

"He trusts that this example will deter others from those disgraceful practices in future; and the troops may depend upon it that no instance of the kind will be passed over. They are well fed, and taken care of, and there is no excuse for plunder, which could not be admitted on any account.

"Once more, the Commander of the Forces calls upon the commanding officers of regiments to oblige their men to march in a regular manner, with their companies."

the men as servants and orderlies; he regulated the issues of rice and salt meat; directed that the soldiery be supplied with blankets; took measures to check desertion;¹ enjoined the careful clearing of houses, which the French might have occupied, before they were slept in by British officers or men; prohibited the destruction of olive and other fruit trees for fire-wood; forbade deer-shooting in the private parks near the cantonments; regulated the leave of absence of officers; revived the proceedings of Courts Martial; and did a hundred other things to conduce to regularity, health, and discipline. His correspondence for the same period shows how alive he was to the responsibility which had devolved upon him; how resolute to maintain his authority; how solicitous for the welfare of the Portuguese; how careful not to compromise the safety of his position by any premature attack upon the French; how admirably informed of the strength, the resources, and the intentions of his enemies; how desirous that no rules should stand in the way of the promotion of officers of merit; how indignant at the alternate interference and supineness of the Spanish and Portuguese governments; how punctual in keeping the British Ministry apprised of all his movements, impressions, and views; how angry with the Portuguese authorities for attempting to deprive British soldiers of their billets; how enraged with the misrepresentations of newspapers at home and abroad (and yet how nobly independent of their lies and strictures!); how enlarged his views on the subject of recruiting for the army; how just and truthful, frank and uncompromising

¹ "GENERAL ORDERS.

"PENO NEGRO, 10th Nov., 1810.

"The Commander of the Forces is concerned to have received reports from some of the regiments of the desertion of British soldiers to the enemy; a crime which, in all his experience in the British service, in different parts of the world, was till lately unknown in it; and the existence of which at the present moment he can attribute only to some false hopes held out to those unfortunate criminal persons.

"The British soldier cannot but be aware of the difference between their situation, and that of the enemy opposed to them; and the miserable tale told by the half-starved wretches whom they see daily coming into their lines, ought alone, exclusive of their sense of honour and patriotism, to be sufficient to deter them from participating in their miserable fate.

"However, although the Commander of the Forces laments the fate of the unfortunate soldiers who have committed this crime, he is determined that they shall feel the consequence of it during their lives, and that they shall never return to their friends or their homes.

"He accordingly requests that the commanding officers of regiments from which any soldier has deserted to the enemy will, as soon as possible, send to the Adjutant-General's office a description of his person, together with an account when he was enlisted with the regiment, where born, and to what parish he belongs, in order that the friends of these soldiers may be made acquainted with the crime which they have committed; may be prepared to consider them as lost for ever, and may deliver them up to justice in case they should ever return to their native country."

upon every point which concerned or affected the public interests in any way.

So much of the character of the subject of this biography is to be deduced from his letters, that no better elucidation of the great strength of his mind, his determination of purpose, his jealousy of unprofitable interference, his candour, and his highly becoming self-respect can be offered than the four following extracts supply :—

“ TO CHARLES STUART, ESQ.

“ RIO MAYOR, 6th Oct., 1810.

“ I BEG that you will do me the favour to inform the Regency, and, above all, Principal Sousa, that his Majesty and the Prince Regent having intrusted me with the command of their armies, and exclusively with the conduct of the military operations, I will not suffer them, or anybody else, to interfere with them ; that I know best where to station my troops, and where to make a stand against the enemy, and I shall not alter a system, framed upon mature consideration, upon any suggestion of theirs.

“ I am responsible for what I do, and they are not ; and I recommend to them to look to the measures for which they are responsible, which I long ago recommended to them, viz., to provide for the tranquillity of Lisbon, and for the food of the army, and of the people, while the troops shall be engaged with the enemy.

“ As for Principal Sousa, I beg you to tell him, from me, that I have had no satisfaction in transacting the business of this country since he has been a member of the Government ; that being embarked in a course of military operations, of which I hope to see the successful termination, I shall continue to carry them on to their end ; but that no power on earth shall induce me to remain in the Peninsula, for one moment, after I shall have obtained his Majesty's leave to resign my charge, if Principal Sousa is to remain either a member of the Government, or to continue at Lisbon. Either he must quit the country or I shall ; and, if I should be obliged to go, I will take care that the world, in Portugal at least, and the Prince Regent, shall be made acquainted with my reasons.

“ From the letter of the 3rd instant, which I have received from Dom M. Forjaz, I had hoped that the Government were satisfied with what I had done and intended to do ; and that, instead of endeavouring to render all further defence fruitless, by disturbing the minds of the populace at Lisbon, they would have done their duty by adopting measures to secure the tranquillity of the town.

"But I suppose that, like other weak individuals, they add duplicity to their weakness, and that their expressions of approbation, and even gratitude, were intended to convey censure. I request you to communicate this letter to the Regency; and to transmit it to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

"P.S. All I ask from the Portuguese Regency is, tranquillity in the town of Lisbon, and provisions *for their own troops*, while they shall be employed in this part of the country.

"I have but little doubt of success; but as I have fought a sufficient number of battles to discover that the result of any one is not certain, even under the best arrangements, I am anxious that the Government should adopt preparatory arrangements to take out of the enemy's way those persons and their families, who would suffer if they were to fall into his hands."

"TO THE EARL OF LIVERPOOL,

"PERO NEGRO, 27th Oct., 1810.

"YOUR Lordship has been apprised of the measures which had been adopted to induce the inhabitants of Portugal to quit that part of the country through which the enemy was likely to pass, or which it was probable would become the seat of his operations, carrying off with them their valuable property, and everything which could tend to the enemy's subsistence, or to facilitate his progress.

"There is no doubt that these inhabitants had sufficient knowledge from former experience, of the treatment they would receive from the enemy; and there is no instance of those of any town or village having remained, or of their having failed to remove what might be useful to the enemy, when they had sufficiently early intimation of the wishes of government, or of myself, that they should abandon their houses and carry away their property.

"All those who are acquainted with the nature of military operations, with their dependence upon the assistance of the country to supply the wants of the army, and particularly with the degree to which the French armies depend upon this assistance, must be aware of the distress which this system has occasioned to the enemy; and the official and private letters which have been intercepted, are filled with complaints of its effects, which have been repeated in the official papers published in the *Moniteur* at Paris.

"It happened, unfortunately, that the Indian corn harvest, which is the principal support of the inhabitants of a large part of Portugal, was on the ground at the moment of the enemy's invasion. This, of course, could not be carried off: the enemy's troops have, as usual,

destroyed what they could not move, and nothing remains. If, therefore, the result of the campaign should be to oblige the enemy to withdraw from Portugal, it is much to be apprehended that the greatest distress will be felt in those districts through which the enemy's troops have passed, which there are no means whatever in this country of relieving.

"Upon former occasions, the wealthy inhabitants of Great Britain, and of London in particular, have stepped forward to assist and relieve the distresses of foreign nations, whether suffering under calamities inflicted by Providence, or by a cruel and powerful enemy. This nation has received the benefit of the charitable disposition of his Majesty's subjects, and there never was a case in which their assistance was required in a greater degree, whether the sufferings of the people, or their fidelity to the cause they have espoused, and their attachment to his Majesty's subjects, be considered.

"I declare that I have scarcely known an instance in which any person in Portugal, even of the lowest order, has had communication with the enemy inconsistent with his duty to his own Sovereign, or with the orders he had received.

"I would, therefore, beg leave to recommend the unfortunate portion of the inhabitants who have suffered from the enemy's invasion to your lordship's protection; and I request you to consider of the mode of recommending them to the benevolent disposition of his Majesty's subjects, at the moment which I hope may be not far distant, that the enemy may be under the necessity of evacuating the country."

"TO CHARLES STUART, ESQ.,

"CARTAXO, 31st Dec., 1810.

"I HAVE received your letter of the 30th December. I have already had great difficulty in arranging the business of quartering the officers of the army at Lisbon, and have given orders upon this subject, in respect to that town and other parts of Portugal, of which I enclose copies. I cannot be certain that these orders have in every instance been obeyed; but it is difficult to have orders obeyed by the officers which affect their own convenience, when the inhabitants of the towns do not attend to any regulations upon the same subject; and I receive innumerable complaints, particularly of the conduct of the inhabitants of Lisbon.

"In respect to Dom. M. Forjaz's regulations, they look very well upon paper, but who will attend to them? The officers of the British army in England are not billeted upon private houses, but upon inns.

There is not an inn in Portugal in which an officer could be billeted, and it would follow that, owing to the deficiency of inns, the officers must go into the streets. The soldiers also, where there are no convents to cover them, must be exposed to the open air, because there are no public-houses in which they can be billeted: but Dom M. Forjaz will probably have no objection to their being billeted where we like in the country, contrary to the proposed regulation and our own law, which is to be introduced here, provided Lisbon is not disturbed by either officers or soldiers! I do not see what further steps I can take in the business; and I only desire that when my order is disobeyed complaint may be made, stating the name of the person, and that the complainant may be prepared to prove his story before a court martial.

"I declare that I think it disgraceful to the Portuguese government, and to the people of Lisbon in particular, that such a proposition should have been made as has come from Dom M. Forjaz. They have now part of one battalion in Lisbon, and some convalescents at Belem, some of the officers attached to whom must be lodged in the town. They have besides some sick and wounded officers there, and occasionally a regiment passes a night or two in Lisbon, when it lands from England or from Cadiz. Are the people of Lisbon so inhospitable that the officers of these corps must be put, on their landing, into cold, damp, and dark empty houses, without the chance of getting anything to eat? Is there an inn or tavern at Lisbon to which an officer can go in such circumstances?

"But I forgot, the general officers of the army, those upon the staff, the officers of the Guards (for the others can but ill afford the expense), do occasionally go to Lisbon for a day or two for their amusement. Is Dom M. Forjaz serious in expressing a wish that officers of this description should go into empty houses, or into the street? Is this the mode in which the cause of Portugal is to be made popular in the British army? Is every consideration to be sacrificed to the caprice and ease of the people of Lisbon? Are officers of this class, and I and Marshal Beresford, to be provided with a lodging upon billet; but the others who go there upon duty, and who can less afford or bear the hardships, be put into the empty houses or into the street? For my part, I do not go often to Lisbon; but if the rule is made for one class it must for all, and I will have no lodging upon billet any more than any other officer of the army. The circumstances stated by Dom M. Forjaz, respecting the mode of lodging the British officers formerly, suit neither the circumstances of the army nor of the times. I declare that I have no patience with

the constant efforts which I see made by the Government to indulge the caprice and ease of the people of Lisbon, at the expense of every other consideration ; and they prefer to have recourse to any expedients rather than oblige them to do what they dislike, which is, when they make a complaint of an officer, to appear before a court and prove it."

" TO MARQUIS WELLESLEY.

" CARTAGO, 26th Jan., 1811.

"It may also be asked, why we should spend our money, and why these troops should not go on as the French troops do, without pay, provisions, magazines, or anything? The answer to this question is as long as what I have already written. The French army is certainly a wonderful machine ; but if we are to form such a one, we must form such a Government as exists in France, which can with impunity lose one-half of the troops employed in the field every year, only by the privations and hardships imposed upon them. Next, we must compose our army of soldiers drawn from all classes of the population of the country—from the good and middling, as well in rank as in education, as from the bad ; and not as all other nations, and we in particular, do, from the bad only. Thirdly, we must establish such a system of discipline as the French have—a system founded upon the strength of the tyranny of the Government, which operates upon an army composed of soldiers, the majority of whom are sober, well-disposed, amenable to order, and in some degree educated.

"When we shall have done all this, and shall have made these armies of the strength of those employed by the French, we may require of them to live as the French do, viz., by authorised and regulated plunder of the country and its inhabitants, if any should remain ; and we may expose them to the labour, hardships, and privations which the French soldier suffers every day ; and we must expect the same proportion of loss every campaign, viz., one-half of those who take the field.

"This plan is not proposed for the British army, nor has it yet been practised in any great degree by the Portuguese ; but I shall state the effect which, in my opinion, the attempt has had upon the Spaniards.

"There is neither subordination nor discipline in the army, among either officers or soldiers ; and it is not even attempted (as indeed it would be in vain to attempt) to establish either. It has, in my opinion, been the cause of the dastardly conduct which we have so frequently witnessed in the Spanish troops ; and they have become

odious to their country; and the peaceable inhabitants, much as they detest and suffer from the French, almost wish for the establishment of Joseph's Government, to be protected from the outrages of their own troops.

"These armies, therefore, must be paid and supported, if any service is expected from them; and at present, at least, I see no chance of their being paid, except by British assistance.

"There is but little that is new in this letter; but the subject to which it relates requires the early consideration, decision, and interference of the British Government, or the cause must suffer."

"TO CHARLES STUART, Esq.

"CARTAGO, 28th Jan., 1811.

"I THINK the Portuguese Government are still looking to assistance from England, and I have written to the King's Government strongly upon the subject in their favour. But I should deceive myself if I believed we should get anything, and them if I were to tell them we should. They must, therefore, look to their own resources. I shall not enter upon the political crisis now existing in England; but I believe you will agree with me that, if the change which is probable should be made, the chance is less than it was.

"It is quite nonsense their quarrelling with me, whether the system of operations I have followed was the best or not. I believe I am not only the best, but the only friend they have ever had, who has had the power of supporting them for a moment in England; and I now tell them that the only chance they have is to endeavour to bring their revenue equal to their expenses. It is ridiculous to talk of the efforts they have made. They have, hitherto, produced neither men in proportion to their population, nor money in proportion to their commerce and riches, nor by any means in proportion to their gains by the war. They talk of the war in their country: was Portugal ever involved seriously in any war without having it in the heart of the country? I think I can save them from their enemy, if they will make an exertion to maintain their army; but they are now come to that situation between the enemy, the people, and us, that they must decide either to raise an adequate revenue from the people, in earnest, or to give themselves over to the enemy.

"Now, upon this point, I can only tell them one thing; and that is, that although they may find causes for not levying a revenue upon the people to continue the contest against the enemy, the enemy will

allow of none for not raising every shilling that can be drawn from the people, when they may come into possession. They should have thought of the miseries endured by the people, which they describe so feelingly, before they commenced the war ; though, by the by, I would observe upon these miseries, that the enemy occupy only a part of one province, and that they had only passed through another : this is bad enough, God knows ! but is better than that the whole should be in their possession, as it was, and as it will be, if a real effort is not made."

CHAPTER VI.

Affairs in the South of Spain—Siege of Cadiz—Battle of Barossa—Retreat of Massena—Attempt on Almeida—Battle of Fuentes d'Oñoro—The wounded at Fuentes d'Oñoro.



O preserve a connection between the events which occurred immediately under Lord Wellington's own eye and those which transpired at a distance, but which, at the same time, formed part and parcel of the system adopted for expelling the French from the Peninsula, we must now retrace our steps a little.

While Lord Wellington, intent upon the preservation of Portugal, was forced to disengage his attention from the affairs of Spain, the French, late in 1810, made great efforts to obtain possession of Cadiz (one of the three great naval ports of Spain on the southern coast), in which they were opposed by the Spanish patriots. Anxious to afford the latter every assistance in their resolute defence of the place, the British Government sent Major-General Graham, who had previously been appointed second in command to Wellington, to take the command of the troops in the fortress. General Graham was a soldier of ability, who had served first at Toulon under Lord Mulgrave, as a volunteer—obtained rank in the army by raising two regiments at his own expense—and then proceeded to join the Austrian army when engaged with the French Republican forces in Italy. He next served in the Mediterranean under Sir Charles Stuart, at the attack of Minorca, the blockade of Malta, &c.—was in Egypt, in Ireland, in Sweden with Sir John Moore, and under that fine soldier at Coruña.

He subsequently served at the siege of Flushing, in the island of Walcheren, and was then sent to assist Lord Wellington in the Peninsula.

The office of second in command of an army in the field is one of small importance, where the head is endowed with much activity and feels the entire weight of the responsibility. In truth, to use the words of Wellington himself, "the office is not only useless, but injurious to the service. A person without defined duties, excepting to give flying opinions from which he may depart at pleasure, must be a nuisance in moments of decision." He declared more than once that, whether he had a second in command or not, he was determined always to act according to the dictates of his own judgment. It was therefore of no consequence to him that a separate field was found for Graham's talents, and Graham himself rejoiced at the opportunity of independent action. He was "a daring old man, and of a ready temper for battle."

The only point from which it was easy for the French to annoy the garrison of Cadiz was Fort Matagorda. The post was dismantled at their approach, but when it was perceived that they began to reconstruct it, Graham determined to dispossess and even endeavour to maintain it against them. This was accordingly done under his direction. The fort was defended by Captain Maclaïne,¹ with a degree of bravery which excited the highest admiration of the Spaniards, dismayed the French, and received the approbation of the British Government.

Soult commanded in the operations against Cadiz and stubbornly urged the siege. Graham had, however, rendered the town almost impregnable, and Soult made little progress. Yet it was tedious work to act only on the defensive; the blockade was becoming irksome, and the garrison tired of inaction. General La Peña, who commanded in chief, resolved therefore, in concert with Graham, upon making an attack upon the rear of the French army. Ten thousand men were straightway embarked in Cadiz Bay for the purpose of forming a junction with General San Roche. They disembarked at Algesiras, (a fortified city in the Gulf of Gibraltar,) and uniting at Tarifa, a town on the coast, west of Gibraltar, moved thence on the 28th of February, 1811.

The Spanish van-guard having opened a communication with the Isla de Leon, by attacking the rear of the enemy's lines near the

¹ Lieutenant-General Sir Archibald Maclaïne, K.C.B., an officer who had seen service in India, and in different parts of the Peninsula.

Santi Petri river, General Graham, at the head of 3000 British troops, was ordered by La Peña to move to Bermeja, a position about half-way between Barossa (a low ridge, rising gradually from the coast up a mile and a half, four miles from the river, and on which Graham was halted) and the Santi Petri. Leaving Major Brown with the flank companies of two regiments on Barossa ridge, Graham moved down, but he had not proceeded very far when intimation reached him that the enemy were in force in the plains, and advancing towards the heights of this position. He instantly faced about and regained the plains, expecting fully to find La Peña, with the Spaniards and the cavalry, on the Barossa hill. But, to his consternation, he beheld General Ruffin's brigade with other French troops near the summit on one side, the Spanish van-guard and baggage flying towards the sea on the other, pursued by the French cavalry. There was no sign of La Peña!

"In this desperate situation, feeling that a retreat to Bermeja would bring the enemy pell-mell with the Allies on to that narrow ridge, and must be disastrous, Graham resolved to attack, although the key of the field of battle was in the enemy's possession. Ten guns, under Major Duncan, instantly opened a terrific fire against Laval's column, and Colonel Andrew Barnard, running vehemently out with his riflemen and some Portuguese companies, commenced the fight, while the rest of the British troops, without any attention to regiments or brigades, so sudden was the affair, formed two masses, with one of which General Dilkes marched against Ruffin, while Colonel Wheatley led the other against Laval. Duncan's guns ravaged the French ranks; Laval's artillery replied vigorously; Ruffin's batteries took Wheatley's column in flank, and the infantry on both sides pressed forward eagerly and with a pealing musketry. But when the masses drew near, a fierce, rapid, prolonged charge of the 87th Regiment overthrew the first line of the French, and though the latter fought roughly, they were dashed violently upon the second line, and both being broken by the shock went off, the reserve battalion of grenadiers, hitherto posted on the right, alone remaining to cover the retreat.

"Meanwhile Brown, having received Graham's laconic order,¹ fell headlong upon Ruffin, and though nearly half of his detachment went down under the enemy's first fire, he maintained the fight until Dilkes' column, which had crossed a deep hollow, and never stopped even to reform the regiments, arrived, with little order indeed, but in a fighting mood, and then the whole ran up towards the summit; there

¹ "Fight!" was all that Graham replied in answer to an application for instructions.

was no slackness on either side, for at the very edge of the ascent their gallant opponents met them, when a dreadful, and for some time a doubtful, combat raged. Finally, Ruffin and Chaudron Rousseau, who commanded the chosen grenadiers, fell, both mortally wounded; the English bore strongly onward, and their slaughtering fire forced the French from the hill, with the loss of three guns and many brave soldiers.

"The discomfited divisions, retiring concentrically from the different points of battle, soon met, and, with infinite spirit, endeavoured to re-form and renew the action; but the play of Duncan's guns, rapid and murderous, rendered the attempt vain. Victor then quitted the field of battle, and the British, having been twenty-four hours under arms without food, were too exhausted to pursue.

"While these terrible combats of infantry were fighting, La Peña looked idly on, neither sending his cavalry, nor his horse artillery, nor any part of his army to the assistance of his ally; nor yet menacing Villatte, who was close to him, and comparatively weak. The Spanish Walloon Guards, the regiment of Ciudad Real, and some Guerilla cavalry, turned indeed without orders, and came up just as the action ceased; and it was expected that Whittingham, an Englishman, commanding a powerful body of Spanish horse, would have done as much; but no stroke in aid was struck by a Spanish sabre that day, although the French cavalry did not exceed two hundred and fifty men; and it is evident the eight hundred under Whittingham might, by sweeping round the left of Ruffin's division, have rendered the defeat ruinous. So certain, indeed, was this, that Frederick Ponsonby, drawing off his hundred and eighty German bussars belonging to the English army, reached the field of battle, charged the French squadrons in their retreat, overthrew them, took two guns, and even attempted, though vainly, to sabre Rousseau's chosen battalions. This was the fight of Barossa. Short, for it lasted only one hour and a half; violent and bloody, for fifty officers, sixty sergents, eleven hundred British soldiers, and more than two thousand French, were killed and wounded. Six guns, an eagle, two generals, both mortally wounded, together with four hundred other prisoners, fell into the hands of the victors."

Little can be added to the vigorous picture of the fight at Barossa, drawn by the master hand of Napier. It will suffice to state, that the French force was numerically double that of the English. The regiments of the enemy were the flower of the army, and had received honorary distinctions from the Emperor, in record of their previous services and gallantry. Graham's troops had not even the advantage

of experience in the field. The position of the English, too, was seriously disadvantageous. The enemy had been able to choose his own ground, and the ground had been also previously selected by Graham, for the command it afforded.

Many officers who became eminent in after life for their intrepidity and professional skill, reaching high rank and distinguished command, behaved nobly on the heights of Barossa. Colonel Barnard, afterwards Sir Andrew, the leader of the Rifles,—Gough, the commanding officer of the 87th, who rose to be Lord Gough, and a mighty soldier in China and in India,—Wheatley, who died Sir Henry, Privy Purse to his Sovereign,—John Macdonald, who lived to be Adjutant-General of the British army,—all cropped honours from the enemy, to weave a garland for themselves.

Parliament voted its thanks to General Graham, his officers, and troops, not forgetting the German cavalry and Portuguese infantry, who served under his orders. The 87th Regiment,¹ which captured the eagle of the French corps, was thenceforth called the Prince of Wales's Royal First Fusileers. A medal was struck in honour of the battle; and, not long afterwards, Graham, to whom it was presented, received the Military Order of the Bath, for services, of which Barossa was by no means deemed the least.

The Spaniards, who, by their leaders, made a point throughout the Peninsular War, of claiming every victory, and repudiating every defeat, were so loud at Cadiz in extolling their own bravery, and detracting from Graham's merit, that the veteran rejected with contempt some empty honours voted to him by the Cortes, and, after resenting the conduct of General La Peña, resigned his command, and hastened to join Lord Wellington.

In the opinion of Lord Wellington, Graham, to whom his lordship addressed a cordial and complimentary letter, peculiarly gratifying to the old man's feelings, had saved the allied army by his prompt and vigorous attack. There is no doubt that the siege of Cadiz could have been raised had the Spaniards co-operated zealously, yielding to the superior judgment of the British general. The vulgarly proud spirit of the degenerate descendants of Don Roderick was ever in the way of the consolidation of a success. The leaders were bad soldiers,² in all but absolute fighting, when "every man is

¹ This regiment is called the *Faugh a Ballaghs*, or "Clear the Way." The origin of the Celtic term is not known.

² "They march the troops night and day, without provisions or rest, and abusing anybody who proposes a moment's delay, to afford either to the famished and fatigued soldiers. They reach the enemy in such a state as to be unable to make any exertions, or to execute any

brave," and gave immense trouble by their incapacity to command, and their disinclination to obey.

Let us return to Lord Wellington's operations.

The necessity under which the British chief found himself of leaving the fortresses upon the frontier of Spain and Portugal to their fate, while he concentrated his troops in the lines of Torres Vedras, and hemmed in Massena with the corps under Sir William Beresford and Sir Rowland Hill, had led to the capture of those fortresses by the French, and at the time when he issued from his fastness to follow the "*enfant gâté*," no longer enjoying the unbroken prestige of victory, Almeida and Ciudad Rodrigo were in the possession of the enemy, and Badajoz soon followed. To recover these fortresses became now the object of the Commander of the Forces; for, without them, Portugal would not be free from the risk of invasion, nor the expulsion of the French from Spain practicable.

A brief glance at the geographical positions of the fortresses, and the adjacent country, the course of the rivers, and the direction of the ridges, will the better assist to an understanding of what follows.

ALMEIDA is a very strong town standing upon the river Coa, an affluent on the left of the Douro, which comes down from the Sierra de Esta, and flows into Portugal. It is situated in advance of the Estrella. The spur which separates the Coa from the Agueda, encloses the plateau of Fuentes d'Oñoro.

CIUDAD RODRIGO is another place of great strength—one of the defences of Spain against Portugal. It stands on the river Agueda, another issue from the Sierra de Esta, and closes the road from Madrid to Lisbon. The Agueda forms, during parts of its course, the frontier of Portugal. Both this river and the Coa form very precipitous banks, and flow in a very mountainous basin. They are advanced defences of Portugal, backed by the spurs of the Estrella.

BADAJOZ is a formidable place, defended by nine bastions, two advanced works, and the castle of San Cristoval. It rises 400 feet above the river Guadiana (the ancient Aras), which rises to the north of the Sierra Alcaraz, among lagunes. After crossing a marshy country for about ten miles, the stream disappears among rushes and flags near Tornelloso, on the road from Madrid to Ubeda. About thirteen miles further on, at a place called the Eyes of the Guadiana, the water gushes from the earth in large boiling jets, and forms

plan, even if any plan had been formed; and then, when the moment of action arrives, they are totally incapable of movement, and they stand by to see their allies destroyed, and afterwards abuse them, because they do not continue, unsupported, exertions to which human nature is not equal."—*Letter of Lord Wellington to General Graham.*

almost immediately a magnificent canal, which is the Guadiana restored to the light. Traversing an almost desert country, it washes the walls of Calatrava, and passes on within two miles and a half of Ciudad Real. Beyond this part of its course, the river winds a great deal, by reason of the small chain of mountains that bar its progress, and laves Medellin, Merida (a place where many roads meet), and Badajoz. After this, the Guadiana turns at a right angle, forms the frontier between the two kingdoms of Spain and Portugal, as far as Mourao, washes Jaramenta, a strong town belonging to Portugal, and leaves upon the left, Olivença, a Spanish post. At Mourao, the river flows entirely in Portugal.

A glance at the map will show the relative positions of the three fortresses. Almeida is in lat. $40^{\circ} 55'$ north, long. $7^{\circ} 10'$ west; Ciudad Rodrigo is nearly the same latitude, and about fifteen miles further east. Badajoz is in lat. $38^{\circ} 50'$ north, and long. $7^{\circ} 20'$ west.

It was the opinion of Wellington that all the fortresses might



ATTACK ON MASSENA'S REAR.

have been held if the Spanish garrisons had been true to themselves. The surrender of Badajoz was peculiarly unaccountable. The

garrison was not deficient in either ammunition or provisions; it was 9000 strong, and the besieging army did not number more than 11,600 men, including 2000 cavalry. Nothing but treason could have caused its surrender.

Continuing his pursuit of Massena, Lord Wellington had some affairs with his troops at Celorico, Sabugal, and on the Coa, driving them before him as on the previous days, with still increasing loss on the side of the enemy. At length, on the 4th of April, 1811, Massena entered the Spanish frontier, and on the 8th, "the last of the French crossed the Agueda."

On the 10th of April, in the full pride of success, or, to speak as Wellington habitually spoke—in the pleasant consciousness of having done his duty, and done it well—Lord Wellington issued a Proclamation to the Portuguese people:—

PROCLAMATION.

"10th April, 1811.

"The Portuguese nation are informed that the cruel enemy who had invaded Portugal, and had devastated their country, have been obliged to evacuate it, after suffering great losses, and have retired across the Agueda. The inhabitants of the country are therefore at liberty to return to their occupations.

"The Marshal-General refers them to the Proclamation which he addressed to them in August last, a copy of which will accompany this Proclamation.

"The Portuguese nation now know by experience that the Marshal-General was not mistaken, either in the nature or the amount of the evil with which they were threatened, or respecting the only remedies to avoid it; viz., decided and determined resistance, or removal and the concealment of all property, and everything which could tend to the subsistence of the enemy, or to facilitate his progress.

"Nearly four years have now elapsed since the tyrant of Europe invaded Portugal with a powerful army. The cause of this invasion was not self-defence—it was not to seek revenge for insults offered or injuries done by the benevolent Sovereign of this kingdom—it was not even the ambitious desire of augmenting his own political power, as the Portuguese Government had, without resistance, yielded to all demands of the tyrant; but the object was the insatiable desire of plunder, the wish to disturb the tranquillity, and to enjoy the riches of a people who had passed nearly half a century in peace.

"The same desire occasioned the invasion of the northern provinces

of Portugal in 1809, and the same want of plunder the invasion of 1810, now happily defeated; and the Marshal-General appeals to the experience of those who have been witnesses of the conduct of the French army during these three invasions, whether confiscation, plunder, and outrage, are not the sole objects of their attention, from the General down to the soldier.

"Those countries which have submitted to the tyranny have not been better treated than those which have resisted. The inhabitants have lost all their possessions, their families have been dishonoured, their laws overturned, their religion destroyed, and, above all, they have deprived themselves of the honour of that manly resistance to the oppressor of which the people of Portugal have given so signal and so successful an example.

"The Marshal-General, however, considers it his duty, in announcing the intelligence of the result of the last invasion, to warn the people of Portugal, that, although the danger is removed, it is not entirely gone by. They have something to lose, and the tyrant will endeavour to plunder them; they are happy under the mild government of a beneficent Sovereign, and he will endeavour to destroy their happiness; they have successfully resisted him, and, he will endeavour to force them to submit to his iron yoke. They should be unremitting in their preparations for decided and steady resistance; those capable of bearing arms should learn the use of them; or those whose age or sex renders them unfit to bear arms should fix upon places of security and concealment, and should make all the arrangements for their easy removal to them when the moment of danger shall approach. Valuable property, which tempts the avarice of the tyrant and his followers, and is the great object of their invasion, should be carefully buried beforehand, each individual concealing his own, and thus not trusting to the weakness of others to keep a secret in which they may not be interested.

"Measures should be taken to conceal or destroy provisions which cannot be removed, and everything which can tend to facilitate the enemy's progress: for this may be depended upon, that the enemy's troops seize upon everything, and leave nothing for the owner. By these measures, whatever may be the superiority of numbers with which the desire of plunder and of revenge may induce, and his power may enable, the tyrant again to invade this country, the result will be certain; and the independence of Portugal, and the happiness of its inhabitants, will be finally established to their eternal honour."

After the flight of the enemy into Spain, Lord Wellington cantoned his army along the river Dos Casas and on the sources

of the Azova, placing the Light Division at Gallegos and Espeja. His object was to blockade the fortress of Almeida, which was then well supplied with provisions for its garrison. The blockade was established; but on the 2nd of May the whole of the army of Massena re-crossed the Agueda at Ciudad Rodrigo with the evident intention of raising the blockade of Almeida. In proportion as the enemy advanced, the British division fell back and were collected at the little hamlet of Fuentes d'Oñoro.¹ The French force had been materially increased. Napoleon had sent Marshal Bessières, with 8000 infantry and 2000 cavalry, to join Massena. They had thus 80,000 men wherewith to attack the allied army of 30,000 British and 20,000 Portuguese.

On the 3rd of May, shortly after they had formed on the ground on the right of the Dos Casas, the enemy attacked, with a considerable force, the village of Fuentes d'Oñoro, which was gallantly defended by some Light Infantry battalions. The latter maintained their position with great valour, but as the enemy were bent upon attaining possession of a place which would be of so much advantage to them in their subsequent operations, the British Commander reinforced the village with the 76th and 79th Highlanders. The contest continued during the night, the British remaining in possession of the ground.

On the following day the French made a reconnoissance of the whole of the British position, and on the 5th of May appeared in great force to renew the struggle. Some changes in Lord Wellington's dispositions had thus been rendered necessary: the army was extended on some high ground from the Turones to the Dos Casas, covering the communication with the Coa, and preventing that of the enemy by the road between the Turones and that river, Fuentes d'Oñoro, however, being still held by the Highland regiments. The French commenced their attack by a tremendous cannonade and several charges of cavalry upon the right of the British position.

¹ *Fuentes de Nora* is, perhaps, the proper orthography of the place, but it saves confusion to adopt the commonly corrupted method of spelling. *Noria* in Spanish, and *Nora* in Portuguese, signify the apparatus to raise water which is often seen in those countries (carried thither, doubtless, by the Moors), and which we call the "Persian wheel." Both words are nouns feminine in their respective languages, though the name of the village has found its way into our maps as *Fuentes de Onora*, which is the Portuguese noun feminine with an article masculine before it (*O Nora*). This appears to have led to numerous mistakes in the manner of writing and pronouncing the name, which, as the village is within the Spanish boundary, should be written *Fuentes de Noria*, the *Fountains of the Noria*, or Persian wheel. This etymology and orthography were given, twenty-two years ago, by an accomplished traveller in Spain and Portugal, and there seems to be no good reason for hesitating to adopt them.

But their principal effort was directed throughout the day against Fuentes de Oñoro, of which they at one time obtained possession, to hold it for a very brief period, for the light infantry battalions of the 1st and 3rd Divisions, the 6th Portuguese Caçadores, and the light companies of some Portuguese brigades came to the rescue, with the 74th and the 1st battalion 88th Regiment, and drove the enemy through the village. Again and again the French gallantly renewed their efforts, and always with the same results. The British were invincible.

On the night of the 7th of May, Massena commenced retiring from his position, and fell back with such haste that he could not even communicate with Almeida, which he left to his fate, one single soldier only contriving to get in with the orders to the governor to blow up and abandon the fortress.

In this action, or succession of severe actions, the British troops covered themselves with glory. Lieutenant-Colonels Williams, Cameron, and Cadogan, Colonel Mackinnon, and Lieutenant-Colonel Kelly (24th Regiment), received honourable mention in the despatches of the Commander-in-Chief; and his Lordship called attention to the gallant conduct of Major Macintosh of the 85th, and Lieutenant-Colonel Nixon, of the Caçadores; Lieutenant-Colonel Eustace, of the Chasseurs Britanniques (who behaved most steadily in repelling the charges of the advanced guard of the enemy's cavalry), and Lord Blantyre.

But there was one man, whose intrepidity was the admiration of the field,—a soldier who had acted from a noble impulse, forgetful for the moment of the instructions he had received to occupy a particular position,—and his name was omitted in the despatches. His momentary disobedience had neutralised his amazing gallantry. It is understood that had Captain Norman Ramsay held to his instructions he would not have been exposed to the serious risk which enforced his display of intrepidity. Let the story be told in the nervous language of Napier. Montbrun, a first-rate cavalry general, turned the right of the 7th Division and charged the British cavalry which had moved up to its support.

“The combat was unequal, for by an abuse too common, so many men had been drawn from the ranks as orderlies to general officers, and for other purposes, that not more than a thousand English troopers were in the field. The French, therefore, drove in all the cavalry out-guards at the first shock, cut off Ramsay's battery of horse artillery, and came sweeping in upon the reserves of cavalry and upon the 7th Division. Their leading squadrons, approaching in

a disorderly manner, were partially checked by fire; but a great commotion was observed in their main body, men and horses were seen to close with confusion and tumult towards one point, where a thick dust and loud cries, and the sparkling of blades, and flashing of pistols, indicated some extraordinary occurrence. Suddenly the multitude became violently agitated, an English shout pealed high and clear, the mass was rent asunder, and Norman Ramsay burst forth, sword in hand, at the head of his battery, his horses, breathing



NORMAN RAMSAY AT FUENTES D'ONORO.

fire, stretched like greyhounds along the plain, the guns bounded behind them like things of no weight, and the mounted gunners followed close, with heads bent low and pointed weapons, in desperate career. Captain Brotherton, of the 14th Dragoons, seeing this, instantly rode forth, and with his squadron shocked the head of the pursuing troops, and General Charles Stewart, joining in the charge, took the French Colonel Lamotte, fighting hand to hand; but then the main body of the French came on strongly, and the British cavalry retired behind the Light Division, which was immediately thrown into squares. The 7th Division, which was more advanced,

did the same, but the horsemen were upon them first, and some were cut down. The mass, however, stood firm, and the Chasseurs Britanniques, ranged behind a loose stone wall, poured such a fire, that their foes recoiled, and seemed bewildered."

Amongst the officers mortally wounded at Fuentes d'Oñoro, none were more lamented than Lieutenant-Colonel Cameron, of the 79th. The regiment was devotedly attached to him. Young, ardent, patriotic, courageous, his whole soul was in the cause in which Wellington was engaged—the deliverance of Portugal. At one time his regiment was the only one in the village of Fuentes. The French column, 1500 strong, advanced sternly and resolutely to occupy the place. Had the Highlanders been a light infantry regiment, or accustomed to street fighting, Cameron would have found the advantage of distributing them in the houses, the chapel, and other buildings affording cover. But he seems not only to have been unaware of the superiority this would have given his men, but reluctant to fight in any other than the old method of closing upon the foe with the bayonet. Forming the regiment into three divisions, and allotting to each the business of opposing a separate French column, he ordered them to charge, and waved his bonnet as a signal. At that instant he was struck down by a musket shot. The regiment for an instant halted, paralysed by sudden grief. Twice did Major Petrie, in the agony and peril of the moment, repeat the last order of the intrepid Cameron. He now stood aghast. On came the French columns massed for mischief. Petrie rushed to the ensigns, seized the colours, and exclaiming, "There are your colours, my lads, follow me!" dashed forward. As if by one sudden instinct, the Highlanders recovered from their stupor, raised a wild shriek, and threw themselves upon the enemy.

Lord Wellington much lamented Cameron's fall; and addressed an affecting letter of condolence to his father, General Cameron:—"I am convinced," he wrote, "that you will credit the assurance which I give you, that I condole with you most sincerely upon this misfortune, of the extent of which no man is more capable than myself of forming an estimate, from the knowledge which I had, and the just estimate which I had formed, in my own opinion, of the merits of your son.

"You will always regret and lament his loss, I am convinced; but I hope that you will derive some consolation from the reflection that he fell in the performance of his duty, at the head of your brave regiment, loved and respected by all that knew him,—in an action in which, if possible, the British troops surpassed everything they had

ever done before, and of which the result was most honourable to his Majesty's arms.

"At all events, Providence having deprived you of your son, I cannot conceive a string of circumstances more honourable and glorious than those under which he lost his life, in the cause of his country. Believe me, however, that, although I am fully alive to all these honourable circumstances attending his death, I most sincerely condole with you upon your loss."

The body of Colonel Cameron was carried from the spot where he fell, at Fuentes, across the frontier, into Portugal, and interred facing the church door at a village called Villa Formosa, between Almeida and Fuentes. The Portuguese refused him Christian burial, by not suffering his remains to repose within the walls of the church; but they have, nevertheless, respected the monument which records his fall. It was raised before the church door; and the Portuguese look upon it as identified with their own achievements.

The number of British officers and men killed in the battle of Fuentes d'Oñoro was only 235, of whom 11 were officers; but the amount of wounded was very heavy; they amounted to no less than 1234. Lord Wellington computed the enemy's loss at between 4000 and 5000, of whom 400 were said to have been slain in the village of Fuentes. This latter statement, however, has been contradicted by Sir W. Napier, who having had charge to bring the carcasses immediately about the village, "found only 130, one-third being British."

The state of the wounded at Fuentes d'Oñoro was fearful. A tragically picturesque detail of the scene which followed upon the battle has been given by an officer who was an actor in the stirring event, and a spectator of its melancholy sequel. Unconsciously he illustrates the advantage derivable to the medical man from the hours spent in the dissecting-room. No surgeon could perform such duties as unfortunately devolve upon those attached to regiments, had not "custom made it a property of easiness in them." It is a wise provision of Nature, that the sense of sympathy should be blunted, the better to facilitate the operations essential to the relief of suffering humanity:—

"The next day, the 6th, we had no fighting, each army kept its position, and Villa Formosa continued to be the receptacle for the wounded. This village is beautifully situated on a craggy hill, at the foot of which runs the little stream of Onore. Its healthful and tranquil situation, added to its proximity to the scene of action, rendered it a most desirable place for our wounded. The perfume of

several groves of forest trees, was a delightful contrast to the smell that was accumulating in the plain below, and the change of scene, added to a strong desire to see a brother officer who had been wounded in the action of the 5th, led me thither. On reaching the village, I had little difficulty in finding out the hospitals, as every house might be considered one, but it was some time before I discovered that which I wished for. At last I found it; it consisted of four rooms; in it were pent up twelve officers, all badly wounded. The largest room was twelve feet by eight, and this apartment had for its occupants four officers. Next the door, on a bundle of straw, lay two of the 79th Highlanders; one of them shot through the spine. He told me he had been wounded in the streets of Fuentes on the 5th, and that although he had felt a good deal of pain before, he was now perfectly easy, and free from suffering. I was but ill skilled in surgery, but nevertheless I disliked the account he gave of himself. I passed on to my friend; he was sitting on a table, his back resting against a wall. A musket ball had penetrated his right breast, and passing through his lungs, came out at his back, and he owed his life to the great skill and attention of Drs. Stewart and Bell, of the 3rd Division. The quantity of blood taken from him was astonishing: three, and sometimes four, times a day they would bleed him, and his recovery was one of those extraordinary instances seldom witnessed. In an inner room was a young officer, shot through the head; his was a hopeless case: he was quite delirious, and obliged to be held down by two men; his strength was astonishing; and more than once while I remained he succeeded in escaping from his attendants. The Scotch officer's servant soon after came in, and stooping down inquired of his officer how he felt, but received no reply. He had half turned on his face, the man took hold of his master's hand; it was still warm but the pulse had ceased. He was dead. The suddenness of this young man's death sensibly affected his companions, and I took leave of my friend and companion Owgan, fully impressed with the idea that I should never see him again. I was on my return to the army when my attention was arrested by an extraordinary degree of bustle, and a kind of half stifled moaning in the yard of a quinta, or nobleman's house. I looked through the grating, and saw about 200 soldiers wounded, waiting to have their limbs amputated, while others were arriving every moment. It would be difficult to convey an idea of the frightful appearance of those men; they had been wounded on the 5th, and this was the 7th; the limbs were swollen to an enormous size, and the smell from the gun-shot wounds was dreadful. Some were sitting

upright against a wall, under a shade of a number of chesnut trees, and *many* of those were wounded in the head, as well as limbs; the ghastly countenances of these poor fellows presented a dismal sight; the streams of gore which had trickled down their cheeks were quite hardened by the sun, and gave their faces a glazed and copper-coloured hue; their eyes were sunk and fixed, and what between the effects of the sun and exhaustion of despair, they resembled more a group of bronze figures than any thing human; they sat silent and statue-like waiting for their turn to be carried to the amputating tables. At the other side of the yard lay several whose state was too helpless for them to sit up; a feeble cry from them occasionally to those who were passing, for a drink of water, was all they uttered. A little further on, in an inner court, were the surgeons; they were stripped to their shirts, and bloody; curiosity led me forwards; a number of doors placed on barrels, served as temporary tables, and on these lay the different subjects upon whom the surgeons were operating; to the right and left were arms and legs flung here and there without distinction, and the ground was dyed with blood. Dr. Bell was going to take off the thigh of a man of the 50th, and he requested I would hold down the man for him; he was one of the best-hearted men I ever met with, but such is the force of habit, he seemed insensible to the scene that was passing around, and with much composure was eating almonds out of his waistcoat pockets, which he offered to share with me, but if I got the universe for it I could not have swallowed a morsel of any thing. The operation upon the man of the 50th was the most shocking sight I ever witnessed; it lasted nearly half an hour, but his life was saved. Turning out of this place towards the street I passed hastily on near the gate; an assistant-surgeon was taking off the leg of an old German sergeant of the 60th; the doctor was evidently a young practitioner, and Bell, our staff-surgeon, took much trouble in instructing him. It was a pretty generally received opinion, that when the saw passes through the marrow, the patient suffers most pain, but such is not the case, and taking up the arteries is the worst; while the old German was undergoing the operation, he seemed insensible to pain; when the saw was at work, now and then he would exclaim in broken English, if wearied, "*Oh! mine Gott, is she off still,*" but he, as well as all those I noticed, felt much when the knife was first introduced, and all thought that red hot iron was applied to them when the arteries were being taken up."

If the continual presence of danger, and occasional personal suffering, did not really beget an indifference to both, it certainly

imparted to the officers and men a looseness of sentiment that was not without wholesome influences in habituating men to be ready for the worst that could befall. An officer of the Adjutant-General's Department, whose love of fun was independent of circumstance and situation, is known to have described to his *camarados* the sensation of being wounded (while bullets were flying about the group) in these terms:—

“Astonished at finding oneself overturned by a sharp blow on the breast, and on evincing an inclination to rise, being convinced, by the total diminution of your strength, that some very unpleasant accident has occurred to you. Thus satisfied as to your incapacity of movement, you lie quietly on the ground with certain very unpleasant forebodings in your mind, till one of your friends brings you a surgeon, who, opening your coat, finds you are shot through the lungs, and to satisfy himself (not you) says ‘Spit, sir, spit.’ In the attempt your mouth fills with blood, which your medical friend (no longer, alas! your adviser) wished to ascertain, who, putting a bit of lint on the wound, shrugs up his shoulders, and leaves you to be suffocated, while he goes to congratulate your juniors on their promotion.”



CHAPTER VII.

E-cape of the garrison of Almeida—Contrast between Wellington and Napoleon—Caution to Officers to repress injudicious zeal—Marshal Beresford—Investment of Badajoz—Battle of Albuera—Abandonment of the siege of Badajoz—The Spanish and Portuguese allies.



THE defeat of Massena at Fuentes d'Oñoro destroyed the hopes of relief entertained by the garrison of Almeida. Brennier, who commanded the fortress, heard the firing at Fuentes, and cherished a conviction that Massena would repel the English, and raise the blockade. The hopes of his sturdy little band of 400 men rose with each cannonade, and they almost ventured to name the very hour when the cordon of red coats, which barred their egress, should be

rent asunder. When the French soldier passed the line of sentries, and, making his way into the fortress, disclosed the intelligence that the English remained the victors, hope gave way to desperation. To surrender to General Campbell, whose divisions carelessly encircled the fortress, or to cut a way through and join Massena, were the only alternatives left to Brennier. Napoleon was impatient of surrender: his view of the duty of the governor of a garrison extended to his dying at his post. Brennier elected to march out and trust to fortune for his forcing a passage. The choice was happy in its results. Fate smiled upon the courageous enterprise. Blowing up the works and cannon with so ingenious an appearance of firing upon the blockading party that his proceedings were never for one moment

suspected, he availed himself of the brilliancy of the moon-light on the second night succeeding his operations, and retired with his men in their usual order of march. The advanced guards bayoneted the sentinels of the besiegers. The garrison made for Barba de Puerco on the Agueda. The bridge at this place was totally unguarded. Aware of the certainty of their escape if they reached this spot unopposed, General Campbell and Brigadier Pack hastened thither with the 36th Regiment and the light battalion of the 5th Division. They came up with the enemy, but were unable to prevent them effecting the passage of the Agueda. Some fighting took place, in which the French suffered, but by far the greater number of the garrison effected their escape. It was a gallant achievement, and it deserved to succeed. Lord Wellington was much annoyed at the occurrence, on account of the advantage that he justly thought would be taken of the circumstance by Massena, and the partisan press at home, to convey erroneous impressions to all Europe. Still we do not find him giving loose to temper in his despatches to Lord Liverpool—he was always more ready to quarrel with himself for an oversight than blame his generals.¹

And here we cannot avoid contrasting the generous and indulgent character of Wellington with the unforgiving and uncharitable disposition of his great rival, Napoleon. While the British General seized every occasion for cordially applauding the skill of his companions in arms, and palliating errors if they did not arise from a wilful disobedience of orders, Napoleon gave loose to the violence of his rage if success did not crown the efforts of his Marshals, and in the hurricane of passion he forgot all the former services which he had recompensed with titles and commands. Success with Napoleon hallowed every action performed by his own troops, though he could not admit the same excuse for the achievements of his enemies, if they were founded on a departure from the acknowledged principles of war. Failure, on the other hand—that is to say *French* failure—

¹ The escape of the garrison was a subject of bitter mortification with the 2nd (Queen's Royals) and the 4th Foot, who happened to be on piquet when the French made their way through the investing force. Lampoons and pasquinades were composed impromptu, and levelled at the devices of the two corps. The badge of the Queen's is a *Lamb*, and that of the 4th a *Lion*. In Costello's entertaining "Adventures of a Soldier," one of these squibs has been preserved :—

"The Lion went to sleep,
And the Lambs were at play,
The Eagle spread his wings
And from Almeida flew away."

The Colonel of the 4th, stung to the quick with sorrow and mortification, committed suicide shortly after the Almeida affair.

could only, in his opinion, result from carelessness and ignorance. He allowed nothing to the superiority of the prowess or position of the English—they always, he pretended, gained a battle by an accident! What Talleyrand predicted of somebody else, Napoleon practically affirmed of his unlucky Marshals—“*Ils sont pires que les criminels—ils ont commis des erreurs!*” Witness his reproaches of Dorsenne for the fall of Ciudad Rodrigo—his acrimonious reprehension of Marmont for his manner of conducting the war in 1812—his treatment of Suchet—his temporary withdrawal of all confidence from Soult after the fight at Albuera. All of these Generals solicited their recall on the ground of the unworthy censures lavished upon them while they did their best. A more accurate and impartial estimate of the vast military genius of Wellington, and the quality of his soldiers, would probably have made the French Emperor more tolerant of the disasters of his chosen lieutenants.

After the battle of Fuentes d' Oñoro, Lord Wellington, for a time, fixed his head-quarters at Villa Formosa. Massena, retreating with Ney, Junot, and Loison, who had got tired of the war in Spain and Portugal, and of one another, proceeded towards the Pyrenees, *en route* to France, leaving Marshal Marmont, Duke de Ragusa, in command of the army of Portugal, on the river Tormes.

It was the anxious desire of the British troops to follow the enemy; and Lord Wellington found it necessary to check their impetuosity by interposing grave remonstrances. In a letter addressed to Major-General Alexander Campbell, we find him exercising that wonderful prudence which, if it sometimes made the irreflective and impotent imagine that golden opportunities had been suffered to slip, always proved, in the long run, the guarantee of future permanent success. He did not doubt, he said, the readiness of the officers and soldiers to advance upon the enemy; but he held it to be his duty to regulate that spirit, and not to expose the soldiers to contend with unequal numbers in situations disadvantageous to them. He would not allow them to follow up trifling advantages to situations in which they could not be supported, from which their retreat was not secure, and in which they incurred the risk of being prisoners to the enemy they had before beaten. He was most anxious to see the officers at the head of the troops possess a cool, discriminating judgment in actions which would enable them to decide with promptitude how far they could and ought to go with propriety, and to convey their orders and act with such vigour and decision that the soldiers would look up to them with confidence in the moment of action, and obey them with alacrity. Lord Wellington further endeavoured to impress upon the

officers that the enemy to whom they were opposed was not less prudent than powerful. He rejected, upon the testimony of experience, the idea that small bodies, unsupported, could be successfully opposed to large, and laughed at the stories current, of whole armies being driven by a handful of light infantry or dragoons. After the affair at Celorico, in the pursuit of Massena, Lord Wellington found it necessary to instruct Marshal Beresford to call together the officers of the dragoons, and point out to them the folly and danger of following the enemy with "undisciplined ardour." He compared the conduct of some cavalry regiments to that of a rabble galloping as fast as their horses could carry them, over a plain, after an enemy to whom they could do no mischief after they were broken, and the pursuit had continued to a limited distance; and sacrificing substantial advantages, and all the objects of the operation, by their want of discipline.

That no time might be lost in clearing the frontier of the French, Lord Wellington, while he operated upon Almeida, had entrusted to Marshal Sir William Beresford the reduction of the fortress of Badajoz.

Marshal Beresford was an officer of considerable distinction, earned by bravery and professional ability. He had seen much service in many parts of the globe: as a Subaltern at Nova Scotia; as Captain at the sieges of Toulon and Bastia; as Lieutenant-Colonel in India and in Egypt (under Sir David Baird), in Ireland, at the Cape of Good Hope, and in America. Finally, he had fought under Moore at Coruña, covering the embarkation of the troops with distinguished firmness and skill. His merit was not unperceived by Lord Wellington—always prompt to discern professional superiority. When the Government had determined upon carrying out the plan for the defence of Portugal, suggested in the Memorandum of 9th March, 1809, Beresford was pointed out by Wellington as the officer most adapted to the serious duty of organising and drilling the Portuguese army. Accordingly, after assisting in the operations in the north of Portugal, crossing the Douro considerably above Oporto, in sight of General Loison's division, forcing him back upon Amarante, and pursuing him in his retreat, Beresford entered upon the great task which had been assigned to him. To facilitate the execution of his purposes, the Portuguese Government dignified him with the title and rank of Field-Marshal, and appointed him Generalissimo, the British Government, through the Commander-in-Chief, having previously brevetted him as Lieutenant-General. Marshal Beresford, carrying out the principle of selection adopted in his own

case by Lord Wellington, made choice of many excellent officers to aid him in organising and disciplining the Portuguese army. The names of Gough, Pack, Bradford, and Robert Arbuthnot attest the justice and prudence of his choice; and the conduct of the Portuguese *Caçadores*, at the battle of Busaco, demonstrates how rapidly the system of discipline prospered. Those young troops had never before been in front of the enemy.

It was to this officer (Beresford) that the capture of Badajoz was entrusted; and in order to prevent, if possible, the raising of the siege by the enemy, Lord Wellington had detached the 3rd and 7th divisions, and the 2nd Hussars, into the *Alemtejo*, and had further directed the Spanish troops, under General Blake, to approach the frontier of *Estremadura*.

Sir William Beresford invested Badajoz on both sides of the *Guadiana*, on the 8th May, 1811, and, on the same night, broke ground on both sides. There is a strong outwork, or castle, called *San Cristoval*, on the right bank of the *Guadiana*, against which the besiegers were to direct their earliest operations. To prevent their occupying the ground whence the attack was to be directed, the garrison made a sortie, but were driven in with loss. On the 10th May, they made a second sortie, and were a second time driven in, the impetuosity of our troops carrying them to the very glacis of *San Cristoval*, and to a situation in which they were exposed to the fire of musketry and grape from the outwork, as well as from the body of the place. The British casualties were numerous. On the 11th of May, Beresford opened his fire upon the fortress.

While these operations were in progress, Marshal Soult was at Seville, and, from the works going on there, it was supposed that he intended occupying the place for a considerable time, the more especially as he was using every exertion to assemble a large body of troops around him. Soult had far different views. The relief of Badajoz was his ulterior end. And, in fulfilment of this object, he moved away on the 10th May with 15,000 men, forming a junction, in his descent into *Estremadura*, with General Latour Maubourg, who was at the head of 5000 more.

No further question now of Badajoz. To hurl back Soult became the leading object of Sir William Beresford. Instantly raising the siege, he proceeded to Valverde with the infantry, leaving General the Hon. Lowry Cole to follow with the ordnance and stores, convoyed by 2000 Spanish troops. But as the occupation of Valverde left Badajoz open to the enemy, Beresford changed his position to *Albuera*, south of Badajoz, and was there joined by the corps of

General Blake, the troops under Cole, and the Spanish brigade under Don Carlos de España, on the 15th of May.

On the afternoon of the same day Soult's army appeared in front. The British force was immediately placed in position. On the morning of the 16th of May, Soult commenced his movement for breaking through the obstacle thus suddenly interposed to his expedition. He advanced upon the right of the English with the full design of cutting them off from Valverde. He gained the heights occupied by the Spanish troops. Major-General the Hon. W. Stewart rushed with his division to retake and maintain those heights. Failing to shake the columns of the enemy with fire, the division employed the bayonet. A body of Polish Lancers attacked the division in the rear, broke it, and inflicted great slaughter. The 31st Foot alone remained unshaken. The third brigade, under General Houghton, now came to the rescue, and Houghton fell, pierced by wounds. Soult persevered; his artillery committing great havoc in the British ranks; the French infantry showered *mitrailles* in murderous succession; the cavalry was held in check by General Lumley's allied dragoons. The battle was for some time doubtful; but Cole perceiving the danger to which Stewart's division was exposed, dashed up the heights with the Fusilier Brigade. Still the cannon spat forth their deadly opposition, and Soult deemed victory in his grasp. Concentrating its terrific energies, bearing itself as only British infantry ever can and ever did in the midst of the pitiless iron storm, the brigade came to the charge, and in spite of the terrible obstructions of the ground, and the determined attitude of the enemy, bore onward with the force of a hurricane. Staggering beneath the irresistible shock, the French now give way, they waver—they break—they fly. The Fusiliers press onwards—the British huzza mingling with the discordant cries of the scattered foe. Hundreds still fight with fierce desperation, but fall at length beneath the terrific pressure. The heights are cleared—the enemy are in confusion—and Soult, discomfited and crest-fallen, abandons his attempt, and recrosses the Agueda.

A sanguinary battle was the battle of Albuera. Fifteen thousand men fell in four hours. Of these, eight thousand were Frenchmen, and seven thousand English.¹ The loss of the Spanish and Portu-

¹ "About six o'clock, A. M., we came in sight of our troops on the field of battle, at Albuera; the French were discerned near a wood about a mile and a half in their front. We now advanced in subdivisions, at double distance, to make our numbers as formidable as possible, and, arriving on the field, piled our arms, and were permitted to move about. With awful astonishment we gazed on the terrific scene before us; a total suspension took place of

guese was light, though it is admitted on all hands that they fought with surprising valour when called upon to do so. Marshal Beresford was no niggard of his praises, for every one had done his duty. He had reason to be especially pleased with the 7th and 23rd Fusiliers, the 31st and the 57th regiments, the latter of which obtained the soubriquet of the "Die-hards," for as the fire of the enemy thinned their numbers, and utter annihilation seemed inevitable, the colonel called out to them "57th, let us die hard!" Only eighteen hundred British soldiers of the nine thousand that went into battle survived the encounter on Albuera's heights. Amongst the officers who fell, none were more missed and lamented than Sir William Myers, and Lieutenant-Colonel Duckworth. The 7th Fusiliers, whom Myers commanded, to this moment preserve a memento of his worth and gallantry. Beresford bore willing testimony to the good conduct of the allies, naming especially Generals Ballasteros, Lagos, and Don Carlos de España, and he did not fail to speak well of Brigadier-General d'Urban, and Lieutenant-Colonel Hardinge, Deputy Quarter-Master-General to the Portuguese troops. To the advice of the latter at a critical moment the salvation of the battle may have been said to have been owing, for it was Hardinge who urged General Cole to advance with the fourth division, while Beresford, agitated by the peril of Stewart's division, was on the point of retiring his forces from the field.¹

that noisy gaiety so characteristic of Irish soldiers; the most obdurate or risible countenances sunk at once into a pensive sadness, and for some time speech was supplanted by an exchange of sorrowful looks and significant nods. Before us lay the appalling sight of 6000 men dead, and mostly stark naked, having, as we were informed, been stripped during the night by the Spaniards; their bodies disfigured with dirt and clotted blood, and torn by the deadly gashes inflicted by the bullet, bayonet, sword, or lance, that had terminated their mortal existence. Those who had been killed outright appeared merely in the pallid sleep of death, while others, whose wounds had been less suddenly fatal, from the agonies of their last struggle, exhibited a fearful distortion of features. Near our arms was a small streamlet, almost choked with bodies of the dead, and, from the deep traces of blood in its miry margin, it was evident that many of them had crawled thither to allay their last thirst. The waters of this oozing stream were so deeply tinged, that it seemed actually to run blood. A few perches distant was a draw-well, about which were collected several hundreds of those severely wounded, who had crept or been carried thither. They were sitting or lying in the puddle, and each time the bucket reached the surface with its scanty supply, there was a clamorous and heartrending confusion; the cries for water resounding in at least ten languages, while a kindness of feeling was visible in the manner this beverage was passed to each other."—*Reminiscences of a Subaltern.*

¹ Lieutenant-Colonel Hardinge's judgment in this instance paved the way to his subsequent advancement. In after years he was employed with the Prussian army in the contest with Napoleon, and, long after the war, became successively Secretary at War, Governor General of India, and Master General of the Ordnance. In India he greatly distinguished himself by aiding Lord Gough to drive the invading Sikhs across the Sutlej, and take from them a portion of their territory. This earned him the Peerage. The death of the Duke of Wellington led to his being appointed Commander-in-Chief of the British army.

Marshal Beresford has been censured by some writers, first for laying siege to Badajoz with inadequate means; secondly, for not keeping himself accurately informed of the movements of Soult; and thirdly, for receiving battle at Albuera.¹ It is not worth while interrupting the course of this narrative to enter upon a theme foreign to the subject in hand, and which has been productive of endless controversy: it is sufficient to state that the conduct of the Marshal and his troops had the approbation of Lord Wellington. He regarded the action as one of the most glorious and honourable to the character of the troops of any that had been fought during the war; he lauded the ability, firmness, and gallantry of Sir William Beresford, and he was of opinion that Sir William Beresford would have gained a complete victory, without very material loss, if the Spaniards could have manœuvred.

The incapacity of the Spanish troops to manœuvre in front of an enemy was a subject of great annoyance to Lord Wellington. They did not refuse to stand firmly as targets to the enemy, but could never be trusted to move. At Talavera and Barossa, as well as at Albuera, this defect in their discipline occasioned a heavy sacrifice of life, for their immobility forced English soldiers to perform the duty which otherwise would have devolved upon the Allies. The Portuguese levies were not obnoxious to the same reproach. "We do what we please with the Portuguese troops," writes Lord Wellington to Mr. Henry Wellesley, the Minister at Madrid. "We manœuvre them under fire equally with our own, and have some dependance on them; but these Spaniards can do nothing but stand still, and we consider ourselves fortunate if they do not run away."

Marshal Beresford resumed the siege of Badajoz on the 19th of May. In the meanwhile, Lord Wellington, to be nearer the scene of operations, had removed his head quarters to Elvas. Here his attention was much engaged by the condition of the Spanish and Portuguese governments, and more especially the latter. They were in a state of decrepitude. Malversations in office, neglect of duty, habitual disobedience of orders, inattention to regulations, base intrigues and jobs for personal ends, vanities, jealousies, made up the sum of the operations of the Juntas. All complaints and remonstrances were vain; the authorities were inaccessible alike to reason

¹ A private soldier, describing the battle of Albuera, says: "The complaints of the men were loud and general, and always ended with some expression of deep regret for the absence of him we looked up to with unlimited confidence, whose presence gave us additional courage, and under whom we deemed ourselves invincible and certain of success—need I add, that person was WELLINGTON!"



LORD WELLINGTON IN THE TRENCHES BEFORE MADAJOZ

and to virtue. In addition to embarrassments of all descriptions surrounding him on every side, Lord Wellington had to contend with an ancient enmity between the two nations, which he described as more like cat and dog than anything else. Of this hereditary feud no sense of common danger, or common interest, or anything, could get the better even in individuals. Nothing but the firmness of his heart, and his undeviating sense of the claims of duty, could have sustained Wellington when so perplexed.

A practical proof of the utter helplessness of the Portuguese departments attached to the army was now to be supplied with humiliating results. Two attacks upon breaches in San Cristoval having failed, Lord Wellington undertook the siege of Badajoz in person, under the persuasion that the means at his command at Elvas would have enabled him to reduce the place before the 15th of June. He had been reinforced by battalions from the frontiers of Castille, and believed in the efficacy of the ordnance, and abundance of supplies in Elvas. The guns, however, were found to be of a calibre larger than the shot; the carriages were so decayed that time was continually lost in putting them into order after a succession of discharges, and the effect of these combined obstacles to a direct and effectual fire was to render the siege operations perfectly futile even at the small distance of from 400 to 600 yards. To add to this great source of vexation the magazines of Elvas were drained to support the Portuguese brigades, for the government either could not or would not send forward provisions; and by the 10th of June, there was not a supply for the garrison calculated to last more than a fortnight. This destitution of the very sinews of war would have furnished a sufficient reason for raising the siege of Badajoz; but a new cause of disquiet now arose. By an intercepted despatch, it was ascertained that Marshals Soult and Marmont were collecting their forces in Estremadura for a movement in a southerly direction. An altered position therefore became necessary; and the British army retired from Badajoz. Lord Wellington, in reporting that he had raised the siege, made honourable mention of the principal officers who had assisted him in the execution of his plans. Major-Generals Picton, Houstone, and Hamilton; Lieutenant-Colonel Fletcher, of the Engineers; Lieutenant-Colonel Framlingham, and Major Dickson, of the Artillery, were particularly noticed. Of Dickson (afterwards Sir Alexander) the commanding officer of the forces spoke in the highest terms. His activity, zeal, and intelligence, had conferred great advantage in the different operations against Badajoz.

The ensuing three months, namely, from the middle of June to the middle of September, passed away without the occurrence of any remarkable events. The next great object contemplated by Lord Wellington was the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo; and to this end reinforcements, recruiting, the drilling the Allies, and the accumulation of stores of the ordinary appliances of war, were indispensable. While the Spanish and Portuguese governments continued their usual practices, ample occupation was provided for the pen of the British general in the remonstrances and complaints which their obstinacy suggested; and if the correspondence answered no other purpose, it at least served as a good safety-valve for the indignation of Wellington's honest heart. Dumourier, who had distinguished himself in the early campaigns of the French republic, was honoured with the confidence and communications of Lord Wellington, and to that good soldier the complaints of the British general were unreservedly expressed. In a letter dispatched from Quinta de St. João, he writes—

“Quoique les alliés soient chez eux, et que tout le monde (en Portugal sans exception quelconque, et presque sans exception en Espagne) soit ennemi des Français, les alliés ont rarement eu plus que la moitié de la force de l'ennemi, et jamais, même à présent, plus que les deux tiers. A ce désavantage il faut ajouter que nous sommes alliés; que nous n'avons pas de tête, qu'il n'y a ni généraux, ni officiers d'état major, ni troupes disciplinées, et point de cavalerie parmi les Espagnols; que ces deux gouvernements ont commencé la guerre sans magasins ou ressource militaire d'aucune espèce, et sans argent ou ressource de finance; et que ceux qui ont été à la tête des affaires sont des individus aussi faibles que les ressources à leur disposition sont pauvres; et vous serez étonné que nous puissions continuer la lutte, même avec espérance de succès définitif.”

But a little farther on after this painful detail of disheartening obstacles to success, the unconquerable spirit of the man discloses itself. The fine hopefulness of his nature revives as he contemplates the “disgusting tyranny” of Napoleon, and remembers what Europe owes to herself:—

“Il faut de la patience—de la grande patience; mais j'attends tout du temps, que donnera l'expérience, des généraux et des armées, à mes amis les Espagnols; et il n'est pas possible que l'Europe puisse se soumettre bien plus long temps à la tyrannie dégoûtante dont elle est opprimée.”

Amongst the subjects connected with the discipline of the army which at this, and indeed at too many other times, engaged the serious

attention of Lord Wellington, was the "accursed thirst" of the British soldier. Every opportunity was taken by the men of procuring wine and spirits. They often robbed the peasantry and innkeepers; and knowing that considerable quantities were concealed in convents, cottages, and even in caves, they would wander far from cantonments and run the risk of being taken prisoners in their avid search for the coveted beverages. Repeated orders failed to check the marauding spirit, and punishment was at length resorted to.¹

¹ It requires a very Argus to prevent English soldiers from being incapacitated from their duty by intemperance, which is the very bane of the British service. It will scarcely be believed that, so systematic and deliberate were the men in procuring spirits or wine during the Peninsular war, that a soldier kept an itinerary of the different shops where these were sold, between Lisbon and the army, for the benefit of one of his comrades who was to come after him. This curious document came by some accident into the hands of the military authorities at Lisbon, and was considered so unique, as to be forwarded for Lord Wellington's inspection. Its details were similar to those of our road-books.

"Two leagues from Lisbon, on R. at the Casa de Pasto . good vino.
 Half a league beyond, on the L. . . . strong akedent (*agua ardiente*).
 At Rio Mayor, at the end of the town, on the L. a small
 house right strong vino.
 At Lerida, a shop going up to the Bishop's palace, on
 the R. . . . good akedent.
 Two leagues beyond Pombul, on L. . . . horrid rot-gut stuff.
 Half-a-league further, white house (without a bush) . right good stuff.
 On entering Coimbra [which, by-the-by, our soldiers
 pronounced Quimborough], on the R. . . . good cheap vino."

And this precious *morceau*, so justly to be denominated a *toper-graphical* account of the route, was thus continued to head-quarters.

CHAPTER VIII.

Position at Guinaldo—Affair of El Bodon—Siege of Ciudad Rodrigo—Surprise of the French at Arroyo del Molinos—Character of Sir R. Hill—Advice to Lord W. Bentinck—Winter Costumes—Defence of Tarifa.



OULD and Marmont after pouring supplies into Badajoz, and adding men and *matériel* to prepare it for future attacks, separated, the Duke of Dalmatia falling back upon Seville, and the Duke of Ragusa taking a northerly course.

Lord Wellington now deemed it advisable to take up a new position. Getting rid of the Spanish general, Blake, whom he advised to proceed to the south

and endeavour to obtain possession of Seville (for his presence was only a clog and an embarrassment to the British general) he changed his head quarters to Fuente Guinaldo, a height which commanded an extensive view of the country in front, across which it might be expected the French would come. Leaving General Hill on the Alemtejo to observe General Girard, Lord Wellington occupied the line of the river Coa with the allied troops, because it enabled him at any time to blockade Ciudad Rodrigo, on the possession of which fortress his expectations now rested. To attack Ciudad Rodrigo at that moment would have been madness. Things had gone wrong in the eastern part of Spain, where Marshal Suchet had successfully attacked and captured Tarragona. And they had not prospered in the south, for the Duke of Dalmatia was too much for Blake, who was driven to Cadiz ; while in the north, Count Dorsenne

had operated so successfully against the Spanish forces, that Abadea, who commanded them, had been obliged to fly to the passes of Villa Franca. Lord Wellington, therefore, held to the Fabian policy of delay, strictly blockading the fortress he could not take.

Meanwhile, the French generals continued to receive strong reinforcements, and before Wellington had been a month at Guinaldo not fewer than 50,000 fresh troops had assembled in Spain. Of this number, 8000 were cavalry, an important arm of the French service in which they were always strong, and the British proportionately weak. These were considerable odds against Lord Wellington, but his position was so good that the French were placed on the horns of a dilemma; their power was for the moment neutralised. "If," said his lordship, writing to Lord Liverpool, "we cannot maintain this blockade [of Ciudad Rodrigo], the enemy must bring 50,000 men to oblige us to raise it, and they can undertake nothing else this year, for they must still continue to watch this place, and we shall so far save the cause. In the mean time if they offer me a favourable opportunity of bringing any of them to action I shall do it."

The tenure of Ciudad Rodrigo was of vital consequence to the French cause. The provisions of the garrison were rapidly wasting; surrender was inevitable if supplies were not immediately thrown in. A desperate effort to effect this object was accordingly resolved upon, through the junction of the forces of Marmont, Souham, and Dorsenne, and in furtherance of the object large convoys were collected at Placentia and Salamanca.

To convey a clear idea of the operations which followed, we must go more into detail than usual.

About fifty miles to the north of Ciudad Rodrigo is the river Douro, flowing east and west, that is to say, across the country. From the south bank of this river issues the river Agueda, which runs southerly towards Ciudad Rodrigo. About twenty miles from its mouth in the Douro, the main stream of the Agueda divides itself into two branches, an easterly one towards Portugal, and a westerly one in Spain. The eastern branch is the river Azava; the westerly branch is the continuation of the Agueda. The plain, therefore, in which Ciudad Rodrigo is situated, is intersected by these two rivers. The Agueda runs down to the town, which is situated upon it, and the Azava flows parallel to it, and about eight miles distant, on the Portuguese frontier. Lord Wellington took up his position in part between these two rivers, and partly on a ridge of hills on the Portuguese side of the Azava, and about seven miles from Ciudad Rodrigo, so as to have the latter river in his front; and in this

position he awaited the attack of the enemy. On the 24th of September they encamped for the evening on the heights above Ciudad Rodrigo. On the 25th the enemy moved forwards. General Montbrun, at the head of fourteen squadrons, amongst which were the Lanciers de Berg, moved briskly to the Azava, and having passed that river, began the battle by attacking our army posted on the ridge. General Montbrun's division of cavalry consisted of two parts; the one under himself, and the other under General Wattier. General Wattier took the charge of the attack of the ridge, whilst Montbrun, going off to the left, took the road to Fuento Guinaldo, where was the English right. It was seen, at the same time, that the greatest part of the enemy's infantry were taking the same direction. Lord Wellington, therefore, having thus discovered the object of their principal attack, immediately hastened reinforcements to his divisions in that quarter, and himself rode from one position to the other, to encourage them to do their duty, to receive the enemy in squares, and to fall back when necessary without disorder. In the mean time General Wattier had commenced the feint attack on the English left. Immediately, however, upon his crossing the Azava, he was charged by two squadrons of the 16th and 14th Light Dragoons, and, for the moment, was compelled to give way. General Wattier now put himself at the head of his men, and rallied them with much spirit. They made a second charge upon the English cavalry, but, as they were advancing, were unexpectedly saluted by a brisk discharge of musketry from a wood on their left flank. This well-timed fire was from the 61st regiment, which, with the most laudable promptitude, had been secretly sent, and posted there, during the first attack. The effect was to the full what had been anticipated. The impetuosity of the enemy's charge, and the connection of their ranks, were broken; and Major-General Anson falling upon them at the same time, converted their confusion into a rout. They hastily recrossed the Azava, and were pursued for some distance by the English. Whilst this was going on, upon the English left, Montbrun, with the greater part of the French cavalry, and with the French infantry following up immediately behind him, advanced to attack the extreme part of the English right. The position of this right was on a ridge of heights, in front of Fuento Guinaldo, and crossing the road to that town. As Lord Wellington could not foresee the point of their attack, before they put themselves in march, this was the weakest part of the English line. The object of Montbrun was to force the line, and thus, by turning it, and getting into its rear, to shut in the English position between himself

and the Azava. Montbrun succeeded so far as to reach the position before the reinforcements sent up by Lord Wellington. The small body of English troops, however, sustained the onset with most distinguished bravery. One regiment of French Dragoons succeeded in taking two pieces of cannon, which had been posted on a rising ground, on the right of the English; but they were charged by the second battalion of the 5th Regiment, under the command of Major Ridge, and the guns were immediately retaken. The 77th Regiment, and three squadrons of Major-General Alten's brigade, also distinguished themselves eminently. The enemy attacked the position in three columns; the 5th Regiment, as observed, repulsed their left column; the 77th their centre column, and the three squadrons of Major-General Alten their right column. In the mean time, the great body of the enemy's infantry came up, and Lord Wellington, seeing their superiority, and that the continuance of the contest in that quarter would lead to a general action, ordered their retreat on Fuente Guinaldo. This was accordingly done in the best possible order. The troops were formed into several squares, and marched in this shape. The French cavalry in vain rushed upon them. The squares halted, and repelled them with the most distinguished steadiness. One of the squares in particular, composed of the 5th and 77th Regiments, was charged on three sides at once; it halted on the instant, and assuming a determined attitude, received the enemy with the most heroic firmness. Not a man moved from the ranks, except when his corpse filled up the space previously occupied by his living body. Effecting their retreat, the whole of the English line, entered its temporary entrenchments at Fuente Guinaldo in the course of the same evening, and of the following morning. The French followed this movement so far as to present themselves in front of Fuente Guinaldo on the morning of the 24th; Lord Wellington declined a battle; for the several reasons already mentioned, shortly withdrew again behind the Agueda; and, a few days afterwards, both Marmont and Lord Wellington resumed not only their former positions, but almost their former relations and views. Marmont posted himself at Placentia, and Lord Wellington took up the same line around Ciudad Rodrigo as before.

It was generally the practice of Lord Wellington, after an engagement, to publish a general order, announcing, in the briefest terms, his approbation of the conduct of the troops, and his admiration of the manner in which they did "their duty." The details of the affairs he reserved for his despatches. The army sometimes complained of the exceeding brevity of his encomiums, and attributed to a coldness

and indifference what was simply the result of an anxiety not to diminish the value of praise by too much prodigality of expression on ordinary occasions. In reference to the operation above detailed, Lord Wellington departed from his ordinary conciseness, and published the following gratifying order.

" RICHMOND, 2nd Oct., 1811.

"The Commander of the Forces is desirous of drawing the attention of the army to the conduct of the 2nd Battalion, 5th, and 77th Regiments, and the 21st Portuguese regiment, and Major Arentschildt's Portuguese artillery, under the command of the Hon. Major General Colville, and of the 11th Light Dragoons, and 1st Hussars, under Major-General V. Alten, in the affair with the enemy on the 16th ult. These troops were attacked by between thirty and forty squadrons of cavalry, with six pieces of cannon, supported by a division consisting of fourteen battalions of infantry with cannon.

"The Portuguese artillerymen were cut down at their guns before they quitted them, but the 2nd Battalion, 5th Regiment, attacked the cavalry which had taken the guns, and retook them. At the same time the 77th Regiment were attacked in front by another body of cavalry, upon which body they advanced, and repulsed them.

"While these actions were performed, Major-General V. Alten's brigade, of which there were only three squadrons on the ground, were engaged on the left, with numbers infinitely superior to themselves. These squadrons charged repeatedly, supporting each other, and took about twenty prisoners; and notwithstanding the immense superiority of the enemy, the post would have been maintained, if the Commander of the Forces had not ordered the troops to withdraw from it, seeing that the action would become still more unequal, as the enemy's infantry were likely to be engaged in it, before the reinforcement ordered to the support of the post could arrive.

"The troops then retired with the same determined spirit, and in the same good order, with which they had maintained their posts, the 2nd battalion, 5th Regiment, and 77th in one square, and the 21st Portuguese regiment in another, supported by Major-General V. Alten's cavalry, and the Portuguese artillery. The enemy's cavalry charged three faces of the square of the British infantry, but were beaten off; and finding from their repeated fruitless efforts, that these brave troops were not to be broken, they were contented with following them at a distance, and with firing upon them with their artillery, till the troops joined the remainder of the 3rd

division, and were afterwards supported by a brigade of the 4th division. Although the 21st Portuguese regiment were not actually charged by the cavalry, their steadiness and determination were conspicuous; and the Commander of the Forces observed with pleasure the order and regularity with which they made all their movements, and the confidence they showed in their officers.

"The Commander of the Forces has been particular in stating the details of this action, in the general orders, as in his opinion it affords a memorable example of what can be effected by steadiness, discipline, and confidence. It is impossible that any troops can, at any time, be exposed to the attack of numbers relatively greater than those which attacked the troops under Major-General Colville, and Major-General V. Alten, on the 25th of Sept.; and the Commander of the Forces recommends the conduct of those troops to the particular attention of the officers and soldiers of the army, as an example to be followed in all such circumstances.

"The Commander of the Forces considers Major-General V. Alten, and Major-General Colville, and the commanding officers of the regiments under their command respectively, viz., Lieutenant-Colonel Cummings, Lieutenant-Colonel Arentschildt, Lieutenant-Colonel Broomhead, Major Ridge, and Colonel Bacellar of the 21st Portuguese regiment, and the officers and soldiers under their command, to be entitled to his particular thanks; and he assures them that he has not failed to report his sense of their conduct, in the action of the 25th of Sept., to those by whom he trusts that it will be duly appreciated and recollected."

Following the incidents of Lord Wellington's career in their chronological order, we may here mention that on the 26th of October, 1811, one month following the events at El Bodon, and Aldea de Ponte, he received a license, in the name of King George III., from the Prince Regent, to accept the title of Conde de Vimiero, and the insignia of Knight Grand Cross of the Tower and Sword from the Prince Regent of Portugal.

We must now advert to the proceedings of Lieutenant-General Rowland Hill, who was commanding a corps of observation at Portalegre, watching the movements of General Gerard.

Gerard had crossed the Guadiana, pressing upon the Spanish General, Morillo, who had advanced towards Caceres, in Spanish Estremadura, for the double purpose of procuring supplies and recruits. Hill was now instructed by Lord Wellington to move against Gerard and drive him behind the Guadiana.

Quitting his cantonments at Portalegre on the 22nd of October,

Hill accordingly advanced towards the frontier. For five days his march lay through a difficult country, rendered more impracticable by continued heavy falls of rain. On the morning of the 27th, the troops reached Alcuesca, three miles from Arroyo del Molinos, where the French were posted.

Arroyo del Molinos is a little town situated at the foot of one extremity of the Sierra de Montanches; this mountain, which is everywhere steep, and appears almost inaccessible, forms a cone or crescent behind it, the two points of which are about two miles asunder. The Truxillo road winds under the eastern point. The road to Merida runs at right angles with that to Alcuesca, and that to Medellin between the Truxillo and Merida roads. The ground between Alcuesca and Arroyo del Molinos is a plain, thinly scattered with cork trees and evergreen oaks.

Fully resolved to attack the enemy on the following morning, all the troops, save the 71st, were placed in bivouac in rear of the village, and completely out of the enemy's view. No fires were permitted, and the 71st Regiment, which occupied the town of Alcuesca, placed piquets all around the village, to intercept any spy or disaffected person that might attempt to carry to Gerard any intelligence of Hill's movements. About six in the evening the rain again descended in perfect torrents, and continued with unabated violence throughout the whole of the ensuing night. On being desired to make themselves as comfortable as they could, without the aid of fires, the troops without a murmur consigned themselves to rest, and bore their allotted portion of misery like men and soldiers. At two o'clock in the morning of the 28th, the sergeants went round their respective companies and in a whisper bade their men prepare for action; the utmost silence being absolutely necessary to ensure the success which the general anticipated. A few minutes were sufficient to put the column in motion, and a few more to show it the enemy's fires, at the appearance of which our poor fellows were quite overjoyed, being to them a sure indication that the birds had not flown. Although the distance between the belligerents was little more than three miles, yet from the broken state of the road, the darkness of the morning, and the inclemency of the weather, the British were fully four hours in traversing that space. The whole moved in one column, right in front, until they arrived within half a mile of Arroyo del Molinos, when the various battalions closed up, and under cover of a little eminence, were formed into three columns of attack; the left consisting of three infantry regiments, and three field-pieces, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart; the right of three English

and two Portuguese regiments, two field-pieces, and a howitzer, led by Major-General Howard; and the centre of two regiments of English dragoons, one of German hussars, and another of Spanish cavalry, all commanded by Sir William Erskine. The left column moved upon the village, the right column crossed the plains to the right of the town in order to cut off the enemy's retreat by any of the roads leading from Arroyo del Molinos to Truxillo, Medellin, or Merida; the centre moved between the other two, and was kept in readiness to act wherever its services might be required.

The 71st and 92nd Regiments, belonging to the left column, entered the village at a quick pace, and, at the point of the bayonet, soon cleared it of the enemy, who were quite unprepared for such an unceremonious visit. One brigade of the French infantry had moved from Arroyos to Medellin before the arrival of General Hill's force, and the others were filing out of the village for a similar purpose, when the British huzza fell on their ears, and arrested their progress. Finding it totally impossible to escape without giving battle, Gerard faced to the right-about, and made the best disposition in his power for a determined resistance. The infantry he formed into two squares on the roads leading to Merida and Medellin. The 71st, immediately on reaching the eastern extremity of the principal street, moved to their left, lined some of the village garden walls, and saluted them with volleys of musketry. The 92nd Highlanders, following closely upon the heels of their companions, filed to the right, formed line, and prepared to charge, but were not permitted to fire a single shot, although the enemy vigorously assailed them. This was extremely galling to the soldiers, who saw their officers and comrades falling wounded around them; but, knowing that the success of an enterprise frequently depends on the manner in which orders of this description are attended to, the Highlanders, with praiseworthy forbearance, resisted every temptation to commit a breach of their orders, and, with a patience not very peculiar to their countrymen, waited the arrival of the decisive moment. The three field-pieces attached to the left column were now brought forward, and fired with terrible effect on the enemy's masses, carrying death into their thickest ranks. At this moment the 92nd were ordered to charge. The bayonets were levelled—the rush had received its momentum, when the French suddenly wheeled to the right about, and retreated to a steep hill in their rear. Pending these operations against the enemy's right, General Howard manœuvred round their left, and after cutting off their retreat upon Merida and Medellin, endeavoured to interpose his whole force between the enemy and the

mountains in their rear. Nor were the cavalry idle. On perceiving it to be General Gerard's intention to gain the rock with his mixed force, Sir W. Erskine advanced, cut off the French cavalry from their infantry, charged them repeatedly, routed them, and captured all their artillery. These movements drove Gerard to the alternative of unconditional surrender, or a hazardous flight across the mountains. He adopted the latter; retiring upon the most inaccessible point of the hill, and then facing about to fire upon the British columns from behind the rocks with which it was covered. Howard ascended the hill with the 28th and 34th, sending the 39th and Colonel Ashworth's Portuguese round the eastern corner, to charge the fugitives in flank. These movements satisfied Gerard of the impossibility of continuing the conflict except at an awful sacrifice of human life. A rapid retreat was attempted—arms and ammunition were cast away—and followed by the left column, under Stewart, the French, disordered, precipitately fled. But the greater number, seeing that escape was impossible, halted, and hoisted a white flag on the point of a sword, in token of submission. The remainder continued their retrograde movement across the mountains; and the British troops being much in want of repose, General Hill gave over the pursuit of the fugitives to General Morillo, who followed them twenty miles, killing many, and making a number of prisoners.

The loss of the British in this well-conducted affair was trifling, compared with that of the enemy. The latter lost several officers of high rank, and from thirteen to fourteen hundred non-commissioned officers and privates.

Lord Wellington was particularly well pleased with the conduct of General Hill, in carrying into execution the operations entrusted to his charge,—so much so, indeed, that he stated to Lord Liverpool that it would be "particularly agreeable" to him if some mark of the favour of H. R. H. the Prince Regent were conferred upon him. His services had always been meritorious and very distinguished, and, added Lord Wellington emphatically, he "is beloved by the whole army."

And so he was. And the foundation of the affection borne him was his great personal worth and his heroic spirit. His popularity increased and strengthened the moment he was beheld. It is written of Hill that he was the "very picture of a country gentleman" (the portraits extant prove this). "To those soldiers who came from the rural districts of Old England he *represented home*; his fresh complexion, placid face, kind eyes, kind voice, the total absence of all parade or noise in his habits, delighted them. The displeasure of

General Hill was worse to them than the loudest anger of other generals; and when they saw anxiety in his face that all should be right, they doubly wished it themselves; and when they saw his countenance bright, with the expression that all *was* right, why, they were glad for him as well as for themselves."



GENERAL HILL.

Hill had sought no royal road to preferment. He had gone through all the regimental grades in the field. He distinguished himself when a captain at the siege of Toulon, and nearly lost his life. In Egypt, with Abercrombie, he was wounded. He exerted himself greatly with Moore on the retreat to Coruña, and went to the Peninsula with Wellington in 1809. It is hardly necessary to add, that the recommendations that Hill should receive some mark of royal favour received all proper attention.

In winter quarters at Freneda, Lord Wellington continued to advise

all the authorities in different parts of Spain, Portugal, and elsewhere, upon the subject of the establishment of a strong government, and the creation of an efficient army. He was strongly impressed with a horror of Bonaparte's tyranny, which he never hesitated to denounce as fraudulent and disgusting. To Lord William Bentinck, who had been entrusted with the command of an army in Sicily, where he also held the post of British Minister, he addressed himself energetically. A number of passages occur in his communications, illustrative of the deep interest he took in the questions which then agitated ten million hearts, and of the rare wisdom with which he was endowed. He laid it down as an axiom that those who had drawn the sword for the purpose of destroying Napoleon's projects, ought not to return it to the scabbard until they had completely accomplished their object. "They must be prepared and must be forced to make all sacrifices to the cause. Submission to military discipline and order is a matter of course; but when a nation determines to resist the authority, and to shake off the government, of Bonaparte, they must be prepared and forced to sacrifice the luxuries and comforts of life, and to risk all in a contest which, it should be clearly understood before it is undertaken, has for its object, to save all or nothing." The words of wisdom which follow should be engraven on the minds of all rulers:—

"The first measure of a country to adopt, is to form an army, and to raise a revenue from the people to defray the expense of the army. Above all, to form a government of such strength, as that army and people can be forced by it to perform their duty. This is the rock upon which Spain has split; and all our measures in any other country which should afford hopes of resistance to Bonaparte should be directed to avoid it. The enthusiasm of the people is very fine, and looks well in print; but I have never known it produce anything but confusion. In France, what was called enthusiasm was power and tyranny acting through the medium of popular societies, which have ended by overturning Europe, and in establishing the most powerful and dreadful tyranny that ever existed. In Spain, the enthusiasm of the people spent itself in vivas and vain boasting. The notion of its existence prevented even the attempt to discipline the armies; and its existence has been alleged, ever since, as the excuse for the rank ignorance of the officers, and the indiscipline and constant misbehaviour of the troops.

"I, therefore, earnestly recommend you, wherever you go, to trust nothing to the enthusiasm of the people. Give them a strong and a just, and, if possible, a good government; but, above all, a strong one, which shall enforce upon them to do their duty by themselves and

their country; and let measures of finance to support an army go hand-in-hand with measures to raise it. I am quite certain that the finances of Great Britain are more than a match for Buonaparte, and that we shall have the means of aiding any country that may be disposed to resist his tyranny. But those means are necessarily limited in every country by the difficulty of procuring specie. This necessary article can be obtained in sufficient quantities only by the contributions of the people; and although Great Britain can and ought to assist with money, as well in other modes, every effort of this description, the principal financial as well as military effort, ought to be by the people of the resisting country."

The winter of 1811 was very severe, and professional inaction rendered it sometimes a difficult matter for the officers to kill time and to keep the men out of mischief. Neither books nor female society contributed to while away dull hours. This, however, only served to stimulate all parties to greater efforts in chasing away *ennui*. Lord Wellington had a good pack of hounds, and many a morning was passed at cover side and in the chase. The men of the Light Division turned a barn into a theatre, while racing, shooting, fishing, coursing, cricket, smoking, and whist (the latter, by-the-by, a favourite game at head-quarters), aided in expelling dull care. Some time was also profitably taken up in rendering quarters habitable. The greater part of the troops were located in and about miserable villages, consisting of small houses of the most wretched quality. A journal kept by an officer of the Fourth Division about this time conveys a very good idea of the shifts to which he and his companions were put to render their domiciles agreeable. He says, speaking of the inhabitants of several places, "they seldom had chimneys but in their kitchens, and our officers, with or without their leave, considerably, at least to their own ideas, improved them by adding this *sine qua non* to an Englishman's comfort. The windows, few of which had anything to exclude the weather but shutters, put on quite a new appearance, their closings being perforated and the sashes filled with oiled paper instead of glass. Useful articles of furniture were often required, particularly in villages from whence the enemy had expelled the population, and the handicraft men in the regiment were in requisition. The number of all kinds of workmen 'who turned out,' to use a military term, on these occasions, was truly wonderful, and not only carpenters, masons, smiths, &c., but individuals of 'callings,' little to be expected in military life. When it was wished to make some portable telegraphs a doubt was expressed if men could be found to arrange the pulleys and cords. However,

the attempt was made by 'calling these spirits,' and, to the astonishment of all, they not only came, but in such numbers that one regiment, I think in the Fourth Division, produced fifteen sail-makers and eighteen riggers. The astonishment of the *patrons*, on returning to their houses, if we had occupied them between the retreat of the enemy and their arrival, was considerable; they hardly knew their improved tenements from these little additions to the comforts of their guest of another climate."

Before proceeding to notice the next great operation conducted by Lord Wellington in person, we must glance at the proceedings of the armies in the South and East during the winter of 1811. In the East, Generals Blake and Maby moved out from Valencia on the 24th October, and attacked Suchet, who had invested Saguntum, but had hitherto failed to take the place although several attempts were made to carry the breach by storm. Suchet defeated Blake and his colleague on the 25th October, taking from them many prisoners and eight pieces of cannon. The French then summoned the garrison of Saguntum to surrender, which they did upon capitulation. Suchet subsequently advanced upon Valencia, receiving a good deal of stout opposition. In the mean time the Guerrillas were active and interfering in Arragon and Navarre. Mina defeated a detachment of 1100 men sent against him, only three of whom escaped. In conjunction with the Empecinado and Duran he took the garrison of Daroci, consisting of 2400 men.

General Ballasteros, who commanded a large Spanish force, was, in the autumn of 1811, very successful by his light operations against the rear of the French army blockading Cadiz. In order to aid Ballasteros, and to give additional security to Tarifa,¹ Colonel Skerriitt, with about 1200 men, including the 47th and 87th Regiments, was detached thither from Cadiz on the 10th October. Not many weeks afterwards the place was invested by the French under Victor's command, and a breach, 25 yards in breadth, was effected in the walls of the ancient town. The French commander, Laval, summoned the governor to surrender; but Coupon replied that he would be found upon the breach. On the 29th December the enemy opened upon the town; and on the 31st the attack was made by a stream of French Grenadiers, who, in the assurance of victory, arrived without shouting within a few yards of the walls. Here

¹ Founded, in all probability, by the Moorish General, El Tarik. It stands west of Gibraltar, on a bold headland. The place was very weak, and upon the eastern side, where the French attacked it, only two 24-pounders and two mortars, with two or three field-pieces, could be employed in the defence.

they were received with a crushing volley from the British infantry regiments. The houses and streets behind the breach had been strongly fortified with palisades, gabions, sand-bags—everything, in short, of which an ingenious garrison could avail itself. Although numbers fell at the first volley of the defenders the French penetrated the works and spread themselves along the slopes of ground (for the town is built upon a slope rising from the sea), under the ramparts, to the right and left, and opened a quick irregular fire. Additional attacking parties at the same time issued from the trenches; but the 47th and 87th, with the Spanish infantry, kept up a tremendous fire, and committed such terrific havoc among the assailants that not less than 500 bodies were strewed along the slopes and ramparts. Never was resistance more determined. Laval, seeing the impossibility of capturing the place, ordered a retreat to be sounded, and as the remnant of the storming party retired into a hollow near Tarifa, a shout of victory, mingled with the sound of musical instruments, passed round the wall of the town. Gough, who commanded the 87th, was not, however, merely satisfied with resistance. When the enemy, scared, ran from the walls, he drew his sword, made the band strike up “Garry Owen,” and followed the fugitives for two or three hundred yards.¹

The comment of Lord Wellington upon this gallant exploit was characteristic. He wrote to General Cooke, who commanded at Cadiz,—

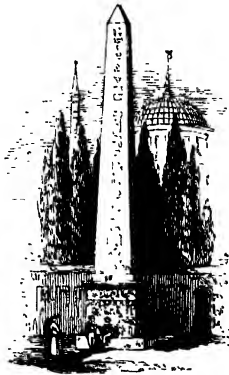
“We have a right to expect that his Majesty’s officers and troops will perform their duty upon every occasion, but we had no right to expect that comparatively a small number would be able to hold the town of Tarifa, commanded as it is at short distances, enfiladed on every direction, unprovided with artillery, and the walls scarcely cannon-proof. The enemy, however, retired with disgrace, infinitely to the honour of the brave troops who defended Tarifa.”

It is evident that Lord Wellington considered so small a body of troops should not have been exposed to the risk attending the defence of such a place.

Lord Wellington was in the habit of drawing up a “Memorandum of his Operations” in the shape of a brief history at intervals of a few months. The conclusion he came to, and to which any one who

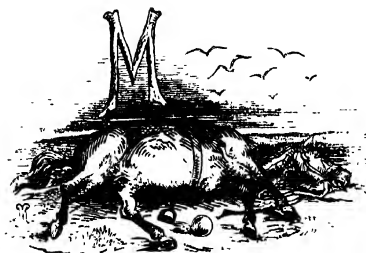
¹ The enthusiasm of the Royal Irish Fusiliers—the heroes of Barossa—was so great, that some of the men almost ran into the French lines. When Sir H. Gough, overtaking and bringing one of them back, reproached him for his impetuosity, the man answered, “Oh, I was only teaching them what it is to attack the *Aigiers*!” The 87th, after capturing the French eagle at Barossa, always called themselves the *Eaglers*.

patiently reads his clear and comprehensive summaries, closing in December, 1811, must come, was that if the Spaniards had behaved with common prudence, or if their conduct had been even tolerably good, the result of Massena's campaign in Portugal must have been the relief of the south of the Peninsula. Wellington did not think his success had been what it might and ought to have been, but he had the satisfaction of feeling that he had lost no ground and with a handful of British troops fit for service had kept the enemy in check in all quarters for nine months, namely, from March until December.



CHAPTER IX.

Capture of Ciudad Rodrigo—Plunder and Conflagration—Death and Burial of General Craufurd—General Mackinnon—The Napiers.



MARSHAL MARMONT

having moved towards Toledo, with the view, as was supposed, of aiding Suchet, it became necessary to make preparations for the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo. There was a double motive for this — the

capture of the place would be easy, and a capital base of operations provided for a spring campaign—or Marmont would retrace his steps, and Valencia would be safe.

Ciudad Rodrigo was not a place of very great strength preparatory to its occupation by the French. They had done everything to render it impregnable, and it now had the advantage of formidable out-works. There was a palisaded redoubt on a hill (San Francisco) in the neighbourhood, and three convents in the suburbs were also fortified and connected with the redoubt. Still, even in its original condition it was capable of a stout resistance. In 1809, Marshal Massena had spent twenty-five days in the *summer time* in trying to capture Ciudad Rodrigo, though only garrisoned by a few Spaniards. It was of course more likely to offer a stout resistance now, when the garrison was strong, and the operations rendered difficult by the season. Yet Lord Wellington felt confident of success, and his anticipations were strengthened by the spirit of his troops. They burned with impatience to wipe away the blot of the former year in the unfortunate siege of San Cristoval at Badajoz, and had become

so impressed with notions of their own invincibility, that "it would have been difficult to persuade the men that they could not beat the French under any odds."

As a preliminary to the investment of the town, it was essential that the redoubt on the hill of San Francisco should be captured. This work was entrusted to Lieutenant-Colonel Colborne of the 52nd. His force consisted of 200 men of the 43rd, 52nd, and Rifles. Immediately after dark they proceeded to the redoubt, and carried it by a *coup de main*, making prisoners two captains and forty-seven men, capturing three pieces of cannon, and putting the rest of the garrison to the sword. Our loss was six men killed and four officers and fourteen men wounded.

Ground was now broken within 600 yards of Ciudad Rodrigo, notwithstanding that the enemy still held the fortified convents. That which had been a defence had now become a means of attack. The enemy's work on the hill was turned into a part of the first parallel¹ of the besiegers.

Numerically, the corps of engineers with Lord Wellington's army was very inefficient. To remedy this defect, a proportion of the most intelligent officers and soldiers of the infantry had been selected during the autumn months, and placed under the direction of Colonel Fletcher, the chief engineer. They were soon taught how to make fascines² and gabions,³ and what was of more consequence, how to use them. They likewise learned the manner of working by sap, and by this means, that branch of the army, which was before the weakest, had now become very efficient. Provided with a pickaxe and shovel, and distributed in files, the men went to work, "digging with a vengeance into the frozen mould under a continual fire from the garrison." They toiled with alacrity, but they did not like it. In fact, there is no duty which a British soldier performs before an enemy that he does with so much reluctance—a retreat always excepted—as working in trenches. Although essentially necessary to the accomplishment of the most gallant achievement a soldier can aspire to—"the storming the imminent deadly breach"—it is felt to be an inglorious calling, one full of danger, attended with great labour and annoyance, and for this reason, that the soldiers are not only

¹ *Parallels*, in the attack of a place, are wide trenches affording the besieging troops a free covered communication between their various batteries and *approaches*. The first parallel is the first work of an attack which is laid down. *Approaches* is a general name given to the trenches, &c., formed to cover the attack of a fortress.

² *Fascines*.—Bundles of twigs, six feet in length, tied together and used, when intermixed with earth, to construct artificial walls, or batteries.

³ *Gabions*.—Cylindrical baskets, also used, with earth, to construct batteries and parapets.

taken out of their natural line of action, but they are partially, if not entirely, at least practically, commanded by officers of engineers, whose habits are totally different from those to which they have been accustomed. No two classes ever differed more completely in their propensities than the British engineer and the British infantry soldier. The latter delights in an open field and a fair "stand-up" fight. If he falls there, he falls in the opinion of his comrades with credit to himself; but a life lost in the trenches is looked upon as thrown away, and lost ingloriously. The engineer, on the contrary, braves all the dangers of a siege with a cheerful countenance: he even courts them,¹ and no mole ever took greater delight in burrowing through a sand hill, than an engineer does in mining a covert way,² or blowing up a counterscarp.³ Not so with the infantry soldier, who is obliged to stand to be shot at, with a pickaxe and shovel in his hand, instead of his firelock and bayonet.

The duty in the trenches was carried on by the 1st, 3rd, 4th, and Light Divisions, each taking its separate turn every twenty-four hours. They had neither coats nor hats of any description, and the ground was covered with snow. Nevertheless, the men used every exertion to forward the work, so fully were all impressed with its necessity. The garrison made many sorties, each of which was gallantly repulsed: in some instances the men pursued the French to

¹ At the attack on San Cristoval (Badajoz) in the previous summer, a striking instance of this occurred. Colonel Fletcher, the chief engineer, went into a battery, to observe some work that had been thrown up by the enemy near the foot of the castle, the preceding night. The battery was more than usually full of workmen, repairing the effects of the morning's fire, and the efforts of the enemy against this part of the works was excessively animated. A number of men had fallen, and were falling, but Colonel Fletcher, apparently disregarding the circumstance, walked out to the right of the battery, and taking his stand upon the level ground, put his glass to his eye, and commenced his observations with much composure. Shot and shell flew thickly about him, and one of the former tore up the ground by his side, and covered him with clay; but, not in the least regarding this, he remained steadily observing the enemy. When at length he had satisfied himself, he quietly put up his glass, and turning to a man who was sitting *outside* of an embrasure, pegging in a fascine, said, "My fine fellow, you are too much exposed; get *inside* the embrasure, you will do your work nearly as well." "I'm almost finished, Colonel," replied the soldier, "and it isn't worth while to move now; those fellows *can't* hit me, for they have been trying it these fifteen minutes." It was the last word he ever spoke! He had scarcely uttered the final syllable, when a round shot cut him in two, and knocked half of his body across the breech of a gun. The name of this soldier was Edmond Man; he was an Englishman, although he belonged to the 88th Regiment. When he fell, the French cannoniers, as was usual with them, set up a shout, denoting how well satisfied they were with their practice.

² *Covert way*, or *Covered way*, a protected communication all round the works of a fortress, the outer edge of the ditch.

³ *Counterscarp*, the outer boundary of the ditch of a fortress.

the very *glacis*,¹ and many a fine fellow, carried away by his enthusiasm, died at the muzzles of their cannon.

On the 14th of January, 1812, Lord Wellington commenced besieging Ciudad Rodrigo from the first parallel, with twenty-three pieces of ordnance, and on the night of the 14th he opened an approach 150 yards from the place. By the 18th of the month breaches had been made which were considered practicable. Lord Wellington therefore summoned the garrison to surrender.

The answer which he received to his appeal was worthy of a brave Frenchman:—

“L'Empereur mon maître m'a confié le commandement de Ciudad Rodrigo; je ne puis pas le rendre. Au contraire, moi et la brave garnison que je commande s'enveloperont sous les ruines.”

During the Peninsular war the French and Spaniards gloried in imitating the brief expressions of resolute resistance common to the heroes of antiquity. The “*come and take them*” of the ancients, when summoned to surrender their arms, found imitations in the reply of “*war to the knife!*” when the French called upon the garrison of Saragoza to capitulate. Coupon, Phillippon, and others were equally terse in their communications with a besieging enemy.

The moment the answer was received from the Governor of Ciudad Rodrigo, Lord Wellington issued orders for the attack. These orders were precise. In their tone the General evinced his perfect confidence in his troops; but, at the same time, resolved to leave nothing to chance. The General Order began—

“The attack upon Ciudad Rodrigo must be made this evening at seven o'clock.”

While this indicated the stern resolution of the Commander of the besieging army, what followed demonstrates how carefully he had considered every measure essential to success. The positions and the duties of each regiment were pointed out—the very *minute* of attack was indicated. The provision of ladders and axes was ordered, and their special use mentioned. The Sappers were directed to take bags of hay to assist the descent of the counterscarp of the ditch; and it was particularly directed that those who carried the axes, ladders, and bags should be without their arms, and that those who stormed should not fire.

A description of the manner in which the orders were carried out

¹ *Glacis*, the parapet of the covered way, extending in a long slope to meet the natural surface of the ground. It connects the ditch of a fortress, and protects the masonry of the escarp.



CIUDAD RODRIGO AFTER THE SIEGE. JAN., 1812.

will serve to show especially what those instructions were. In fact the details of the attack might have been described in the very words of the order—the past tense being substituted for the present.

The issue of the order was followed, as usual, by an invitation to the men to volunteer for the duties of the “forlorn hope”—an *encouraging* term for the parties who are to lead the attack upon the breaches. The 52nd Regiment, which formed part of the Light Divisions, destined to attack the lesser breach, volunteered to a man—a display of zeal which would have been rewarded by its acceptance did it not involve injustice to the other regiments, each of which contained scores of men who were equally eager to be foremost. When the Captains of companies intimated, as usual, to the men that volunteers were required, there was no hesitation. The 43rd, the 95th, the 88th, all burned with desire to be the first to confront the enemy on the ramparts.

The whole of the storming part of the Light Division, placed under the immediate command of Major George Napier, having fallen in at the hour indicated by Lord Wellington (before seven in the evening), Major-General Craufurd addressed them in his usually clear and distinct tones:—

“Soldiers!—The eyes of your country are upon you. Be steady—be cool—be firm in the assault. The town must be yours this night. Once masters of the wall, let your first duty be to clear the ramparts, and, in doing this, keep together.”

Major-General McKinnon commanded the third division, on whom devolved the attack upon the great breach. The scene that passed in that division, preparatory to the storm, is described with interesting minuteness by a surviving participator in the drama of the night of the 19th of January, 1812:—

“It was now five o'clock in the afternoon, and darkness was approaching fast, yet no order had arrived intimating that we were to take a part in the contest about to be decided: we were in this state of suspense, when our attention was attracted by the sound of music: we all stood up, and pressed forward to a ridge, a little in our front, and which separated us from the cause of our movement, but it would be impossible for me to convey an adequate idea of our feelings when we beheld the 43rd Regiment, *preceded by their band!* going to storm the left breach. They were in the highest spirits, but without the slightest appearance of levity in their demeanour; on the contrary, there was a cast of determined severity thrown over their countenances, that expressed in legible characters that they knew the sort of service they were about to perform, and had *made up their minds to*

the issue. In passing us, each officer and soldier stepped out of the ranks for an instant, as he recognised a friend, to press his hand; many for the *last* time: yet, notwithstanding this animating scene, there was no shouting or huzzaing, no boisterous bravadoing, no unbecoming language. In short, every one seemed to be impressed with the seriousness of the affair entrusted to his charge, and any interchange of words was to this effect: 'Well, lads, mind what you're about to-night;' or, 'We'll meet in the town by and by;' and other little familiar phrases, all expressive of confidence. The regiment at length passed us, and we stood gazing after it as long as the rear platoon continued in sight: the music grew fainter every moment, until at last it died away altogether. They had no drums, and there was a melting sweetness in the sounds that touched the heart.

"The first syllable uttered after this scene was, 'And are we to be left behind?' The interrogatory was scarcely put when the word, '*Stand to your arms!*' answered it. The order was promptly obeyed, and a breathless silence prevailed, when our commanding officer, in a few words, announced to us that Lord Wellington had directed our division to carry the grand breach. The soldiers listened to the communication with silent earnestness, and immediately began to disencumber themselves of their knapsacks, which were placed in order by companies, and a guard set over them. Each man then began to arrange himself for the combat in such a manner as his fancy or the moment would admit of: some by lowering their cart-ridge-boxes, others by turning theirs to the front, in order that they might the more conveniently make use of them; others unclasping their stocks or opening their shirt-collars, and others oiling their bayonets; then, again, some screwing in flints, to make 'assurance doubly sure;' and more taking leave of their wives and children! This last was an affecting sight, but not so much as might be expected, because the women, from long habit, were accustomed to scenes of danger, and the order for their husbands to march against the enemy was in their eyes tantamount to a victory; and as the soldier seldom returned without plunder of some sort, the painful suspense which his absence caused was made up by the gaiety of which his return was certain to be productive; or, if unfortunately he happened to fall, his place was sure to be supplied by some one of the company to which he belonged, so that the women of our army had little cause of alarm on this head. The worst that could happen to them was the chance of being in a state of widowhood *for a week!*

"It was by this time half-past six o'clock; the evening was piercingly

cold, and the frost was crisp on the grass; there was a keenness in the air that braced our nerves at least as high as *concert pitch*. We stood quietly to our arms, and told our companies off by files, sections, and sub-divisions; the sergeants called over the rolls; not a man was absent.

"It appears it was the wish of General Mackinnon to confer a mark of distinction upon the 88th regiment, and as it was one of the last acts of his life, I shall mention it. He sent for Major Thomson, who commanded the battalion, and told him it was his wish to have the 'forlorn hope' of the grand breach led on by a subaltern of the 88th Regiment, adding, at the same time, that, in the event of his surviving, he should be recommended for a company. The Major acknowledged this mark of the General's favour, and left him folding up some letters that he had been writing to his friends in England. This was about twenty minutes before the attack of the breaches. Major Thomson, having called his officers together, briefly told them the wishes of their General; he was about to proceed, when Lieutenant William Mackie (then senior Lieutenant) immediately stepped forward, and dropping his sword, said, 'Major Thomson, I am ready for that service.' For once in his life, poor old Thomson was affected. Mackie was his own townsman; they had fought together for many years, and when he took hold of his hand and pronounced the words, 'God bless you, my boy,' his eye filled, his lip quivered, and there was a faltering in his voice which was evidently perceptible to himself, for he instantly resumed his former composure, drew himself up, and gave the word, 'Gentlemen, fall in,' and at this moment Generals Picton and Mackinnon, accompanied by their respective staff, made their appearance amongst us.

"Long harangues are not necessary to British soldiers, and on this occasion but few words were made use of. General Picton said something animating to the different regiments as he passed them, and those of my readers who recollect his deliberate and strong utterance, will say with me that his mode of speaking was indeed very impressive. The address to each was nearly the same, but that delivered by him to the 88th was so characteristic of the General, and so applicable to the men he spoke to, that I shall give it, word for word; it was this—

"'Rangers of Connaught! It is not my intention to expend any *powder* this evening. We'll do this business with the *could iron*!'

"I before said the soldiers were silent—so they were, but the man who *could* be silent after such an address, made in such a way, and in such a place, had better have stayed at home. It may be asked what

did they do? Why, what *would* they do, or would any one do, but give the loudest hurrah he was able?"

The signal for the assault was the discharge of a rocket. It rose with rapidity from one of the batteries. "Now, lads, for the breach!" cried CRAUFURD; and off started the Light Division in double quick. A tremendous fire from the ramparts of canister, grape, round shot, shell, musketry, and fire-balls, saluted the advancing column—still "forward!" was the word—CRAUFURD fell at the very first discharge. Pausing not, for safety only lay in suddenness and expedition, the divisions pressed onward, springing into the ditch, clambering up the escarp, and boldly facing terrific showers of bullets. No impediment was respected for a moment—men and officers dashed forward, confronting danger with intrepid indifference, and driving the garrison before them. The great breach is won—the curtain is assaulted—an explosion takes place, and MACKINNON is killed. The lesser breach is in the hands of the Light Division—NAPIER is cheering on the men—a shot shatters his arm—he falls, but, a hero in his agony, he calls out, "Never mind me—push on my lads—the town is ours!" Abandoning the breach, the French spring the mines, fall back, and keep up a tremendous fire from the houses. While this was going on, Brigadier Pack entered, with a feint attack, another part of the town, and had converted it into a real assault; and the French, finding themselves threatened in the rear, gave way—were pursued into the city—flew from street to street—and seeing further resistance hopeless, surrendered. The regiments of the different divisions, hitherto scattered by the storm, now entered the principal square of the town, and planted the British colours amid loud cheers.

Their task performed, and in the incredibly short space of thirty-five minutes, the men of the different regiments now rushed about the town in the greatest disorder, firing indiscriminately upon all they met—plundering houses for the wine and spirits in the cellars—drinking to excess, and, in the madness of intoxication, committing the wildest atrocities. Recklessly or carelessly, they set houses on fire by bringing lights into contact with spirits; they plundered right and left, wantonly discharged their firelocks from the windows, wounding friend and foe alike, and sparing, in their frenzy, neither age nor sex. Flushed with drink, and desperate for mischief, these fellows, so cool in action—so steady before the storm—passed half the night in reeling through the streets. Some fell by the knife of the assassin, several were drowned in butts of spirits, and many were turned upon and shot by the very Frenchmen to whom they had yielded quarter. It was in vain the bugles sounded and the drums

beat the assembly; futile were the efforts of the officers to recall the men to their duty. It was not until worn out with excitement, or rendered incapable of motion from deep potations, the stormers fell prostrate on the earth, or crept into the dwellings of the Spaniards to sleep away their toil and intoxication. The scene exhibited on the following morning was most dreary; the fires were going out, and about the streets were lying the corpses of many men who had met their death hours after the town had been taken.

A very small proportion of the troops who had taken Rodrigo were permitted to remain in the city. The Rifles (95th) were marched back to their former quarters, and as they crossed the bridge, they presented in their motley gear the evidences of the whimsical character of the plunder during the orgies of the previous night. "Some had jack-boots on, others frock-coats and epaulets, and some carried monkeys on their shoulders." As they filed out they met the Fifth Division on their way to repair the breach; and the division formed on the left of the road, presented arms, and cheered them as they went along.¹

The loss of the allies in the taking Ciudad Rodrigo was considerable. Three officers and seventy-seven men had been killed during the siege; six officers and 140 men were killed, and 508 men wounded in the storm of the town.

Major-General Craufurd died of his wounds on the fifth day after the capture. He was borne to his grave upon the ramparts by four sergeant-majors of the Light (his own) Division, Lord Wellington attending the funeral of the gallant veteran.²

¹ "I was afterwards told that the Duke of Wellington, who saw us on our march, inquired of his staff, 'Who the devil are those fellows!'"—*Adventures of a Soldier*.

² A minute account is given of Craufurd's last hours in a letter from General Sir Charles Stewart to Craufurd's brother, Sir Charles. Its publication is here permitted:—

"TO GENERAL SIR C. CRAUFURD.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

GALEGOA, Jan. 26th, 1812.

"I have to entreat you to summon to your aid all that resignation to the will of Heaven and manly fortitude which I know you possess, to bear with composure the sad tidings this letter is doomed to convey. I think you must have discovered that, from the first moment, I did not encourage sanguine hopes of your beloved brother, whose loss we have alas! now to deplore. But, my dear friend, as we all must pass through this transitory existence sooner or later, to be translated to a better, surely there is no mode of terminating life equal to that which Providence ordained should be *mine*. Like Nelson, Abercrombie, Moore, and inferior to none (had his sphere been equally extensive), your much-loved brother fell; the shouts of victory were the last he heard from the gallant troops he led, and his last moments were full of anxiety as to the events of the army, and consideration for his Light Division. If his friends permit themselves to give way to unbounded grief under this heavy calamity, they are considering themselves rather than the departed hero. The army and his

Craufurd was one of the best and bravest soldiers in the British army. He had embraced the profession of arms when in only his fifteenth year, and before he was twenty had obtained his company.

country have the most reason to deplore his loss ; for, as his military talents were of the first calibre, so was his spirit of the most intrepid gallantry.

"There is but one universal sentiment throughout all ranks of the profession on this subject, and if you, and those who loved him dearly (among whom, God knows ! I pity most his angel wife and children), could but have witnessed the manner in which the last duties were paid to his memory by the whole army, your tears would have been arrested by the contemplation of what his merits must have been to have secured such a general sensation, and they would have ceased to flow by the feelings of envy such an end irresistibly excited.

"As I fervently trust that, by the time you receive this letter, you may be so far prepared for this afflicting stroke as to derive consolation even from sad details, and as I really am unequal to address Mrs. Craufurd at present, I think it best to enter at large into everything with you, leaving it to your affectionate and prudent judgment to unfold events by degrees in the manner you deem best. You will perceive, by Staff-Surgeon Gunning's report (Lord Wellington's own surgeon), upon an examination of the wound (which I enclose), that, from the nature of it, it was impossible Robert should have recovered. The direction the ball had taken, the extreme difficulty of breathing, and the blood he brought up, gave great grounds of alarm ; but still it was conceived the ball might have dropped lower than the lungs, and as there have been instances of recovery from wounds in the same place, we were suffered to entertain a *hope*, but alas ! that was all. Staff-Surgeons Robb and Gunning, who were his constant attendants, and from whose anxiety, zeal, and professional ability everything was to be expected, were unremitting in their exertions ; his Aide-de-Camp, young Wood, and Lieutenant Shawe of the 43rd, showed all that affectionate attention which even his own family could have done to him ; the former, I must say, evinced a feeling as honourable to his heart as it must have been gratifying to its object ; to these I must add Captain William Campbell, whose long friendship for Robert induced him never to leave him, and he manifested in an extraordinary manner his attachment on this occasion.

"If my own duties had permitted me, you may believe I never should have absented myself from his bedside ; as it was, feeling like a brother towards him, my heart led me to act as such to the utmost of my poor abilities. The three officers I have above named, and his surgeon, alternately watched and attended him, from the evening of the 19th until ten o'clock on the morning of the 24th, when he breathed his last ; on the 22d, he was considered easier and better, the medicines administered had all the effects desired. He conversed some time with me, principally about the assault, and he was most anxious as to news of the enemy. He was so cheerful that his mind did not revert, as it had done before, to his wife and children, and I was anxious to keep every subject from him that might awaken keen sensations. I knew well, from many conversations I have had with him, the unbounded influence and affection Mrs. Craufurd's idea was attended with, and his ardent anxiety as to the education and bringing-up of his children.

"These thoughts I was anxious, while a ray of hope existed, not to awaken, it being of the utmost consequence he should be kept free from agitation ; and I trust this will be a sufficient reason to Mrs. Craufurd and yourself for my being unable to give you those last sentiments of his heart which he no doubt would have expressed, had we felt authorised to acquaint him he was near his end. I do not mean to say he was ignorant of his situation, for when he first sent to me, he said he felt his wound was mortal, and that he was fully prepared for the will of Heaven. But I think subsequently he cherished hopes. He obtained some sleep on the night of the 22nd, and on the 23rd he was, to all appearance, better ; at two o'clock in the morning, William Campbell wrote me a most cheering account of him ; he had been talking of his recovery, and every pleasing prospect, and he fell into a comfortable sleep, as those about him imagined. But alas ! from that sleep he never awoke again. His pulse gradually

In the absence of any means of effectually studying his profession in England, he repaired to Prussia and other theatres of war on the European Continent. He subsequently served two campaigns in India under Lord Cornwallis, occasionally commanding the 75th Regiment. Returning home, he was employed on a mission to the Austrian armies, and participated in the war with revolutionary France. His next field was Ireland, where he served as Deputy Quartermaster General. In 1799, he was again with the Austrian army in Switzerland, and at a later period was under the Duke of York in Holland. The year 1807 saw Craufurd a Brigadier-General in Buenos Ayres, under General Whitelocke; and in 1808 he proceeded to the Peninsula. He first distinguished himself in actions with the French under Massena, upon the river Coa. This was in 1810. The Light Division, with three regiments of Cavalry, a troop of Horse Artillery, and two regiments of Caçadores (Portuguese Light Infantry), were attacked by 24,000 French; but Craufurd did not retire from his post until a most gallant defence had been made, and the enemy had three times been repulsed in his attempt to cross a bridge of the Coa in pursuit. We next find Craufurd at Busaco, driving back the infantry cohorts of Ney and Simon. What ensued has been recited in preceding pages.

The character of General Craufurd has been variously drawn.

ceased to beat, his breath grew shorter, and his spirit fled before those near him were conscious he was no more. So easy was his passport to Heaven!

"If, in detailing so mournful a recital, I can derive the smallest consolation, it arises from knowing his last words united his affection for his wife, and his friendship for me, in one train of thought, in which he closed his eyes. Having thus acquainted you, as well as my present feelings enable me, with the last scene, I shall now assure you that no exertion was wanting to prepare everything for the mournful ceremony that was to follow, with the utmost possible regard and respect to his memory. Lord Wellington decided he should be interred by his own Division, near the breach which he had so gallantly carried. The Light Division assembled before his house in the suburbs of the San Francisco Convent, at twelve o'clock on the 25th; the 5th Division lined the road from his quarters to the breach; the officers of the brigade of Guards Cavalry, 3rd, 4th, and 5th Divisions, together with General Castanos and all his staff, Marshal Beresford and all the Portuguese, Lord Wellington and the whole of headquarters, moved in the mournful procession.

"He was borne to his place of rest on the shoulders of the brave lads he led on, the Field Officers of the Light Division officiating as pall-bearers, and the whole ceremony was conducted in the most gratifying manner, if I may be permitted such an epithet on such a heart-breaking occasion. I assigned to myself the mournful task of being chief mourner, and I was attended by Captain Campbell, Lieutenants Wood and Shawe, and the Staff of the Light Division. Care has been taken that his gallant remains can never be disturbed, and he lies where posterity will commemorate his deeds!

"Believe me, as ever,

"Your most affectionate and ever obliged

"CHARLES STEWART."

Napier speaks of him as of a fiery temper, harsh, rigid in command, prone to disobedience, yet exacting entire submission from inferiors; ambitious, and avid of glory; possessed of military talents, enterprising and intrepid, yet not remarkable for skill in handling troops under fire. Nevertheless Wellington mourned him as an "officer of tried talents and experience, who was an ornament to his profession, and calculated to render the most important services to his country," and amongst the men whom he commanded, Craufurd was beloved for his justice and care of them. He had been absent on leave to England (much against the will of the Commander of the Forces, who remonstrated with him on his application), and on his return he was welcomed with enthusiasm. The Portuguese *Caçadores*, who found fighting a hard matter if they did not receive their rations regularly, shouted out when they saw him, "Long live General Craufurd, who takes care of our bellies!" Though a strict disciplinarian, Craufurd was averse to punishment,¹ and always experienced great pain when compelled to superintend a flogging parade.

¹ Take the following incident from Costello's *Adventures*, page 102 :—

"The second day after the storming of Rodrigo our brave General Craufurd died of his wound, and the chief part of the officers of the Rifles went to pay the last tribute to his remains. He was borne to the grave by four Sergeant-Majors of his own Division, and was buried in the breach where he fell. The following incident, of which I was an eye-witness, will serve to show Craufurd's character.

"I happened to be on guard one day, when General Craufurd came riding in from the front with his orderly dragoon, as was his usual custom, when two of our men, one of them a corporal, came running out of a house with some bread which they had stolen from the Spaniards; they were pursued by a Spanish woman, crying lustily, '*Ladrone! Ladrone!*'—'Thief! Thief!' They were immediately pursued by the General and his orderly; the bread was given back to the woman, and the men were placed in the guard-house. The next day they were tried by a Brigade Court-martial, and brought out to a wood near the town for punishment. When the brigade was formed, and the Brigade-Major had finished reading the proceedings of the court-martial, General Craufurd commenced lecturing both men and officers on the nature of their cruelty to the harmless inhabitants, as he called the Spaniards. He laid particular stress on our regiment, who, he said, committed more crimes than the whole of the British army. 'Besides, you think,' said he, 'because you are riflemen, and more exposed to the enemy's fire than other regiments, that you are to rob the inhabitants with impunity; but while I command you, you shall not;' then, turning round to the corporal, who stood in the centre of the square, he said, with a stern voice, 'Strip, sir!'

"The corporal, whose name was Miles, never said a word until tied up to a tree, when turning his head round as far as his situation would allow, and seeing the General pacing up and down the square, he said, 'General Craufurd, I hope you will forgive me.' The General replied, 'No, sir, your crime is too great.' The poor corporal, whose sentence was, to be reduced to the pay and rank of a private soldier, and to receive a punishment of one hundred and fifty lashes, and the other man two hundred, then addressed the General to the following effect:

"'Do you recollect, sir, when you and I were taken prisoners, when under the command of General Whitelocke, in Buenos Ayres? We were marched, prisoners, with a number of others, to a sort of pound, surrounded with a wall. There was a well in the centre, out of

In figure Craufurd was short and thick ; his countenance was intelligent ; and his eyes, full of fire, denoted the energetic qualities of his mind. Though the field was his element, he was fond of the theory of his profession, and so sensible of the importance of rule and order, that he drew up a code of instructions for the British light troops, which, even to this day, is their text-book and guide.

Major-General Mackinnon, who, by a strange fatality, fell within a few minutes of Craufurd, at the head of the division he commanded, was scarcely less valued by the army and Lord Wellington. He possessed a remarkably fine person and brilliant talents. Highly educated (chiefly in France), he also entered the army when but fifteen years of age, and saw service on the Helder, in Egypt, and at Copenhagen. But the Peninsula was his chief theatre of distinction, and his humanity, next to his courage, the quality which secured to him the largest amount of admiration and affection. It has been stated, that upon retiring from Talavera after the battle, Lord Wellington was under the necessity of leaving some hundreds of wounded men behind him, whom General Cuesta would not afford him the means of transporting. Major-General Mackinnon had charge of the sick and wounded on this occasion. They were 5000 in number. Only seven carts were available, with some mules and asses. They had to march one hundred miles to Elvas, over a mountainous and inhospitable district, exposed to a scorching sun by day and heavy dews by night. With all the good management Mackinnon could employ, it was impossible to convey the whole of the unfortunate men away. From 1500 to 2000 were therefore consigned to the tender mercies of the French marshals, and there is no doubt

which I drew water with my mess-tin, by means of canteen straps I collected from the men, who were prisoners like myself. You sat on my knapsack ; I parted my last biscuit with you. You then told me you would never forget my kindness to you. It is now in your power, sir. You know how short we have been of rations for some time.'

"These words were spoken by the corporal in a mild and respectful accent, which not only affected the General, but the whole square. The bugler, who stood waiting to commence the punishment, close to the corporal, received the usual nod from the Bugle-Major to begin.

"The first lash the corporal received, the General started, and turning hurriedly round, said, 'What's that, what's that—who taught that bugler to flog ? Send him to drill—send him to drill ! He cannot flog—he cannot flog ! Stop ! stop ! Take him down ! take him down ! I remember it well—I remember it well !' while he paced up and down the square, muttering to himself words that I could not catch ; at the same time blowing his nose, and wiping his face with his handkerchief, trying to hide the emotion that was so evident to the whole square. While untying the corporal, a dead silence prevailed for some time, until our gallant General recovered a little his noble feeling, when he uttered, with a broken accent, 'Why does a brave soldier like you commit these crimes !' Then, beckoning to his orderly to bring his horse, he mounted and rode off. It is needless to say that the other man also was pardoned, and in a few days the corporal was restored to his rank."

that Mackinnon's acquaintance with the French character and language enabled him, by his correspondence with their officers, to propitiate their care and humanity.

The nation voted a monument to Mackinnon, and the government of the day bestowed an honourable pension on his widow and three sons.

The wound which Major George Napier received rendered amputation necessary; but happily it did not deprive his country of his services. He lived to distinguish himself at a later period, reaching high rank, and exercising administrative talents at the Cape of Good Hope. A member of a family of good soldiers,¹ he courted danger upon every occasion, and rarely escaped the consequences of his daring. He was wounded in the hip at Busaco; had his right arm broken in following Massena's retreat; was struck on the shoulder by the splinter of a shell at the *siege* of Ciudad Rodrigo; and was again badly wounded in the storm of the town. Lord Wellington, who, amidst his manifold official cares and labour, always found time for private correspondence, wrote most acceptable letters of condolence to Lady Sarah Napier, the honoured mother of the triad of heroes. A Spartan general writing to a Spartan matron could not have better interpreted the exalted woman's feelings, or more gracefully borne tribute to the devotion of her sons:—

"Your Ladyship has so often received accounts of the same description with that which I am now writing to you, and your feelings upon the subject are so just and proper, that it is needless for me to trouble you further. Your sons are brave fellows, and a terror to the enemy; and I hope that God will preserve them to you and their country."

Thus he writes after the affair of the 14th of March, 1811. And again on the morrow of the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo:—

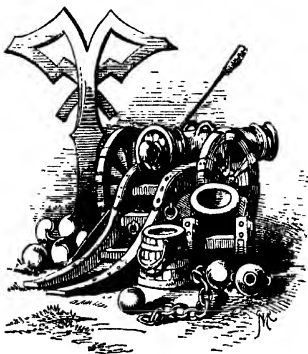
¹ William, Charles, and George. William was at first in the artillery, then the cavalry, then the infantry. In the Peninsula he was one of the 43d Light Infantry (part of the Light Division); fought at Busaco, Almeida, and Casal Nova, in the two last of which actions he was wounded. Some time after the Peace, he devoted himself to the noble task of writing the history of the war in which he had been honourably engaged. In this great work, to use the words of a liberal and able commentator, "the monotonous labours of deep historic investigation are relieved by the brilliance of poetic imagery, and the passing scene is made to burst upon the view, glowing with the warmest colours of the painter." The "History of the Peninsular War" is a series of charming descriptions, at once technically professional and familiarly descriptive; and it has the further great merit of being just and generous towards the French armies and their leaders. Charles Napier was at Coruña with Sir John Moore, was wounded, and a prisoner to Soult, who treated him with distinguished consideration. In after years he became Commander-in-Chief in India, and rendered vast service to the army, by purging it of manifold abuses.

“Having *such* sons, I am sure that you expect to hear of their misfortunes, which I have more than once had to communicate to you; and, notwithstanding your affection for them, you have so just a notion of the value of the distinction they are daily acquiring for themselves by their gallantry and good conduct, that their misfortunes do not make so great an impression upon you.”



CHAPTER X.

Honours and rewards—Capture of Badajoz—Sir R. Hill at Almaraz—Capture of Almaraz.



THE moment Ciudad Rodrigo had ceased to be formidable to Lord Wellington, he set to work to render it formidable to the enemy. One hundred and fifty-three pieces of ordnance found in the place constituted a good supply of *matériel*, offensive to a besieging force, and it was only necessary to repair the breaches and strengthen the outworks. This latter procedure, under skilful engineers, did not occupy more

than seven weeks, although all the work was done by the British soldiers; the Spaniards affording no aid. By the end of February, Ciudad Rodrigo was in a state to resist a disciplined and scientific enemy for a considerable time.¹

The news of the fall of Ciudad Rodrigo created great delight in Spain, Portugal, and Great Britain, and insured to the conqueror an accession of honorary distinctions, and an increase of sterling recompense. A vote of parliamentary thanks, the *formula* which expresses national acknowledgment, was the first recognition of the splendid

¹ The engineers who have devised systems of fortification, seldom have dreamt of establishing an impregnable defence. There is not a fortified town which has not been, or may not be, carried in a given number of days, with a certain amount of artillery. The thing has been reduced to a mathematical certainty. The only unconquerable system is that recently invented by Mr. James Ferguson, which has not yet been adopted anywhere!

service rendered by the capture: the Prince Regent followed this up by creating Viscount Wellington an Earl; and Parliament, that the title might be more than an empty dignity, bestowed upon the Earl a further sum of two thousand pounds per annum. Spain, in the fulness of her gratitude, had anticipated these honours and rewards by creating Lord Wellington a grandee of Spain, with the title of the Duque de Ciudad Rodrigo. But there was not unanimity in the matter of the pecuniary reward. The Common Council of London, influenced by the angry speeches of the Opposition, who continued to denounce the war (to Napoleon's great joy), not merely petitioned against the annuity, but even prayed the King for an inquiry into Lord Wellington's conduct!

One of the many causes of Lord Wellington's success in war, was the secrecy with which he made his preparations. So early as 1804 he enjoined a perfect silence among officers upon the subject of the business of the army. He observed, in a communication to Colonel Wallace, that though out of every hundred cases, ninety-nine might be posted up at the market cross without injury to the public interests, yet that of the public business ought to be kept secret; it always suffered when exposed to public view. "For this reason," said he, "secrecy is always best, and those who have been long trusted with the conduct of public affairs, are in the habit of never making public business of any description, that it is not necessary that the public should know." Acting upon this principle Lord Wellington never communicated his purposes even to his most confidential officers and aides until the moment of action had arrived. That everything might be in readiness, however, when his plans were to be carried into effect, the Earl caused each department of the army to be kept in as perfect a state of efficiency as the supineness of the ministry and the Spaniards would permit. His park of artillery, his ammunition, and commissariat supplies, were always at hand, and ready to move at an hour's notice.

Lord Wellington's object after the reduction of Ciudad Rodrigo was to attack Badajoz, the capital of the province of Estremadura. Its situation has been described (page 99, ante). As a fortress it is of great strength. Long lines of walls descend to the river Guadiana, on which the town stands, while most formidable bastions, glacis, and counterscarp defend the land side. It is strengthened by a *tête de pont*,¹ and the fortified height San Cristoval.²

¹ *Tête de pont*, a work or works thrown up at the head of a bridge to cover a retreat, or oppose the passage of a river by the enemy.

² Ford's "Hand-book of Spain."

On the 29th of January, 1812, Lord Wellington intimated to the Earl of Liverpool his intentions to attack Badajoz by the second week in March. His reasons for seizing upon so early a moment, were, firstly, that the torrents in Estremadura being then full, the whole army might assemble on the Guadiana without risk to the positions near Ciudad Rodrigo; secondly, the green forage, which comes in earlier in the south than the central provinces, would be readily procurable, giving the allies an advantage over the enemy in point of subsistence; and, thirdly, that the operations of the French would necessarily be confined by the swelling of the rivers. In the interval

“Between the acting of the dreadful thing,
And the first motion,”

Lord Wellington gave his attention to various matters concerning discipline and the state of the Peninsula. The irregular habits of the soldiers continued, as before, a subject of extreme anxiety. They *would* wander about in search of liquor; they were not to be prevented plundering; they constantly pulled down the beams and other timbers of houses to convert them into fire-wood, and perpetrated all manner of robberies and outrages to attain any temporary object. The General continually invoked the assistance of officers and non-commissioned officers to check their improprieties, and not unfrequently punished crime with severity. But appeals were often made to his clemency, and he readily yielded when the offenders belonged to a corps which had greatly distinguished itself in the Peninsula. The “Connaught Rangers,” as the 88th were called, were great offenders, but the Commander of the Forces remitted the corporal punishment to which two of them had been sentenced in consideration of the good conduct of the regiment before the enemy. There was not a better fighting, or, literally, *marching*, regiment in the whole army than the 88th: being composed of the dregs of Irish society, the great majority of the men had been totally unacquainted before their enlistment with the luxury of shoes and rations. They therefore bore, better than most other regiments, the annoyance of bare feet and short commons, and marched and fought under their privations as readily as if victory had not promised an adequate supply of covering for the feet, and consolation for the stomach.

On the 15th and 16th of March, Lord Wellington broke up his cantonments and invested Badajoz with the 3rd, 4th, and Light Divisions of infantry, and a brigade of Lieutenant-General Hamilton’s division. The troops were placed under the command of

Marshal Sir W. Beresford, and Lieutenant-General Picton. On the 17th of March, ground was broken and a parallel established within two hundred yards of an outwork called La Picurina, which embraced the whole of the south-east angle of the fort. The weather was most inclement, the rain falling heavily, and the enemy making sorties and keeping up a lively fire upon the working parties, but without much damage. To animate the men Lord Wellington was constantly in the trenches, where they laboured up to their waists in water, cheerfully and manfully. Worn down as he was with fatigue of body and anxiety of mind, with a noble perseverance the Commander of the Forces nevertheless gave himself up wholly to the operations, for he felt it to be of momentous consequence, not to his own country only, but to Europe generally.

By the 25th of March the British besieging force opened its fire from twenty-eight pieces of ordnance, in six batteries, in the first parallel. On the night of the 25th, Major-General Kempt was directed to attack La Picurina by storm, a duty which was effected, "in the most judicious and gallant manner." The attack was made by five hundred men of the 3rd Division, in three detachments, severally commanded by Major Shaw, of the 74th, Captain the Hon. H. Powys, of the 83rd, and Major Rudd, of the 77th. La Picurina was found strongly defended by three rows of palisades, and musket-proof places of arms loop-holed throughout. The garrison, commanded by Colonel Thiéry, was on the alert, and made a good defence, but nothing could stop the ardour of the attacking party. Captain Powys was the first to mount the parapet of the work, in which daring feat he was mortally wounded. The two Majors were likewise wounded. With the exception of Colonel Thiéry, three other officers and eighty-six men, who were made prisoners, the garrison was put to the sword, or drowned in the inundations of the river Rivellas. Seven pieces of artillery fell to the victors. The garrison of Badajoz made a sortie, either with the view of recovering La Picurina, or of protecting the retreat of the garrison, but they were driven in by the reserve stationed to protect the attack.

The capture of the outwork materially aided Lord Wellington's further operations. Still, the rain fell heavily—the civil authorities of the province of Alemtejo neglected to supply the army with the means of transporting stores, and the Spanish people withheld all co-operation in the trenches and other works.¹ The powder for the

¹ "Is it possible," writes Lord Wellington to Don Carlos de España, "that your Excellency can be in earnest? Is it possible that Castille cannot furnish fifteen or twenty stonecutters, masons, and carpenters? How have all the great works been performed that we see in this

siege and much of the shot and engineers' stores had not arrived at Elvas by the 27th of March.

With wonderful patience and laborious industry all difficulties were at length overcome. By the 5th of April three breaches had been effected in the walls—one on the bastion¹ of Trinidad—a second on the bastion of Santa Maria—and a third on the curtain.² The time had consequently arrived for making the attempt to carry the place by storm. Yet was success doubtful. The garrison was 5000 strong—brave and determined; the governor, Phillippon, a resolute man, who would hold out to the last extremity. Every artificial means had also been resorted to for the purpose of checking the assailants. A double hedge of *chevaux-de-frise* of the most formidable character opposed an obstacle at the summit of each breach.

The preparations for the attack corresponded with the magnitude of the attempt and the prospect of resistance. Never had Lord Wellington so many able soldiers about him—men so capable of carrying out the behests of their chief. Marshal Sir W. Beresford, Lieutenants-General Graham, Leith, and Picton; Majors-General Colville, Bowes, Kempt, and Walker, and Lieutenant-Colonel Barnard, were all at his side, and had exerted themselves most zealously in all the operations of the siege. The troops were full of courage and enthusiasm, and burned to be within the walls they had so long surrounded. To the last, Lord Wellington was almost disposed to have taken another day to make his arrangements; but there was no time to lose, Marmont was advancing from Castille, and Soult was hastening up from Seville: it was necessary that the prize should be grasped before they could meet.

The story of the storm is best told in the familiar language of the participators in the deadly work.

An officer of the 88th thus writes:—"So soon as each division had formed on its ground in open column of companies, the arms were piled, and the officers and soldiers either walked about in groups of five or six together, or sat down under an olive tree, to observe, at their ease, the arrangements of the different brigades which were to take a part in the contest. Then, again, might be seen some writing to their friends, a hasty scrawl, no doubt, and, in my opinion, an ill-timed one. It is a bad time—at the moment of entering a breach—to write to a man's father or mother—much less his wife—to tell

country? * * * Everything, as well of a military as a labouring nature, must be performed by British soldiers."

¹ *Bastion*, an angular projection in any fortress, well flanked.

² *Curtain*, a straight wall connecting the bastions.

them so ; and, besides, it has an unseasonable appearance in the eyes of the soldiers, who are decidedly the most competent judges of what their officers should be, or, at least, what *they* would *wish* them to be—which is tantamount at such a crisis.

“There is a solemnity of feeling which accompanies the expectation of every great event in our lives, and the man who can altogether be dead to such feeling is little, if anything, better than a brute. The present moment was one that was well calculated to fill every bosom throughout the army ; for mixed with expectation, suspense, and hope, it was rendered still more touching to the heart by the music of some of the regiments, which played at the head of each battalion, as the soldiers sauntered about to beguile the last hour many of them were destined to live. The band of my corps, the 88th, all Irish, played several tunes which exclusively belong to their country, and it is impossible to describe the effect it had upon us all ; such an air as “Savourneen Deelish” is sufficient, at any time, to inspire a feeling of melancholy, but on an occasion like the present it acted powerfully on the feelings of the men : they thought of their distant homes—of their friends, and of bygone days. It was Easter Sunday, and the contrast which their present position presented to what it would have been were they in their native land, afforded ample food for the occupation of their minds ; but they were not allowed time for much longer reflection. The approach of Generals Picton and Kempt, accompanied by their staff, was the signal for the formation of the column of attack ; and almost immediately the men were ordered to stand to their arms. Little, if any, directions were given—indeed they were unnecessary, because the men, from long service, were so conversant with the duty they had to perform, that it would have been but a waste of words and time to say what was required of them. All was now in readiness. It was 9.25 : the soldiers, unencumbered with their knapsacks, their stocks off—their shirt collars unbuttoned—their trowsers tucked up to their knees—their tattered jackets, so worn out as to render the regiment they belonged to barely recognisable—their huge whiskers and bronzed faces, which several hard-fought campaigns had changed from their native hue—but, above all, their self-confidence, devoid of boast or bravado, gave them the appearance of what they, in reality were—an invincible host.”

One of the Light Division contributes the following sketch :—

“Soon after ten o'clock on the night of the 6th of April, a little whispering announced that the ‘forlorn hope’ were stealing forward, followed by the storming parties, composed of three hundred men

(one hundred from each regiment of the brigade); in two minutes the Light Division followed; one musket-shot, *no more*, was fired near the breaches by a French soldier, who was on the look-out; we gained ground leisurely but silently; there were no obstacles. The 52nd, 43rd, and 95th closed gradually up to column of quarter distance, left in front; all was hushed, and the town lay buried in gloom; the ladders were placed on the edge of the ditch, when suddenly an explosion took place at the foot of the breaches, and a burst of light disclosed the whole scene—the earth seemed to rock under us—what a sight! The ramparts crowded with the enemy—the French soldiers standing on the parapets—the fourth division advancing rapidly in column of companies on a half circle to our right, while the short-lived glare from the barrels of powder and combustibles flying into the air, gave to friends and foes a look as if both bodies of troops were laughing at each other.

“A tremendous firing now opened on us, and for an instant we were stationary; but the troops were *no ways daunted*. The ladders were found exactly opposite the centre breach, and the whole division rushed to the assault with amazing resolution. There was no check. The soldiers flew down the ladders, and the cheering from both sides was loud and full of confidence.

“Furious blows were actually exchanged amongst the troops in their eagerness to get forward; while the grape-shot and musketry tore open their ranks. The first officer who fell was Captain Fergusson, who had led on a storming party here and at Rodrigo; he was lying to the right of the ladders, with a wound on the head and holding a bloody handkerchief in his grasp; when a brother officer snatched it out of his hand, and tied it round his head. The French were then handing over fire-balls, which produced a sort of revolving light. The ditch was very wide. When eighty or ninety men had arrived at the foot of the centre breach, one cried out, ‘Who will lead?’ This was the work of a moment. Death and the most frightful sounds and cries encompassed them. It was a volcano! Up they went; some killed, and others impaled on the bayonets of their own comrades, or hurled headlong amongst the outrageous crowd. The *chevaux-de-frise* looked like innumerable bayonets. The wood work was ponderous, bristling with short, stout sword-blades fastened in it and chained together. Fire-balls were in plenty, and the French troops stood upon the walls, taunting, and inviting our men to come up and try it again. What a crisis! what a *military misery*! Some of the finest troops in the world prostrate; humbled to the dust.

“Colonel McLeod was killed while trying to force the left corner

of the large breach. He received his mortal wound within three yards of the enemy, just at the bottom of some nine-feet planks, studded with nails, and hanging down the breach from under the *chevaux-de-frise*. A few moments before he fell, he had been wounded in the back by a bayonet of one of his own soldiers, who slipped.

"At half-past eleven the firing slackened, and the French detached men from the breaches to repulse the other attacks, and to endeavour to retake the castle. I heard the enemy calling out on the ramparts in German, 'All is well in Badajoz!' It sounded very like English.

"But this repulse may be called a victory. The British soldiers did as much as *men could do*."

A third journal gives a detail of the proceedings under General Kempt:—

"On the evening of the 6th of April, 1812, as soon as it was sufficiently dark to prevent observation from the garrison, the two British brigades of the third division, composed as follows:—The right, of the 45th, 74th, and 38th, under Major-General J. Kempt; the left, of the 2nd battalion, 5th, 77th, 83rd, and 94th, under Colonel Campbell of the 94th, their light companies, and three companies of the 5th battalion, 60th,—the whole under Lieutenant-Colonel Williams of the 60th, forming the advance,—moved from the ground on which they were encamped, in columns right in front. The division took a circuitous direction, towards the river, and, according to a preconcerted plan, halted on the ground which had been pointed out to them, there to await the arrival of the several divisions and corps at the points allotted to each previous to the general attack. During this halt, the brigades were earnestly addressed by their respective commanders, on the duty they had to perform.

"On the signal for the general attack, the brigades advanced in the order already mentioned. The enemy appeared fully aware of the attack, having commenced and continuing to throw fire-balls, which completely exposed the advance of the troops, particularly on their arrival at the wet ditch which covered the approach to the castle-wall. This was passed by wading, or going along the top of the dam which terminated the ditch, and which was so narrow as only to admit of our passing in single files, while the enemy continued to keep up a destructive fire at this point. As soon as this obstacle was surmounted,* the light companies and the right brigade, under General Kempt, moved to the left, towards the principal gate of the town; the left, led by Colonel Campbell, advanced direct to that part of the castle-wall which had been bombarded the preceding year. At this point some ladders were reared against the wall by the grenadiers

of the 5th, at one of which was Colonel Campbell and Lieutenant-Colonel Ridge, who commanded the 5th regiment, and, at another, the officers of the grenadiers of the 5th. Colonel Ridge called to Ensign Canch of the latter to lead at his ladder; and immediately both, at their respective ladders, pushed up, followed by their men; and having succeeded in gaining the top of the wall, they joined, and found that they mustered strong enough to beat off whatever was immediately opposed to them. The gallant Ridge called out, 'Come on, my lads!—let us be the first to seize the Governor;' and dashed on, making his way, with those along with him, over the works which had been raised during the siege, exposed to a heavy fire, by which numbers fell, who were soon replaced by those who followed.

"As the 5th advanced, the enemy retired, leaving in the works a few men, who were killed or taken prisoners. Retiring from the ramparts, the French formed in an open space, near the Castle-gate. For a short time the firing ceased, and the regiment, headed by their commander, continued to feel their way in the dark, following the ramparts until they came to a passage leading to the centre of the Castle, and, on advancing a short way, a column was observed, which caused a momentary hesitation in our advance. Colonel Ridge, who, at the time, was reconnoitring another opening, called out, 'Why do you hesitate? Forward!' We again, and with the greatest caution, and without firing, continued to advance, and, on proceeding a little farther, the enemy were observed. We then commenced firing, which was returned by a volley. At this moment our beloved and heroic commander fell, having received a wound in the breast, which immediately proved fatal. The writer of this was so near as to be in contact with him at the instant of his fall. We left a guard by his honoured remains.

"The regiment continued to advance, keeping up a fire, and being now supported by the other corps who were following them up, the enemy retiring, and shutting the gates. The inner gate was forced without much difficulty, but the outer one was found strongly secured. The French, however, had left the wicket open, and kept up a heavy fire on those who attempted to pass it. Colonel Campbell now ordered the men to retire within the inner gate of the Castle, and directed the 5th to form in column, facing the gates, and that the other regiments should imitate that formation as they collected. The command of the whole had devolved upon Colonel Campbell, General J. Kempt having, as well as General Picton, been wounded in the assault."

In fewer words, the attack upon the breaches had failed, from the



BATHURST

FROM A SHIP OFF THE COAST

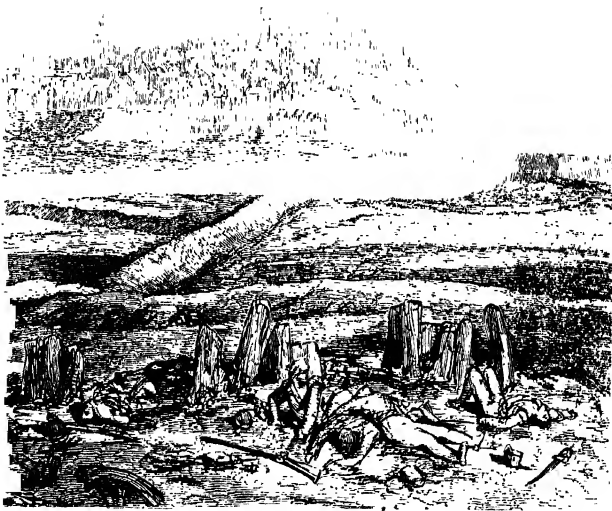


PLATE 182

A. THE EXHIBITION OF THE

stubborn resistance of the French, but the escalade of the Castle had succeeded. For two hours did the Light and the Fourth Divisions endeavour to establish themselves within the place; and it was not until they had been nearly decimated by the fire of the garrison, and the formidable obstacles presented upon the walls, that the remnants were recalled to the ground on which they had assembled for the attack. Meanwhile the divisions commanded by Lieutenant-General Picton, supported by Lieutenant-General Leith's troops, had succeeded in capturing the Castle, after which all resistance ceased.¹

Never was conquest so dearly purchased. The loss of the British in this siege amounted to about 6000 men, among whom were many officers; for the officers of the highest rank led the men to the deadly breaches, setting a noble example of gallantry. Among the officers slain Lord Wellington had to lament Lieutenant-Colonel Macleod, of the 43rd, Major O'Hare, of the 95th, Lieutenant-Colonel Gray, of the 30th, and Lieutenant-Colonel Ridge, of the 5th. Almost every officer of rank was wounded: Lieutenant-Colonel Picton, Major-Generals Kempt, Walker, and Bowes, and Brigadier-General Harvey, Lieutenant-Colonel Gibbs, of the 52nd, Lieutenant-Colonel Harcourt, of the 40th, Lieutenant-Colonel Ellis, of the 23rd Fusiliers, Lieutenant-Colonel Fletcher, bore away honourable scars from the "terrible business." The French garrison, according to the statement of the governor, Phillippon, after his surrender, amounted to 5000 men, 1200 of whom were killed or wounded during the siege, independently of the number slain in the assault.

Following the usages of war, Badajoz was given over to sack and pillage, and lust and rapine. Let us draw a veil over the dreadful scenes which ensued; they proved but too clearly that the best disciplined soldiers are incapable of restraining the evil passions of their nature when weeks and months of toil, and hours of sanguinary contention, have whetted their furious appetites.² The reader who

¹ That the capture of the Castle might be consummated in due form, a curious, though characteristic emblem, was substituted for the French flag. Lieutenant Macpherson, of the 45th, having got possession of the latter, immediately doffed his own jacket, and hoisted it on the flag-staff. The gallant Lieutenant presented the French flag to Sir Thomas Picton.

² Byron's description of the capture of Ismail is forcibly called to mind:—

"The city's taken—only part by part—

And Death is drunk with gore; there's not a street

Where fights not to the last some desperate heart,

For those for whom it soon will cease to beat.

Here War forgot his own destructive Art

In more destroying Nature; and the heat

Of carnage, like the Nile's sun-sodden slime,

Engendered monstrous shapes of every crime."

delights to dwell upon the details of the sack of Badajoz may turn to the glowing pages of Napier, and the author of "The Victories of the British armies," sharing at once their portrayal and their indignation. Be it our task to hold to the excellent subject of this history, who, albeit of a stern and unyielding nature, was deeply affected by the loss of so many good soldiers, and shocked at the licentiousness of the survivors. To check the course of rapine he, on the second day, ordered the rolls to be called every hour, at which every person was directed to attend; one brigade was ordered to be put under arms at daybreak and continued so for an indefinite term; the Provost-Marshal and his aides were sent into the town to exercise their awful vocation of summary chastisement, and all communication with Badajoz was prohibited to the troops beyond the walls. But some days had elapsed before order was completely restored, and by that time vast, irreparable personal injury had been inflicted.

Parliament, deeply estimating the importance of the conquest of Badajoz, again tendered its thanks to Lord Wellington, his generals and troops.

The repair of the works of Badajoz next engaged the attention of the Commander of the Forces, who planting his head-quarters again at Fuentes Guinaldo, opened a communication with the Spanish authorities upon the subject of their supplying garrisons for the captured fortresses when his back should be turned. Looking upon the British troops as the best in the Peninsula, and the Portuguese as second only to them, his lordship was averse to putting them in garrisons when they were calculated to be serviceable in the field. As for the Spaniards, they were kept without food and without pay, two conditions indispensable to discipline, and he had already had painful experience of their incapability of manœuvring in front of an enemy. As occupants of a fortress, well disciplined, paid and fed, he thought they might be useful, and to this point he urgently directed the attention of the Junta.

Having secured the frontier fortresses Lord Wellington next prepared to move forward into Castille and to endeavour to bring Marmont to a general action. His motives for this movement, and his confidence in its issue, the result of a rare prescience, are set forth in a letter to the Earl of Liverpool, of the 26th of May, 1812 (Despatches).

He did not believe that there was a man in his army who had any doubt of the result of an action, and that sentiment alone was a guarantee of success. "But," said he, "we possess solid

physical advantages over the enemy besides those resulting from recent successes. Our infantry are not in bad order; our cavalry are numerous in relation to the enemy, and our horses in better condition than I have ever known them since I have commanded the army, and the horses of the artillery in the same good condition, and complete in numbers, whereas the enemy are terribly deficient in that equipment." Lord Wellington believed, however, that after the harvest, and the close of Napoleon's operations in the north of Europe, the French would be reinforced, and he therefore felt himself in a better condition to reap success than he would be at a later season; and, indeed, added his lordship, in a spirit of prediction, "success obtained *now* (28th May, 1812) would produce results not to be expected from any success over any single French army in the Peninsula upon any other occasion." But still he qualified the assertion in a similar prophetic tone, by declaring that money would be wanted in the interior of Spain. He "shuddered" at the probability of the army being distressed by the absence of this invaluable commodity.

During the period that was employed by Lord Wellington in the siege of Badajoz, Lieutenant-General Sir Rowland Hill, who had been honoured with the distinction of the Bath for his previous services, was detached to watch the movements of Marshal Soult, and impede his junction with Marshal Marmont. He accordingly advanced to Medellin, where, in 1810, Victor and Cuesta had contended for victory, who alighted on the standard of the French Marshal. From this place several marches and counter-marches took place, in order that the force under Hill might be exactly at the point of interruption should Soult attempt the relief of Badajoz. Soult had actually reached Zafra, Los Santos, &c., when the first intelligence reached him of the fall of the fortress. It is said that he became frantic with rage at the news, destroying everything within his reach, and invoking all imaginable penalties on the heads of "the *Leopards*," as he and Napoleon were wont to designate the English, in reference to the devices on their ancient coat of arms. He at once gave orders to his troops to move to the right about, and retrace their steps into Andalusia. This retrograde movement was the signal for cavalry operations; Sir Stapleton Cotton, at the head of the allied cavalry, fell upon Soult's rear, and, coming up with a strong body of his Dragoons at Villa Erica, a sharp conflict ensued, which terminated in the defeat of the French with a loss of 300 killed, wounded, and prisoners. After this affair, Sir Rowland Hill went into cantonments in Almendralejo, where he remained from the 11th of April to the 12th

of May. At day-light on the latter day, he moved out with one regiment of British dragoons (the 13th) and about eight regiments of infantry, for the purpose of breaking a link or two of the enemy's chain of communication between the French army under Marmont, and that of the South, commanded by Soult. The point to which Hill directed his attention was Almaraz, a little village on the Tagus, over which the French had thrown a pontoon bridge, defended by a *tête de pont*,¹ strongly entrenched. On a height above the bridge was a large and well-constructed fort, called "Napoleon," mounting nine guns, and having a garrison of 500 men; and on the opposite side of the river another fort of a more complete and formidable character.

Sir Rowland Hill approached Almaraz cautiously, encountering many obstacles, and being nearly destitute of artillery. He had approached sufficiently near on the morning of the 19th of May to make an attempt, and the troops being full of courage, and anxious to contribute to the attainment of any object he had at heart, Hill directed the attack upon the works. The regiments with him at this moment were the 18th Royal Irish, the 50th Queen's own, the 71st and 92nd Highlanders, two companies of the 60th Rifles, and the 6th Portuguese infantry.

Formed ready for the assault, behind a little height, one hundred and fifty yards from the fort, the 50th, on a given signal, moved from their hiding-place, and covered by the 71st light infantry, advanced with great firmness to the attack, the enemy all the while pouring in their grape, round shot, and musketry. On descending into the ditch of the fort, some of the ladders were discovered to be too short. This unfortunate obstacle was soon removed by the presence of mind of General Howard, who led the assault, and whose cool and intrepid conduct on the occasion was the subject of general admiration. This little check, however, instead of blunting the courage of the assailants, tended rather to increase their ardour in the pursuit of victory. The first who ascended the ladders met with a warm reception, and not a few were thrown from the head of the ladders into the ditch, desperately wounded. The French for a few minutes made an energetic resistance; but the artillery officers in command retreating from the rampart, the men were seized with a panic. The 50th and 71st pushed their advantage, and fairly established themselves in Fort Napoleon.

¹ *Tête de pont*, literally, "head of a bridge." The term, in fortification, signifies works so placed as to command the approach to a bridge, thereby covering troops as they escape across a river, or serving as an outwork to protect a town on the opposite bank.

Pending these operations the second column was moved forward in a zig-zag manner round every little knoll, which afforded them protection from the fire of Fort Ragusa, until they arrived at a point nearly opposite to the left flank of the face of Fort Napoleon, when, turning to the left, they advanced direct upon the *tête de pont* at a quick pace. Perceiving that the object of the British was to cut off their retreat, the enemy, on retiring from Fort Napoleon, rushed towards the bridge in order to escape. But those on the opposite side having cut away a part of the bridge to oppose Hill's advance, many of the fugitives found a watery grave—the rest surrendered at discretion. The impression thus made upon the enemy's troops communicated itself to those on the right bank of the river, and Fort Ragusa was instantly abandoned, the garrison flying in the greatest confusion towards Noval Moral.

Almaraz having thus fallen into Sir R. Hill's hands, the troops were allowed, as usual, to help themselves to whatever they could lay their hands upon,¹ and were then moved back half a mile to bivouac.

The loss of the victors on this occasion was slight, considering the circumstances under which the attack was made. It amounted to 177 officers and men killed and wounded—only one officer being killed. The enemy had 450 killed, wounded, and made prisoners. It was evident that the French considered the place of importance, for Sir R. Hill found in it large quantities of ordnance and stores. The works were immediately destroyed; the towers of masonry levelled, and the whole apparatus of the bridge, together with the workshops, magazines, and every piece of timber that could be found, broken into pieces.

Lord Wellington praises the capture of Almaraz in his characteristic manner. Duty and obedience being always the finest recommendations in his eyes, he lauds the qualities displayed in Lieutenant-General Sir R. Hill in persevering in the line, and *confining himself to the objects chalked out by his instructions*, notwithstanding the various obstacles opposed to his progress.

¹ "In a few minutes, wine, brandy, and rum flowed in abundance, while bacon, hams, and pieces of pickled pork and beef decorated hundreds of bayonets, many of which were still tarnished with the blood of the enemy. Some men obtained valuable prizes from the officers' mess-room, but the greater part of the men were amply satisfied with a haversack well stuffed with bread, or a canteen filled to an overflow with heart-moving liquors."—*Military Memoirs*.

CHAPTER XI.

Resolution to advance into Spain—March towards Salamanca—Reception at Salamanca—
Capture of the Fortresses—Battle of Salamanca—Character of Marshal Marmont—
Retreat of the French.



Lord Wellington, urged by the impatience of his own army, and the irritating taunts of the Opposition in Parliament, had moved before he had heard of Hill's success, or before that success had been achieved, it is highly probable that the brilliant triumphs which followed would not have adorned his history. Marshal Marmont was not a soldier to be despised, and up to this time he had every prospect of effecting a junction with Marshal Soult, which would have given to the French forces a vastly preponderating superiority.

The works of Badajoz had been repaired; the garrison placed on a reliable footing, and its approaches sufficiently guarded. The hour had arrived for attempting to penetrate Spain. Salamanca was the point on which Lord Wellington advanced.

Salamanca is a town in the kingdom of Leon, once famous for its colleges of learning. "The town is dull, cheerless, and cold; the air bites shrewdly; and as fuel is very scarce, the sun is the fire-place of the poor; hence 'the South' takes precedence in the three marvels of Salamanca—'*Medio dia, medio puente, y medio claustro de San Vicente*.' The city has an antique, old-fashioned look. The beautiful

creamy stone of which it is built comes from the quarries of Vella Franca, distant about a league. The town is built on three hills, in a horse-shoe shape. The dingy Tormes forms the base, and the walls which overlook it are very ancient, especially near the Puerto del Rio. This river (Tormes) rises in the Sierra de Gudos, near Formelles, and after a course of forty-five leagues, flows into the Douro, near Fermosella."¹ The ancient name of Salamanca was *Salmantica*; and it is spoken of by Plutarch in describing the siege of the place by Hannibal.

The march to Salamanca was extremely well conducted. The march of the Light Division was especially worthy of notice. The men were very fine, and well seasoned to endure fatigue, having served in many campaigns. The discipline was most exact; the men were not tormented by unnecessary parades—the march was their *parade*. That over, the soldiers (excepting those on duty) made themselves happy, and procured wholesome rest. Their equipment was regularly examined, nor were the men on any pretence permitted to overload themselves—one of the most serious afflictions to an army. A general may be endowed with transcendent abilities, and, by a forced march, place himself in a situation to overthrow his enemies: he may possess the number of divisions and the number of regiments, but, by internal bad management of regimental officers, half his army may be straggling in the rear. The men of the Light Division carried about eighty pounds weight, including musket, bayonet, accoutrements, knapsack, haversack, sixty rounds of ball cartridge, and, by turns, a bill hook of seven pounds weight, to cut away impediments. To this they would often have added articles plundered after a siege, but it was not permitted. The baggage followed the line of march in succession. The mules of each company were tied together, and conducted by two batmen in rotation. Each regiment found an officer, and each brigade a captain, to superintend the baggage. When the enemy were reported to be at hand, the baggage was ordered to the rear—the distance according to circumstances.

The army was four days in clearing a forest (lying on the march), which was clothed with verdure, and supplied delightful bivouacs. The Sierra de Gata lay on its right hand, covered with snow, while a cloudless sky formed its canopy, with the sunshine of hope beaming on every countenance.

On the 16th of June Lord Wellington reached Salamanca unopposed—the German hussars having merely had an affair with some French cavalry picquets, which they drove in, without, however,

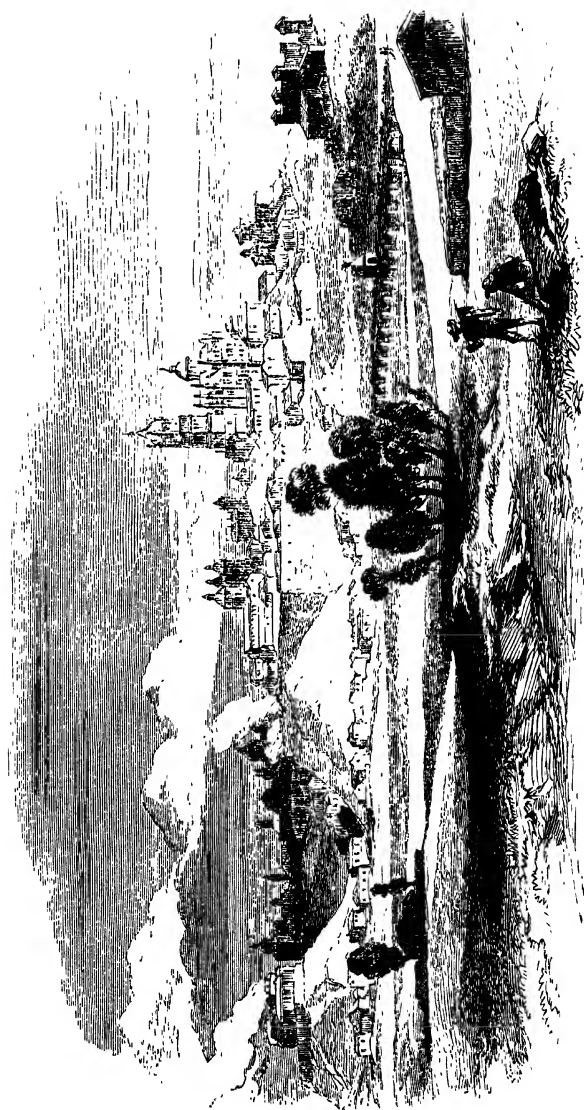
¹ Ford's admirable "Hand-Book."

following the unwise course of racing at their heels. The ardour of our cavalry in pursuit had, as already observed, been extremely injurious to them; and about this time intelligence reached Lord Wellington of an affair under Sir Rowland Hill, which much distressed him. It appears that a severe but gallant action was fought near Llerena, between the French cavalry, under General L'Allemand, and our heavy dragoons, commanded by General Slade. The advantage at first was to the English; but their impetuous valour carrying them beyond the limits of prudence, the French beat them back with great loss to themselves, besides the loss of all the prisoners they had previously taken. The news of this rash and unfortunate affair elicited the following remarks from Lord Wellington, in a letter to Sir Rowland Hill;—

“I have never been more annoyed than by this affair. It is occasioned entirely by the trick our officers of cavalry have acquired, of galloping at everything, and then galloping back as fast as they gallop on the enemy. They never consider their situations—never think of manœuvring before an enemy—so little, that one would think they cannot manœuvre, excepting on Wimbledon Common; and when they use their arm as it ought to be used, viz., offensively, they never keep nor provide for a reserve. All cavalry should charge in two lines, of which one should be in reserve; if obliged to charge in one line, part of the line—at least one-third—should be ordered, beforehand, to pull up and form in second line as soon as the charge should be given, and the enemy has been broken and has retired. The Royals and the 3rd Dragoon Guards are the best regiments in the cavalry in this country; and it annoys me particularly that the misfortune has happened to them. I do not wonder at the French boasting of it: it is the greatest blow they have struck.”

The joy and delight of the people of Salamanca upon the entrance of the British was beyond all expression. The women were particularly demonstrative in their enthusiasm. They offered their houses freely to officers and men, and tendered them all the worldly wealth they possessed. In the evening the town was brilliantly illuminated, and resounded with music, while the merry Spanish *muchachas* danced boleros, and struck their castanets in the streets. The glow of light reflected upon the bright arms of the soldiery piled in the streets, and the scarlet coats of the men, diversified by the yellow, red, and blue petticoats of the lively peasantry, imparted a singular fascination to the whole scene.

Nor—supine as were the Spanish Grandees who conducted the Provisional Government—could all these manifestations of a hearty



welcome be wondered at. Salamanca had grievously suffered under French domination and occupation. In the three years of their unjustifiable occupation of the town, they had plundered and destroyed thirteen convents and twenty colleges, and had trampled alike upon civil rights and domestic peace. Lord Wellington and his friends were therefore hailed by the people as deliverers, and their arrival aroused all the generous feelings of the Spaniards.

Previous to his evacuation of Salamanca, Marshal Marmont had thrown garrisons into the forts of the town, and the Castle of Alba de Tormes, to the extent of eight hundred men. These forts were respectively called San Vicente, San Cactano, and La Merced. Five days after his arrival, Lord Wellington cannonaded them, and followed up the cannonade by a storm, which, however, did not succeed, and Major-General Bowes, who led the assault, was killed. The forts were found to be much stronger, and offering a more effective reciprocal defence than was expected by the Commander of the Forces. A delay of three days now took place, until fresh supplies of ammunition could be received. On the 20th of June the siege recommenced, and Marshal Marmont advanced with 35,000 men to raise it. He was just in time to see the forts fall to Major-General Clinton, who stormed Cactano and Merced, San Vicente capitulating on honourable terms.

The fall of the forts induced Marshal Marmont to withdraw the garrison of Alba de Tormes, and fall back behind the Douro. Here he was joined by General Borret, from the Asturias, which raised his force to 45,000 men, and General Caffarelli approached with 12,000 men, while Joseph Buonaparte moved from Madrid with the army of the centre to fall on the flank of the British.

The position of Lord Wellington was critical in the extreme. He was very badly off for money, and his communications between Salamanca and Ciudad Rodrigo were in hourly danger of being cut off by the French. Intrigue was at work among the Cortes to favour the French, and Lord W. Bentinck, instead of landing with an army on the east coast of Spain, as he was expected to have done, had made a descent on Italy. But no important movements were made by the enemy until the 15th of July, when they passed the Douro and concentrated themselves between Toro and San Roman. Corresponding movements were made by Lord Wellington, so as to retreat if occasion rendered it necessary, or to come to a general action in a favourable position. On the 18th of July, the enemy attacked the troops at Castrejon. Sir Stapleton Cotton maintained the post without suffering any loss until joined by the cavalry. From this time

until the 22nd, continual attempts were made by Marmont upon different parts of the British line. The object of the Duke of Ragusa was to cut off the British in detail, and, at the same time, to deprive them of all means of communicating with the towns.

From this period until the 22nd, the hostile armies were employed in a series of manœuvres, Lord Wellington acting strictly on the defensive. The Tormes was crossed and recrossed; positions were occupied and abandoned; skirmishers met and exchanged compliments, and everything indicated a disposition on both sides to come to close quarters. At length intelligence reached Lord Wellington that Marmont was about to be joined by General Clausel, with the cavalry and artillery of the army of the north. There was no time to be lost; the British Commander determined to bring matters to an issue or move towards Ciudad Rodrigo without delay. The crisis had arrived. What followed must be given in Lord Wellington's own words:—

“After a variety of evolutions and movements, the enemy appears to have determined upon his plan about two in the afternoon; and, under cover of a very heavy cannonade, which, however, did us but very little damage, he extended his left, and moved forward his troops, apparently with an intention to embrace, by the position of his troops, and by his fire, our post on that of the two Arapiles which we possessed, and from thence to attack and break our line; or, at all events, to render difficult any movement of ours to our right.

“The extension of his line to his left, however, and its advance upon our right, notwithstanding that his troops still occupied very strong ground, and his position was well defended by cannon, gave me an opportunity of attacking him, for which I had long been anxious.

“I reinforced our right with the 5th Division, under Lieutenant-General Leith, which I placed behind the village of Arapiles, on the right of the 4th Division, and with the 6th and 7th Divisions in reserve; and as soon as these troops had taken their station I ordered Major-General the Hon. E. Pakenham to move forward with the 3rd Division, and General D'Urban's cavalry, and two squadrons of the 14th Light Dragoons, under Lieutenant-Colonel Hervey, in four columns, to turn the enemy's left on the heights; while Brigadier-General Bradford's brigade, the 5th Division, under Lieutenant-General Leith, the 4th Division, under Lieutenant-General the Hon. L. Cole, and the cavalry, under Lieutenant-General Sir S. Cotton, should attack them in front, supported in reserve by the 6th Division, under Major-General Clinton, the 7th, under Major-

General Hope, and Don Carlos de España's Spanish Division, and Brigadier-General Pack should support the left of the 4th Division, by attacking that of Dos Arapiles, which the enemy held. The 1st and Light Divisions occupied the ground on the left, and were in reserve. The attack upon the enemy's left was made in the manner above described, and completely succeeded. Major-General the Hon. E. Pakenham formed the 3rd Division across the enemy's flank, and overthrew everything opposed to him. The troops were supported in the most gallant style by the Portuguese cavalry, under Brigadier-General D'Urban, and Lieutenant-Colonel Hervey's squadrons of the 14th, who successfully defeated every attempt made by the enemy on the flank of the 3rd Division. Brigadier-General Bradford's brigade, the 5th and 4th Division, and the cavalry under Lieutenant-General Sir S. Cotton, attacked the enemy in front, and drove his troops before them from one height to another, bringing forward their right, so as to acquire strength upon the enemy's flank in proportion to the advance. Brigadier-General Pack made a very gallant attack upon the Arapiles, in which, however, he did not succeed, excepting in diverting the attention of the enemy's corps placed upon it from the troops under the command of Lieutenant-General Cole in his advance. The cavalry under Lieutenant-General Sir S. Cotton made a most gallant and successful charge against a body of the enemy's infantry, which they overthrew and cut to pieces. In this charge Major-General Le Marchant was killed at the head of his brigade, and I have to regret the loss of a most able officer. After the crest of the height was carried, one division of the enemy's infantry made a stand against the 4th Division, which, after a severe contest, was obliged to give way, in consequence of the enemy having thrown some troops on the left of the 4th Division, after the failure of Brigadier-General Pack's attack upon the Arapiles, and Lieutenant-General the Hon. L. Cole having been wounded. Marshal Sir W. Beresford, who happened to be on the spot, directed Brigadier-General Spry's brigade of the 5th Division, which was in the second line, to change its front, and to bring its fire on the flank of the enemy's division; and I am sorry to add that while engaged in this service he received a wound which I am apprehensive will deprive me of the benefit of his counsel and assistance for some time. Nearly about the same time Lieutenant-General Leith received a wound which unfortunately obliged him to quit the field. I ordered up the 6th Division, under Major-General Clinton, to relieve the 4th, and the battle was soon restored to its former success. The enemy's right, however, reinforced by the troops which had fled from his left, and

by those which had now retired from the Arapiles, still continued to resist; and I ordered the 1st and Light Divisions, and Colonel Stubb's Portuguese brigade of the 4th Division which was re-formed, and Major-General W. Anson's brigade, likewise of the 4th Division, to turn to the right, while the 6th Division, supported by the 3rd and 5th, attacked the front. It was dark before this point was carried by the 6th Division; and the enemy fled through the woods towards the Tormes. I pursued them with the 1st and Light Divisions, and Major-General W. Anson's brigade of the 4th Division, and some squadrons of cavalry under Lieutenant-General Sir S. Cotton, as long as we could find any of them together, directing our march upon Huerta and the fords of the Tormes, by which the enemy had passed on their advance; but the darkness of the night was highly advantageous to the enemy, many of whom escaped under its cover who must otherwise have been in our hands. I am sorry to report that, owing to the same cause, Lieutenant-General Sir S. Cotton was unfortunately wounded by one of our own sentries after we had halted.

"We renewed the pursuit at break of day in the morning with the same troops, and Major-General Bock's and Major-General Anson's brigades of cavalry, which joined during the night; and, having crossed the Tormes, we came up with the enemy's rear of cavalry and infantry near La Serna. They were immediately attacked by the two brigades of dragoons, and the cavalry fled, leaving the infantry to their fate. I have never witnessed a more gallant charge than was made on the enemy's infantry by the heavy brigade of the King's German Legion, under Major-General Bock, which was completely successful; and the whole body of infantry, consisting of three battalions of the enemy's 1st Division, were made prisoners. The pursuit was afterwards continued as far as Peñaranda last night, and our troops were still following the flying enemy. Their head-quarters were in this town, not less than ten leagues from the field of battle, for a few hours last night; and they are now considerably advanced on the road towards Valladolid, by Arevalo. They were joined yesterday on their retreat by the cavalry and artillery of the army of the north, which have arrived at too late a period, it is to be hoped, to be of much use to them. It is impossible to form a conjecture of the amount of the enemy's loss in this action; but from all reports, it is very considerable. We have taken from them eleven pieces of cannon, several ammunition waggons, two eagles, and six colours; and one general, three colonels, 130 officers of inferior rank, and between 6000 and 7000 soldiers are prisoners; and our detachments are sending in

more at every moment. The number of dead on the field is very large. I am informed that Marshal Marmont is badly wounded, and has lost one of his arms,¹ and that four general officers have been killed, and several wounded. Such an advantage could not have been acquired without material loss on our side; but it certainly has not been of a magnitude to distress the army, or to cripple its operations. I have great pleasure in reporting to your Lordship that throughout this trying day, of which I have related the events, I had every reason to be satisfied with the conduct of the general officers and troops. The relation which I have written of its events will give a general idea of the share which each individual had in them; and I cannot say too much in praise of the conduct of every individual in his station."

In a subsequent despatch to Earl Bathurst, who had now become Foreign Secretary,² Lord Wellington expressed his belief that if he had had another hour or two of daylight, not a man would have passed the Tormes. He was, however, very well pleased with the result generally. "There was no mistake." Indeed, as he afterwards told the troops in his congratulatory orders, dated Tordillas, 23rd of July, the events of the day were calculated "to impress all with a conviction that military success depends upon troops obeying the orders which they receive, and preserving the order of their formation in action."

Major-General Le Marchant was the only officer of distinction who fell on the side of the British, in this "the *first general action* fought in the Peninsula, where Lord Wellington *attacked*." Wounds there were in plenty—even the leaders did not escape. Lord Wellington himself, who was seen that day at every point precisely where his presence was most required, was struck in the thigh by a musket-ball, which first passed through his cloak (folded in front of his saddle) and holster. Lieutenant-General Leith was also hit, and Sir Stapleton Cotton, at night, was shot through the arm by a Portuguese sentry. Napier, diversifying his professional detail with a familiar sketch, adds,—

"Captain Brotherton, of the 14th Dragoons, fighting on the 18th at the Guarena amongst the foremost, as he was always wont to do, had a sword thrust through his side, yet he was again on horseback on the 22nd, and being denied leave to remain in that condition with his own regiment, secretly joined Pack's Portuguese in an undress,

¹ This proved to be a mistake. Marmont was simply wounded.

² Mr. Percival, the Prime Minister, had been assassinated. Lord Liverpool became Premier.

and was again hurt in the unfortunate charge at the Hermanito.¹ Such were the officers. A man of the 43rd, one by no means distinguished above his comrades, was shot through the middle of the thigh, and lost his shoes in passing the marshy stream, but refusing to quit the fight, limped under fire in rear of his regiment, and with naked feet, and streaming with blood from his wound, marched for several miles over a country covered with sharp flints. Such were the soldiers; and the devotion of a woman was not wanting to the illustrations of this great day. The wife of Colonel Dalbiac, an English lady of a gentle disposition, and possessing a very delicate frame, had braved the dangers, and endured the privations, of two campaigns, with that patient fortitude which belongs only to her sex. In this battle, forgetful of everything but the strong affection which had so long supported her, she rode deep amidst the enemy's fire, trembling, yet irresistibly impelled forwards by feelings more imperious than horror, more piercing than the fear of death."

Had any body written the foregoing but the illustrious author of the "Peninsula War," he would in justice have added the following from an account of the battle of Salamanca, which appeared some years ago in the "United Service Journal:"—

"The line of the 43rd was one of the finest specimens of discipline I ever saw—as steady as rocks—with Colonel William Napier *twenty yards in front of the corps, alone*: he was the point of direction. Our skirmishers ceased firing, and the line marched over them, dead and alive. I expected to see our chief unhorsed, and carried away in a blanket."

Honourable mention was made by Lord Wellington of all the officers who had shared conspicuously in the battle of Salamanca, and especially of Sir Stapleton Cotton, of whom he observed that no one could command the cavalry in Spain half as well as he had done. There were other officers who had shown a more chivalric spirit, but few who displayed in so remarkable a degree the quality of prudence in command. Sir Stapleton had besides seen much service in different parts of the globe; in Flanders against the Republican troops; in India during the war with Tippoo Sahib; and in Portugal.²

¹ Captain Brotherton had been at Oporto, Talavera, Almeida, Fuentes d'Onoro, and in most of the affairs in which cavalry was called upon to act. He remained with his corps during the war. On his promotion to Major-General, he obtained the appointment of Inspector-General of the Cavalry in Great Britain, which he only vacated on promotion to the rank of Lieutenant-General.

² In 1826, when Commander-in-Chief in India, as Lord Combermere (a title conferred on him in 1814), he captured the strong fortress of Bhurtpore.

The severe wound which the Duke of Ragusa received compelled him to retire from the command of the army in Portugal, and we do not again hear of him in the field against Wellington.

That Marmont was an officer of whom Napoleon thought well, is sufficiently clear from his nomination to so important a command at so imminent a juncture. Yet his biographers affirm that he was more indebted to his insolence, pride, and family connections, than to his talents, for his preferment. They add, in the words of Bonaparte, that he was "always unfortunate." A brief reference to the antecedents of Marmont will show that neither the character he obtained nor the pithy commentary of his master were altogether well founded. Descended from a noble family, he received a good education, and was intended for the artillery. He was serving in the army of Italy when Napoleon selected him for one of his aides-de-camp. His courage and confidence secured him the confidence of his General, who employed him on many trying occasions, in which he had the good fortune to succeed. He was still a *chef de bataillon*, when he was sent to Paris to present to the Directory twenty-two stands of colours taken from the Austrians under General Wurmser. At the epoch of the formation of the Italian Republic, he was appointed to carry to the Congress of Reggio the determination of Napoleon: and he was with the expedition that marched against Rome. On the conclusion of the treaty at Campo Formio, he returned to France, where he married the only daughter of the rich banker, Perigaux. He next followed Napoleon to Egypt. At the taking of Malta, he was charged with the command of one of the columns landed; he repulsed the Maltese, and took the standard of the Knights of the Order. He was then made a General of Brigade. Marmont rendered himself useful in the attack of Alexandria, and in the march of the French upon Cairo. The 21st of July, 1800, he seized upon the entrenchments which covered the position of the Mamelukes, and contributed to the overthrowing in the Nile a great number of those intrepid horsemen. At the time of the expedition to Syria, Marmont was charged with the command of Alexandria, where he superseded General Kleber. Returning to France with Bonaparte, he assisted in the revolution of the 18th Brumaire; he was entrusted with the command of the military school, nominated a councillor of state in the section of war, and General of Division; he was employed in the army of reserve, destined to reconquer Italy, which had been overpowered by the Austro-Russians in the single campaign of 1799; he obtained the chief command of the artillery of that army which formed itself in the environs of Dijon, and

assisted at Geneva at the commencement of May, 1800. Marmont evinced, on this occasion, a good deal of genius and resolution; he dismounted the cannon to convey them over Mount St. Bernard; he caused trees to be prepared to receive them, in the form of troughs, corresponding to the size of the calibre. The wheels, carriages, and wagons were either carried in litters or drawn on sledges, very ingeniously constructed; the ammunition was carried on the backs of mules. Marmont was to be found wherever he judged his presence most necessary; he neglected nothing to deserve the praises of Bonaparte, who was delighted, in such difficult circumstances, to see himself so well seconded by his aide-de-camp. Not to retard the movements of the army, which could not advance with success without its artillery, Marmont, instead of having recourse to his former manœuvres of St. Bernard, to get over Mount Albaredo, determined to defile his artillery under the fire of Fort de Bard; the road was strewn with dung, and the wheels covered with hay. They experienced losses, but the passage succeeded. When General Desaix overthrew the Austrians on the day of the battle of Marengo, Marmont contributed much to the success of that attack by the fire of the artillery, which he caused to advance nearly within musket-shot of the enemy's line. At the crossing of the Mincio, the 26th of December, 1800, effected by General Brune against the Austrian General, Bellegarde, the artillery commanded by Marmont rendered great services. When, in 1805, he was called to the grand army, his troops were in the organisation comprised under the name of the "second corps." They consisted of the divisions of infantry, commanded by Generals Boudet, Grouchy, and Dumoneau, and in the division of Light Horse commanded by General Lacost. After having passed the Rhine at Cassel, Marmont directed his march upon Wurtzburg, where he effected his junction with the Bavarians, and the corps of the army of Marshal Bernadotte, on the 2nd of October, 1805. He received orders to proceed towards the Danube, to cross that river, and to take position between Aicha and Augsburg. General Mack having shut himself up in Ulm, Bonaparte ordered the second corps to proceed by forced marches to Illersheim, to favour the movements of General Soult upon Meiningen, and afterwards to come and co-operate in the blockade of Ulm, on the right bank of the Danube. The place having capitulated, Marmont served at first as a reserve to the grand army, and was afterwards detached towards Styria, to threaten the left of the Austro-Russian army, and harass the rear of the army of Italy, commanded by the Archduke Charles. This destination, where he had but to fight against a few partisans

in the environs of Leoben, prevented him from being at the battle of Austerlitz. After the peace of Presburgh, Marmont repaired with the French troops under his orders, into the Frioul, to guard the frontier of the kingdom of Italy. In 1809, Marmont commanded the army of Dalmatia. Prince John summoned him to surrender, by his letter of the 17th of April. Although this prince's letter was very polite, and conformable to the duties prescribed by honour and the laws of war, Marmont made no reply to it. After having fought the engagements of Montkitta and Grodschatz, he arrived with his army on the 28th of May at Fiume, where he effected his junction with the army of Italy, which had obtained some success over the Archduke John. Marmont had under his orders about 10,000 effective men. When Bonaparte resolved to attack the Austrian army at Wagram, he united all his forces. The Duke of Ragusa's corps crossed the Danube on the night between the 4th and 5th of July, and formed a part of the reserve. On the 6th it was placed in the centre, with the corps of General Oudinot, and on the 7th it pursued the Austrians in the direction of Zriam. After the armistice, Marmont quartered his troops in the circle Karunenbourg, and when Bonaparte wished to appear to intimidate Austria, by making the whole of the grand army take position towards the latter end of July, Marmont's troops encamped upon the heights of Krems.

Succeeded in Dalmatia by General Count Bertrand, Marmont was appointed to supersede Massena in the command of the army of Portugal.

From this sketch, derived in a measure from the pen of General Sarrazin, it is evident that Wellington had in Marmont a foe worthy of his steel. The detraction to which he was exposed is to be attributed to the enmity he created by an arrogance of manner and a display of wealth offensive to the plain soldiers of the Republic.

The pursuit of the defeated French army was continued until the French reached Valladolid, about fifty miles north-east of Salamanca. Lord Wellington then committed the further operations to General Clinton, with the 6th Division and the guerrillas, while he turned against the army of the centre, under King Joseph Bonaparte, who had moved from Madrid towards Salamanca, and retraced his steps when he received the news of Marmont's defeat. The progress of the allies towards Madrid was without a check, excepting at Magidhorda, where General D'Urban, who commanded the cavalry advanced guard, encountered a strong body of the enemy's cavalry, and sustained a momentary reverse. The timely arrival of reinforcements prevented the King from following up the advantage, and he continued his

retreat to Valdermao, where he met the enormous escort which he had detached to Madrid, to bring away his court. The court had quitted Madrid on the 10th of August, with two or three thousand carriages of different kinds, and nearly twenty thousand persons of all ages and sexes. A horrible confusion now arose. The troops of the three different nations who formed Joseph's army plundered the convoy, and made prey of the miserable people who followed the court. Marshal Jourdan, the King's Major-General, with great exertions arrested the mischief, and succeeded in making the multitude file over the bridge of Aranjuez. "The procession was, however, lugubrious and shocking; for the military line of march was broken by crowds of weeping women and children and despairing men; countesses of the highest rank were to be seen in full dress desperately struggling with savage soldiers, for the possession of even the animals on which they were endeavouring to save their families. The cavalry of the allies could have driven the whole before them into the Tagus, yet Wellington did not molest them, either from ignorance of their situation, or, what is more probable, compassionating their misery. He knew that the troops, by abandoning the convoy, could easily escape over the river, and he would not strike where the blow could only fall on helpless people, without affecting the military operations. Perhaps, also, he thought it wise to leave Joseph the burthen of his court."¹

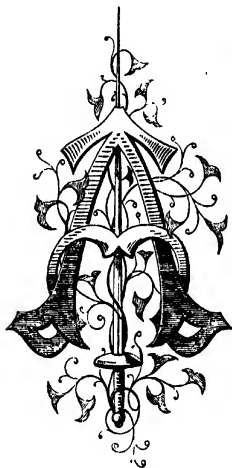
¹ Napier.



TRUMPET ENTRY INTO NAUFRID 1812

CHAPTER XII.

Advance upon Madrid—Reception at Madrid—The French in the East, the South, and the North of Spain—Departure for Burgos—Proclamation to the Spaniards—Attack upon, and retreat from Burgos—Hill and Soul at Alba de Tormes—Circular on the subject of Discipline—Feeling excited by the Circular.



MORE striking contrast to the picture delineated by Napier, than that which was presented on the entry of Lord Wellington and the allies into Madrid, it is impossible for the mind to portray. When they reached the heights which command the Spanish capital, on the road from Salamanca, the soldiers ran forward to catch a glimpse of the countless steeples that were distinguishable through the haze; and their joy was at its height when they beheld a city, the possession of which had cost them so much toil and hard fighting. Ten thousand voices shouted, in glad chorus, "Madrid! Madrid!" Their step grew light—their spirits rose—and

the enthusiasm thus kindled went almost beyond bounds, when thousands upon thousands of Spaniards came out from the town, to accompany the army to the city. For miles leading to Madrid, the roads were crowded almost to suffocation by people of all ranks; and it was with difficulty that the march was conducted in the order which had generally been observed. The nearer the troops approached Madrid, the greater became the difficulty of progress; for the people forced themselves into the midst of the ranks, and joined hand in hand

with the soldiers. Wine was offered, and (of course) accepted, though not to the extent the Spaniards wished; for the soldiers were too well disciplined, and felt too proud of the stations they held in the estimation of the people and themselves, to allow anything bordering on excess to follow the latitude that was granted them. There was nothing like intoxication in the ranks—not the slightest irregularity; and the appearance of the officers, almost all of whom were mounted, and the respect with which they were accosted by the soldiers when occasion required, struck the Spaniards, from its strong contrast with the loose discipline of the French and Spanish armies. It may be fairly said that no troops ever entered any capital with all the requisites necessary to insure them a cordial as well as a respectful reception, as the British army did on that occasion.

But, great as had been the obstacles to the march to the gates of Madrid, they were increased tenfold when the army entered a part



SPANISH LADIES.

of the town in the vicinity of the royal palace. Nothing could stop the populace, which at that moment, and at that point, embraced nearly all Madrid, from mixing themselves with the troops. Varie-

gated drapery hung from the windows ; the church and convent bells rang out ; banners were displayed ; the bishops, the clergy, and municipal authorities came forth in procession, in all the glitter of the gayest dresses. The clangour of a thousand trumpets rent the skies, and as the loud blasts died away, to be renewed with fresh bursts of welcome, the dark-eyed *señoritas* of Castille struck their guitars, tambourines, and castanets, and danced in front of the triumphal columns and their unmatched leader. The British officers were nearly forced from their horses, and some there were who actually lost their seats, if not their hearts. It was not alone the handsome young sub who received these marks of Spanish enthusiasm. The scarred and sun-burnt veterans equally came in for a share of the caresses of the admiring Castilians ; and the Great Chief himself, for whose horse an impromptu carpetting was provided in their shawls and mantillas, when he dismounted, was vehemently embraced and handed over from one female to another, until he became fairly exhausted by their uncontrollable attentions.¹

All this was very agreeable to the victorious army, and still more pleasant were the exertions made by the people of Madrid to contribute to the comfort of the officers and the enjoyments of the men. Some of the former reposed on beds of down, under canopies of satin fringed with gold, and made their toilettes in the boudoirs of marchionesses and doñas of the highest rank.

Lord Wellington himself was housed in the royal palace of Madrid, one of the finest buildings in the world, erected under the auspices of Philip V. And here fresh honours were showered upon his head by the Governments of Great Britain, Spain, and Portugal. The Prince Regent of England advanced him in the peerage by the title of Marquis of Wellington ; the Prince Regent of Portugal conferred upon him the title of Marquis of Torres Vedras ; and the Spanish Government offered him the appointment of Generalissimo of the Spanish armies.² The latter was in one respect one of their wisest measures ; for up to this moment his authority over the Spanish troops had been too often set at nought by the insolent jealousy of

¹ The author had this from the Duke of Wellington himself.

² The Spaniards were never deficient in the forms of gratitude, nor in the display of enthusiasm. *Vivas* and patriotic songs were ever in their mouths, and courage was in their hearts, but the intense jealousy of Lord Wellington displayed by the military leaders in a great measure neutralised the popular zeal. Of what avail to shout

“ Moeir por la Patria,
Quan bello morir,”

if they were stationary at the very moment when vigorous action was desirable ?

the national officers, who would not recognise his power. At the moment, however, Lord Wellington did not accept the trust, for the reasons which will be given hereafter.

Madrid is defended by a fort called the Retiro, formerly a convent, with an interior fort called La China, and an exterior entrenchment. On the retreat of the French, a garrison was left here of 2000 men. The commandant seeing the impossibility of holding it against the British, if attacked, surrendered on the day after the *entrée* of Lord Wellington, with all the stores, arms, and artillery which the place contained. The garrison were then sent prisoners of war to Portugal.

Leaving the Marquis of Wellington for a time at Madrid, to recruit after his long and harassing campaign, let us advert to the operations in other parts of Spain, which, though they did not very materially influence the movements of Wellington, must be considered in their general bearing upon the great Peninsula struggle; the more especially as some of them arose from the British leader's own successes.

The reader is aware that while the events described above were passing in the west and the centre of Spain, the *guerrilleros* and *partidas* in the north-west, assailed the French positions with great vigour. Guadalajara now yielded to the Empecinado—one Juan Martin Diez—who had acquired the *soubriquet* of Empecinado from having covered his face with *pecina* (pitch), and vowed vengeance on the French, who had murdered his family. Of this man's cruelties the most horrible stories are extant; but that they were rather retaliatory than wanton every candid reader of the history of the great war in the Peninsula will admit. There never, perhaps, was an invasion conducted with greater recklessness of barbarity¹ than that of the French. Begun in perfidy, it was conducted throughout in an uncivilised and unchristian spirit, and terminated, as it deserved, in indelible disgrace. Besides Guadalajara, Astorga and Torden surrendered. Puerto de Banos and Mirabete were also evacuated.

In the south of Spain, Marshal Soult was laying siege to Cadiz. Three years had been employed, with sundry interruptions, in constructing the works necessary to the conquest of the place, and they were upon the point of completion, when the astounding intelligence reached Soult that Marmont had been defeated at Salamanca, and that King Joseph had fled from Madrid to Valencia, to unite himself

¹ Massena carried Napoleon's doctrine that "war should support war," to a frightful extremity. He sanctioned the most revolting outrages. A vigorous writer, in a spirit of indignation, thus holds him up to obloquy in the *Biographie Universelle*:—"Signalez le à l'horreur de la postérité; ses rapines lui ont acquis une honteuse célébrité."

with Suchet. Soult immediately raised the siege of Cadiz—destroyed his entrenchments, with 500 pieces of cannon—and set forth to join the King. The defence of Cadiz will for ever remain an imperishable record of the skill of British engineers, the resoluteness of a British garrison, and the helpless vanity of the Spaniards. At first the authorities refused to admit our troops, although they came as defenders, but some little time afterwards they were only too glad to avail themselves of the aid of Generals Spencer and Cooke.

The French cause had sustained a heavy blow and great discouragement by the battle of Salamanca. But the snake was only scotched—not killed. The eastern provinces, Catalonia, Valencia, Murcia, still acknowledged the grinding presence of the usurper; and Clausel, though wounded, was rapidly rallying on Valladolid, and, joined by General Souham, had accumulated an effective force of 30,000 men. This was a state of affairs suggestive of anxious consideration to Lord Wellington. Moreover, his situation at Madrid was peculiarly isolated. He had removed himself far from the sea, and was consequently remoter from the means of obtaining reinforcements of men, provisions, and ammunition. He therefore resolved upon immediately proceeding to the north-west, to open a communication with Galicia, taking Burgos in his way for the double purpose of driving Clausel still farther from the heart of Spain, and holding his own rear secure.

To give permanent effect and surety to this movement, the allied troops at Cadiz were ordered to embark for Lisbon, in order that they might communicate with, or join the chief by the line of the Tagus. Sir Rowland Hill, no longer required to watch Drouet, who had moved with Soult towards Valencia, was recalled to Aranjuez to protect Madrid and the vicinity; and Ballasteros, who had hung upon Soult's right flank in his retreat, was also summoned to occupy the mountains of Alcaraz, with the view of guarding the neighbouring fortress of Chinchilla, and of harassing the French if they should advance upon Madrid, after its temporary evacuation by Wellington.

These dispositions effected, Lord Wellington proceeded to move towards Burgos.

The circumstances which suggested this measure must have been desperate indeed, for his troops were not in a condition to undertake any great work. Discipline had become much relaxed throughout the army; the pay was many months in arrears; sickness prevailed, and gloom and discontent cast their mantles over all who were kept in the field. There were other motives beyond the position of Clausel, for the attempt to capture a strong castle with a part only of a worn-

out army, and these are to be found in the frightful state of destitution to which Madrid was reduced. There was not an absolute scarcity of the articles of life in the city—the scarcity lay in the absence of money,—Madrid and Lord Wellington were bankrupt. To stay in the capital was to increase the universal misery, wrought by French plunder and oppression; emancipation was only to be effected by a desperate movement northward.

Lord Wellington quitted Madrid¹ on the 1st of September, previous to which he issued the following proclamation to the Spanish people :—

PROCLAMATION.

“SPANIARDS!

“MADRID, 29th August, 1812.

“It is unnecessary to take up your time by recalling to your recollection the events of the last two months, or by drawing your attention to the situation in which your enemies now find themselves.

“Listen to the accounts of the numerous prisoners daily brought in, and deserters from their army; hear the details of the miseries endured by those who, trusting to the promises of the French, have followed the vagabond fortunes of the usurper, driven from the capital of your monarchy; hear those details from their servants and followers who have had the sense to quit the scene of desolation, and if the sufferings of your oppressors can soften the feeling of those inflicted upon yourselves, you will find ample cause for congratulation.

“But much remains still to be done to consolidate and secure the advantages acquired. It should be clearly understood that the pretended King is an usurper, whose authority it is the duty of every Spaniard to resist; that every Frenchman is an enemy, against whom it is the duty of every Spaniard to raise his arm.

¹ The departure of the British troops was much regretted by the Spaniards, not a few of whom reproached our troops for again leaving them to French mercy. Many of the ladies came on the walks to take their last farewell; and just as the rear-guard were moving off, a beautiful girl, lightly clothed, refused to leave her lover, an English officer in the Portuguese Caçadores, who dismounted, and tied his silk handkerchief round her neck, and placed her sideways on his horse. Towards evening, the wind blew keenly, and “I saw her,” says an officer, “enveloped in a soldier’s great-coat.” Many females left their homes, in a similar manner, with the French officers, and travelled about with the army on horseback, and astride, clad in uniforms of the Polish Lancers or Hussars, splendidly embroidered, with crimson trousers, made very wide, in the Cossack fashion. The ladies of Spain frequently ride astride, with pantaloons and Hessian boots, with a habit buttoning up before and behind, and when they are on horseback it is unfastened and hangs down on each side, to conceal their legs from view.

"Spaniards! you are reminded that your enemies cannot much longer resist; that they must quit your country if you will only omit to supply their demands for provisions and money, when those demands are not enforced by superior force. Let every individual consider it his duty to do everything in his power to give no assistance to the enemy of his country, and that perfidious enemy must soon entirely abandon in disgrace a country which he entered only for the sake of plunder, and in which he has been enabled to remain only because the inhabitants have submitted to his mandates, and have supplied his wants.

"Spaniards! resist this odious tyranny, and be independent and happy.

"WELLINGTON."

As Wellington advanced upon Burgos, the enemy retired. General Caffarelli, however, placed 1800 infantry, besides artillery, in the place (altogether 2500 men), "and the governor, Dubreton, was of such courage and skill, that he surpassed even the hopes of his sanguine and warlike countrymen."

BURGOS means a "fortified eminence." The city was founded in 884, and became the capital of Old Castile. There is a castle protecting the town upon a rugged hill oblong in form. A triple line of defence surrounded it. The outer line consisted of the old escarp wall of the town, a castle modernised, with a shot-proof parapet; the second of a species of field entrenchment; the third, or upper line, of the same character as the second. All these were flanked and protected at the salient and re-entering angles with strong palisades. Three hundred yards from the castle was the hill of St. Miguel, on which stood a hornwork, consisting, as usual, of a curtain and two demi-batteries, with a redan (or angular work) in front. This work was, in its turn, defended by a battery within the third line mentioned above. The artillery mounted on the works consisted of nine heavy guns, eleven field-pieces, and six howitzers and mortars, and there were abundant supplies of stores and artillery within the castle.

To reduce this place Lord Wellington had with him 21,000 allied troops in a most inefficient condition, and a remarkably small train of artillery—not more than three 18-pounders, and five 24-pound iron howitzers. He had been led to believe that the place was weaker than he found it. But his experience of what might be accomplished by a vigorous assault after a breach had been effected, inspired the British General with a degree of confidence scarcely justified by the

state of his material ; but it was plain, from the first, he was not very sanguine of success.

The operations commenced on the 19th of September, by the capture of the hornwork of San Miguel. The possession of this place was necessary as a point whence the subsequent siege could be more effectually conducted. The attack was led by the Hon. Edmund Cocks of the 79th, with a loss of six officers and sixty-six non-commissioned officers and rank and file killed, and three hundred and fifty officers, serjeants, and rank and file, wounded and missing. Upon the following day the siege works were begun under a fierce fire from the garrison, and they were continued from that time (the 20th of September) with little intermission until the 21st of October. A disheartening course of failures—some resulting from the despondency of the troops, who lost heart at the inefficiency of the fire of the weak artillery—some from the neglect of orders by officers entrusted with important duties, and others from the stout resistance of the gallant garrison, who were too much for Lord Wellington's inexperienced troops, had caused him, more than once, to contemplate the abandonment of the siege. He had, in the various attempts by sap, by breach, by escalade, and by storm, lost 509 officers and men killed, and 1505 wounded and missing. He had hoped against hope from first to last, and now began to despair of success. Sir Home Popham, however, was on the northern coast, and had contrived to forward two 24-pounders from Santander with a proportion of stores, and with these Wellington intended to endeavour to breach the wall of the castle. But ill news now came apace. The enemy were approaching from the north-east with 10,000 men to relieve Burgos, and actually arrived at Monastino. Another force was moving towards the Tagus, and the Castle of Chinchilla had surrendered, because General Ballasteros had not assumed the position in La Mancha which he had been ordered to take up by the Spanish Government at Lord Wellington's suggestion.¹

¹ The explanatory and justificatory letter of this vain, self-sufficient soldier is so perfectly characteristic of the consequence of an empty Spaniard—so entirely antithetical to the doctrine of Wellington, that personal convenience should always give way to public duty—that it is worth reproducing in this place, apart from its value as a confirmation of the frequent complaints of the British General, that the Spanish leaders were never to be depended upon.

"EXCELLENT SIR,—From the time of the surrender of Barcelona, Figueras, Pampeluna, and San Sebastian, at which epoch I was at Madrid, I began to omit no means to bring about the revolution, maintaining a communication with various provinces of Spain, and acting with an energy surpassed by none. I flatter myself that no person contributed more than I did to the success of the 2nd of May, from which has resulted our present situation. The motive which animated me to act thus, was a knowledge that it was the general wish of the

These circumstances combined to suggest the necessity for an immediate abandonment of the siege of Burgos. It was a severe

nation to be informed for what purpose the surrender of those fortresses was intended, notwithstanding the political manner in which they were given up. From that epoch I have not quitted my arms, but have resisted, to the honour of my country, the attempts which have been made to injure her by a foreigner. Always inflexible in remaining only a Spaniard, my country has found me ready to support her under every circumstance, without regard to my fortune, which I have ever viewed, as your Highness must admit, with the greatest indifference. I was surprised at learning that the English General, Lord Wellington, was appointed chief of the Spanish armies, by a resolution of the general Cortes. They who, to preserve the reputation of their country, lie buried in their graves—thousands upon thousands of our companions in arms—are observing our proceedings; and *I should not consider myself as having been born in the kingdom of Arragon, if I did not submit to your Excellency, for the information of Government, that I cannot condescend to a determination that tarnishes the honour of the Spanish name, degrading the chiefs who are at their head*; supposing that they do not perceive the certain superiority to which this measure must lead, particularly keeping in view the events of Barcelona, Figueras, &c., which I have already mentioned, and which took place with a nation with whom we were connected by the ties of friendship and good understanding, and of whose bad faith and fair promises no person can give a more satisfactory account than the Duke del Infantado, President of the Regency. I have received an account of this event, and, in consequence, an order to move my army, an order which compromises the honour of all the individuals belonging to it, either in the capacity of citizens or military men. I cannot hide this from them, without usurping the rights which belong to them, in the event of acknowledging Lord Wellington as General-in-Chief of the Spanish armies; and as the point in question is of the utmost importance to the general good of the country, I wait the resolution of your Highness for my ulterior determination.

"In the same order, your Excellency informs me, that Lord Wellington returns thanks to the generals of the nation for the benefits, political and military, which they performed, to obtain the present results of the allied army. Then, to whom is to be confided the command of the armed force of the nation? Is Spain to be considered as a little kingdom of Portugal? Is not the origin of our revolution, to our honour be it spoken, different from that of the Portuguese? *Have we not the honour to belong to the greatest nation in the world? Have not our arms resounded in the four quarters of the world?* CAN WE GIVE THE COMMAND OF OUR ARMY TO A FOREIGNER, WHATEVER MAY BE OUR POLITICAL SITUATION, WITHOUT DISGRACING THE NATION? No; Spain has still resources; her generals, chiefs, officers, and soldiers, still, fortunately, preserve the honour they inherited from their forefathers; and in the present war they have convinced the English and French that in battle they display equal valour and discipline to themselves, *and that their chiefs know how to conduct them to victory.* The fields of Baylen, Albuera, Saragossa, and Gerona, with many others, which I omit to state, because I would not be thought to boast of myself, are indelible testimonies of this truth; and the fourth army which I command, may tell the nation, that in these qualities they are not inferior to any soldiers in the world; and that, without degradation, they cannot descend to submit to obscure the glories they have acquired, and the extraordinary services they have performed, out of compliment to Lord Wellington, although they are always ready to act in combination with him. Lastly, I entreat your Excellency to demand the opinion of the national armies and citizens; and *if they agree to this nomination, I will resign my appointments, and retire to my house, to convince, in this manner, all the world, that only honour and the good of my country lead me to this exposition, and no ambitious views as to fortune, which malice may sometimes attribute to me, without respecting the notoriety of my patriotism, acquired by weight of constancy and signal services.*

"Head-quarters, Grenada, Oct. 24.

"F. BALLASTEROS.

"To his Excellency the Minister at War."

sacrifice for the General to make; for though he had never been very sanguine of becoming the captor of the town, he could not but be sensible that the attainment of that object would have proved of mutual advantage to the Peninsula cause, and insured the final success of the campaign.

It was on the night of the 21st of October, 1812, that the siege was raised. Covering the wheels of his gun carriages with straw, and enjoining the strictest silence throughout the columns, Wellington with his army defiled under the guns of the Castle, and moved towards the Douro.

Dubreton was completely taken by surprise when, upon the following morning, he found the bird had flown. And Lord Wellington had so far benefited by the secrecy of his movement, that he had gained some thirty miles before the French troops had begun to follow him. Their cavalry now made up for the lost time by a rapid movement in the direction of the allies, coming up with their rear guard, and assaulting it with great determination. The remainder of 10,000 troops followed, and by the time the allies had reached Cittada del Camino the two armies were brought into collision. The rear guard of the British, commanded by Sir Stapleton Cotton, remarkably distinguished itself in covering the retrogression of the main body. Several desperate charges were made upon the French by the brigades under Major-General Anson and Major-General Bock, while the German infantry, under Colonel Halkett, placed in squares, bravely and steadfastly repulsed the attacks of the French dragoons. On the 24th the British moved on, and the French persevered in the pursuit. On the 25th the town of Villa Muriel was reached, and the French again came up, again attacked, and were a second time repulsed. The honour of this last achievement belonged to Major-General Oswald, under whom were Major-General Pringle and Brigadier-General Barnes. The Spanish troops, under Don Miguel de Alava, behaved right well on this occasion, driving the enemy across the river Carrion, with great loss. On the 29th of October the army crossed the Douro, and Lord Wellington destroyed all the bridges, to prevent the enemy from following him.

Previous to retiring from Burgos, Lord Wellington had directed Sir R. Hill to move from his position on the Tagus if he should find that he could not maintain himself in it with advantage. It was necessary that the Commander of the Forces should be near him, in order that the corps under his command should not be isolated by the movements which Hill might have found himself under the necessity of making.

Sir Rowland Hill did not delay to quit his position. Soult left Valencia on the 12th of October, and approached Aranjuez on the 22nd. His army consisted of 50,000 tried soldiers. The force under Sir Rowland did not number 40,000 bayonets. The retreat was conducted with great regularity, and without molestation from the enemy, until Sir Rowland crossed the Tormes, by a bridge close to the town of Alba (de Tormes). Here Marshal Soult came up in strength, and with an evident determination to attack the town. Lord Wellington now moved from his position, to form a junction with Hill, and thus placed his divisions for the third time upon ground that had already been distinguished by his victory.

Upon the approach of Soult the British commander gave orders for a brigade, consisting of the 50th, 71st, and 92nd Regiments, supported by General Hamilton's divisions of Portuguese, to re-cross the Tormes, and occupy the town. Hamilton immediately made every preparation for a vigorous defence. An ancient castle, which commanded the approach to the bridge, was repaired, and garrisoned with 150 men. The old Moorish wall which surrounded the town being in a state of complete dilapidation, was instantly repaired; the streets and various buildings in Alba de Tormes were barricaded; and that portion of the troops which was not required to line the walls was kept in reserve in the square.

On the 10th of November Soult made his appearance upon the heights above the town, his advanced guard driving in the British cavalry picquets, under General Long. In the afternoon the French opened their fire upon the town from twenty pieces of cannon, and pushed forward their light troops, 8000 in number, close to the walls. The cannonade lasted for three hours; and the French infantry were repeatedly formed to carry the place by assault. But, notwithstanding the dreadful shower of shot and shell that plunged about the streets in every direction, the boldness of the British soldiery, and the firmness and intrepidity of the officers, deterred the enemy from the attack. Soult drew off his columns, and replaced them on the heights.

Four or five days now elapsed without any fresh attempt being made by Soult upon the town. In the mean while he manœuvred along the banks of the Tormes; and upon the 14th crossed the river about six miles above Alba. The town was now evacuated, and a small garrison of 300 Spaniards being thrown into the Castle, Lord Wellington moved his divisions towards the Arapiles.¹

¹ Some amusing and characteristic scenes connected with the reconnaissances and operations of Lord Wellington at Alba have been given by a medical officer of the army. The journal

It was fully expected by the army, and by Lord Wellington himself, that the French would give them battle on the plains of

whence they are derived likewise minutely describes what has been simply sketched above :—

“After a long day’s march, it was late when we arrived on the left bank of the Tormes, and our bivouac was a cold one. The country around was bare of wood, the ground we occupied had lately been ploughed, and although the officers were now partially supplied with tents, our situation, already sufficiently uncomfortable, was thereby rendered much more unpleasant. During the night it rained and blew tremendously, and it was with much difficulty the tents were prevented from being blown down. The want of wood for fires was also seriously felt, and was a great aggravation of the other evils; our blankets were wet through upon us, and we passed a most uncomfortable night. On the morning of the 8th November, we therefore were not sorry when, an hour before daylight, we were once more formed, tents struck, and baggage packed, ready to move on, as we hoped, to a more eligible position. The severity of the weather had suffered little abatement, and we were kept standing on our ground, waiting for orders, in the most uncomfortable plight, the rain pelted us all the while most piteously. No orders, however, arriving, we were at length again permitted to pitch our tents, and, the weather clearing up about noon, proceeded to cook, and make ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit. In the course of the afternoon, our brigade, the first of the 2nd Division, and some Portuguese regiments, were ordered into the town of Alba, to our great satisfaction, for the night, and, with some of my brother officers, I got shelter in a tolerably decent sort of house, which had been deserted by its inhabitants.

“Alba, or Alva, which gives the title of duke to one of the first grandees in Spain, is a town of considerable size, about three leagues to the south-east of Salamanca, rather romantically situated, in a little amphitheatre formed by some gently-rising ground on the right bank of the Tormes, which is there of considerable breadth, and is spanned by a long narrow bridge, having from twenty to twenty-five arches. On one side it is flanked by an old Moorish castle, recently reduced almost to a heap of ruins.

“November 10th.—The enemy have appeared in great force, and are preparing to invest the place; our brigade has been left alone to defend it, the others, on the left bank of the Tormes, having been moved on, with the exception of a few guns, which are, however, too distant to be of any service, whilst the castle and town hold out. The streets are now barricaded, the exterior walls lined with troops, and the loopholed houses well occupied. A garrison of 200 men, belonging to the 71st Regiment, has been put in the castle, along with whom, being the only disposable medical officer, I was detached. Accordingly, on looking about for a suitable place to establish myself, I fixed on a spacious vault or cellar, with a commodious access by a broad stair, from the court in the centre of the castle, along with the Commissariat bread-bags; it was quite dry, and, besides the light afforded by the door at the top of the flight of steps, it had a small grated window, which looked into the ditch, and on the dead wall which formed part of the rampart. This was almost the only apartment in the castle which had a roof to it, except one in the great tower, which had been fitted up as a kind of armoury, to which access was extremely difficult, indeed, only to be obtained by means of a ladder, which, for want of another, ever and anon required to be drawn up, for the purpose of enabling the reliefs to get to a second floor, from whence a turret-stair led to the roof, which was flat, and surrounded by a parapet. From the summit of the tower the whole encinte of the castle, the town, and the surrounding country was overlooked. In the turret-stair there was a small window, looking towards the country, which subsequently had to be blocked up with stones, for the enemy’s tirailleurs, under cover, approached so near that, watching the opportunity of any one passing in ascending, they were sure to have a shot at them, from which some very narrow escapes were experienced.

“About noon, Lord Wellington, attended by a single Staff officer and Colonel Cadogan, 71st, came into the castle, on purpose to reconnoitre the enemy’s army, which continued to arrive

Salamanca, and notwithstanding the disparity of force, the English commander was not indisposed to receive the attack, or, to use his

in masses from the eastward, and covered the whole face of the country in that direction. I had never seen his Lordship before, but, than now, I could not have had a better opportunity. He was dressed in a plain blue surtout, white cravat, cocked hat, waist-belt, and sabre. He seemed very active, and in great haste. Access to the tower had formerly been obtained from some of the buildings, now in ruins, communicating with the grand stair; but, as I have already said, it was now necessary to ascend to the first floor by means of a ladder, which had to be drawn up, and made use of again to reach the second story. Major M. M., 71st Regiment, who commanded the detachment in the castle, led the way, and as soon as Lord Wellington and the Staff officer had ascended, his Lordship ordered the ladder to be drawn up, calling out to Colonel Cadogan, that he could not spare time to wait for his getting up. The Colonel, several other officers, and myself, of course, remained at the bottom of the tower, kicking our heels about, whilst his Lordship was making his reconnaissance from its top. The Honourable Colonel Cadogan was the commanding officer of the 71st Regiment, part of which constituted the garrison of the castle, and to us it seemed rather cavalier treatment on the part of his Lordship, more especially as the Colonel was most deservedly considered to be a favourite of his. Lord Wellington remained on the tower but a very few minutes, and, on descending, immediately passed out of the castle, mounted his horse, and rode off in great haste.

"The view at this time from the summit of the tower was of the grandest description; such a spectacle, indeed, may but very seldom be seen. The whole country round, beyond the immediate confines of the town and castle of Alba, as far as eye could reach, swarmed with troops, in all the various panoply of war. The enemy's force in sight—which Marshal Soult had with great exertion collected in the south and east of Spain, to drive Lord Wellington back to the Portuguese frontier, and out of the country—was calculated to amount to between 80,000 and 90,000 men, 15,000 of which were cavalry! These, for the moment, were all held in check by our position at Alba, which prevented their passing the bridge over the Tormes.

"Lord Wellington had not long left the castle, when we perceived an immense *cortège* of French mounted officers to approach, and take up their station on the summit of a rising ground about a mile and a half distant, for the purpose of reconnoitring our position. This was Marshal Soult himself, and his brilliant staff. It was said, he was recognised, by some one who was well acquainted with his appearance. They did not approach within musket shot, but certainly were not beyond cannon range, with which, however, as I have said, we were *unprovided*.

"It was not a little singular that two such great men should have been the cynosure of all eyes on the same day, and nearly at the same time; and what a contrast! Wellington almost without attendants, and Soult with his numerous and splendid staff!

"Shortly after Soult withdrew, it became evident that the business of the day was coming on. The tirailleurs, in great numbers, closed in upon our defences, but not without opposition on our part; for our Light Bobs, of which the 71st was wholly composed, kept up a spirited exchange of shots with them whenever they could do so with advantage, and no little gallantry and tact were displayed on either side.

"The grand attack was made in the afternoon, shortly after Marshal Soult's reconnaissance. The skirmishers, in great force, advanced nearly up to the walls, and obliged us to withdraw our men from the ditches to more sheltered situations. About the same time, from sixteen to twenty pieces of artillery and howitzers were brought forward by the enemy, and posted on some rising ground a little in advance of the spot where Soult made his reconnaissance, and commenced battering the walls of the castle and town. Every shot told, except such as passed over altogether and fell in the river, and a number of the houses in the town were set on fire by their shells, or partially demolished by their shot. Our reply was *only by musketry*; and though the practice was sufficiently brisk, it was not very effective. Our chief dependence,

own words, "to try the issue of a general action," on ground of his own selection. A presentiment possessed the British that the Arapiles were not destined to witness their defeat, and, in one sense, this belief was justified. Whether Marshal Soult was oppressed by a superstitious dread of the ground on which his predecessor had been discomfited, or that he felt it hazardous at that moment to carry the war anew into Portugal (although he ardently wished to do so ultimately, and recommended the project to King Joseph, in a letter which was intercepted), he certainly abstained from following up the good fortune which had befallen him. The vicinity of Salamanca did not witness another fight. Soult's object was apparently to cut off Wellington's communication with Ciudad Rodrigo.

After holding out to his adversary for a day or two the temptation to efface the tarnish upon Marmont's arms, and finding out his real object by the fortifications he was throwing up at Mozarbes, Lord Wellington determined to move upon Ciudad Rodrigo. He accordingly put the army in march in three columns, and at the end of four days crossed the Agueda, and placed his troops in cantonments between that river and the Coa.

had they endeavoured to force their way within our weak defences, was on the bayonet; but they never attempted to make a lodgment. Their cannonade was continued till night, when it ceased, without their having gained any advantage. The attack lasted upwards of three or four hours, but did less execution than might have been expected, probably owing to the care taken to prevent our men from exposing themselves. Our loss, however, was by no means inconsiderable, being from twenty to thirty killed, and about one hundred wounded.

"The castle did not suffer much from the bombardment, though shell and shot fell about it most plentifully. We were apprehensive of another attack during the night, and, of course, were on the alert, but luckily were disappointed; however, soon after daylight on the 11th (November), the fire of the *tirailleurs*, from behind the garden-walls where they had ensconced themselves, was again resumed, and we soon discovered that a very considerable portion of the enemy's force had moved off during the night. No artillery was used against us to-day, though the place was so closely invested, that not a head could be shown over the parapet without being saluted by a shot. In the course of the day General Sir John Hamilton, who commanded the Portuguese, as rough a diamond as ever donned the soldier's garb visited the garrison in the castle, and addressing Major M., who commanded, bluntly told him he was sorry to bring his death-warrant, for that Lord Wellington was going to withdraw the brigade from the town, but the castle was to be held to the last; and he, General Hamilton, was sure, from what he knew of its garrison, that they would never give it up but with their lives!

"Next morning, the 12th, our prospects were little improved; but, though still beleaguered, the bulk of the enemy's forces had disappeared from the face of the country they so lately covered: their object in doing so, we were well aware, was to effect the passage of the Tormes elsewhere. Thus passed the day, until the afternoon, when we were most unexpectedly and agreeably surprised by the arrival of 300 Spanish troops from Salamanca, to garrison the castle, and relieve us from so perilous a duty. We delivered over the charge of the castle to the Spaniards, who really were fine-looking fellows, and marching out with comparatively light hearts, rejoined our regiment in the town."

The enemy followed the retiring force, but did not press upon the rear excepting when the Light Division was passing the Huebra at San Muñoz on the 17th November; Ney then cannonaded the rear guard, and occasioned some loss. On the same day General Sir Edward Paget fell into the hands of the enemy. He had ridden alone to the rear to discover the cause of an interval in the march between the 5th and 7th Divisions of infantry, when a detachment of French cavalry came upon him in a wood, and captured him.¹

Soult remained passive for a few days near the Huebra, and then broke up his force into detachments, and cantoned it in Old and New Castille.

The whole history of Lord Wellington's campaigns does not present an example of anything half so disastrous, pernicious, and



RETREAT FROM BURGOS.

mortifying as the march from Burgos to the cantonments on the Agueda. The discipline of the army had been terribly shaken by

¹ Sir Edward Paget was more fearless than sagacious; but Lord Wellington found him very serviceable at all times, for he was a stern disciplinarian, and would carry out the

a variety of circumstances. The pay was long in arrears, the men were half starved, utterly ragged (but a shirt and a half in a whole company!) emaciated, covered with vermin. They had been exposed to all the vicissitudes and opposite rigours of climate—the burning heats of summer, the bitter cold of winter, and at all seasons heavy falls of rain, without shelter of any kind. True to their colours, in the most trying moments they were always ready, and indeed anxious, to face the enemy—but, out of his presence, they plundered remorselessly. They shot the pigs which were the sustenance of the inhabitants, dived into the wine-caves and vats,¹ plundered and drank to such a frightful extent that, on one occasion, it was computed there were no less than 12,000 men intoxicated at the same moment! Straggling from their regiments² to seek the means of gratifying their vile propensity, they were frequently cut up by the enemy's patrols and advanced cavalry, and not unfrequently fell victims to the angry resistance of the country people, whose property they seized upon. Not less than 7000 of the allies were killed in the retreat from Burgos!

Shocked at the state to which the army was reduced, Lord Wellington, upon taking up his quarters at Freneda for the winter, issued the following circular to officers commanding Divisions and Brigades:—

“The discipline of every army, after a long and active campaign, becomes in some degree relaxed, and requires the utmost attention on the part of the general and other officers to bring it back to the state in which it ought to be for service; but I am concerned to have

sentence of a Court-martial even under the fire of the enemy. He had lost his right arm at the passage of the Douro, and was for some time disabled, but he took the earliest opportunity of resuming his duties, and was sent out as second in command. After the Peace, he was made Commander-in-Chief in India, and, by prompt and severe measures, suppressed a dangerous routine of native troops, at the commencement of the Burmese war in 1824. He died the Governor of Chelsea Hospital, much regretted.

¹ The places used for the manufacture of wine in this part of Spain are subterranean, beneath some acres of ground. Over these are chimneys to admit air and light. To get into the vaults, the men of the regiments lowered down one of their comrades by ropes, or belts strung together, with three or four canteens slung over him. It was the business of the men so lowered to fill the canteens from the vats, and then, by a signal, cause themselves to be hauled up. Many of the French plunderers (from whom our soldiers appear to have acquired the science of vat-robbery) were murdered in the vaults by peasants set to guard them, and it is believed that several of the English shared the same fate.

² General Craufurd had a sure way of discovering who had straggled during the march of the Light Division. If he found a man had fallen out without a pass, he would take his ramrod from him, and ride off. He was thus seen sometimes riding into camp with a dozen ramrods, when the Adjutant of each regiment was ordered to find those who were without ramrods, and the offenders were ordered two dozen lashes each.

to observe that the army under my command has fallen off in this respect, in the late campaign, to a greater degree than any army with which I have ever served, or of which I have ever read. Yet this army has met with no disaster; it has suffered no privations which but trifling attention on the part of the officers could not have prevented, and for which there existed no reason whatever in the nature of the service; nor has it suffered any hardships, excepting those resulting from the necessity of being exposed to the inclemencies of the weather, at a moment when they were most severe.

"It must be obvious, however, to every officer, that from the moment the troops commenced their retreat from the neighbourhood of Burgos on the one hand, and from Madrid on the other, the officers lost all command over their men. Irregularities and outrages of all descriptions were committed with impunity, and losses have been sustained which ought never to have occurred. Yet the necessity for retreat existing, none was ever made on which the troops had such short marches; none on which the retreating armies were so little pressed on their rear by the enemy.

"We must look, therefore, for the existing evils, and for the situation in which we now find the army, to some cause besides those resulting from the operations in which we have been engaged.

"I have no hesitation in attributing these evils to the habitual inattention of the officers of the regiments to their duty, as prescribed by the standing regulations of the service, and by the orders of this army.

"I am far from questioning the zeal, still less the gallantry and spirit of the officers of the army; and I am quite certain that if their minds can be convinced of the necessity of minute and constant attention to understand, recollect, and carry into execution the orders which have been issued for the performance of their duty, and that the strict performance of this duty is necessary to enable the army to serve the country as it ought to be served, they will, in future, give their attention to these points.

"Unfortunately, the inexperience of the officers of the army has induced many to consider that the period during which an army is on service is one of relaxation from all rule, instead of being, as it is, the period during which, of all others, every rule for the regulation and control of the conduct of the soldier, for the inspection and care of his arms, ammunition, accoutrements, necessaries, and field equipments, and his horse and horse-appointments; for the receipt and issue and care of his provisions; and the regulation of all that belongs to his food, and the forage for his horse, must be most strictly

attended to by the officers of his company or troop, if it is intended that an army, a British army in particular, shall be brought into the field of battle in a state of efficiency to meet the enemy on the day of trial.

“These are the points then to which I most earnestly intreat you to turn your attention, and the attention of the officers of the regiments under your command, Portuguese as well as English, during the period in which it may be in my power to leave the troops in their cantonments. The commanding officers of regiments must enforce the orders of the army regarding the constant inspection and superintendence of the officers over the conduct of the men of their companies in their cantonments; and they must endeavour to inspire the non-commissioned officers with a sense of their situation and authority; and the non-commissioned officers must be forced to do their duty by being constantly under the view and superintendence of the officers. By these means the frequent and discreditable recourse to the authority of the provost, and to punishments by the sentence of courts martial, will be prevented, and the soldiers will not dare to commit the offences and outrages of which there are too many complaints, when they well know that their officers, and their non-commissioned officers, have their eyes and attention turned towards them.

“The commanding officers of regiments must likewise enforce the orders of the army regarding the constant, real inspection of the soldiers’ arms, ammunition, accoutrements, and necessaries, in order to prevent at all times the shameful waste of ammunition, and the sale of that article and of the soldiers’ necessaries. With this view both should be inspected daily.

“In regard to the food of the soldiers, I have frequently observed and lamented, in the late campaign, the facility and celerity with which the French soldiers cooked in comparison with those of our army. The cause of this disadvantage is the same with that of every other description, the want of attention of the officers to the orders of the army, and the conduct of their men, and the consequent want of authority over their conduct. Certain men of each company should be appointed to cut and bring in wood, others to fetch water, and others to get the meat, &c., to be cooked; and it would soon be found that if this practice were daily enforced, and a particular hour for seeing the dinners, and for the men dining, named, as it ought to be, equally as for parade, cooking would no longer require the inconvenient length of time which it has lately been found to take, and that the soldiers would not be exposed to the privation of their

food at the moment at which the army may be engaged in operations with the enemy.

"You will, of course, give your attention to the field-exercise and discipline of the troops. It is very desirable that the soldiers should not lose the habits of marching, and the division should march ten or twelve miles twice in each week, if the weather should permit, and the roads in the neighbourhood of the cantonments of the division should be dry.

"But I repeat that the great object of the attention of the general and field officers must be to get the captains and subalterns of the regiments to understand and perform the duties required from them, as the only mode by which the discipline and efficiency of the army can be restored and maintained during the next campaign."

The immediate effect of this circular may be conceived. Every officer in the army considered it to involve unmerited reproaches. Looking only at what they had undergone, and what the army had achieved from the hour of its landing in Lisbon, they felt that the censure of the General was, if not altogether unmerited, at the least ungrateful. Many of them were mere boys, who had commenced their career on the field of battle. They had had very little previous opportunity of acquiring even a knowledge of simple regimental duties, much less of moral command. And of the older officers, where had they been schooled? In home garrisons, in the West Indies, in Holland, in India—wherever, in short, discipline had been habitually loose and authority weak. With no better preparation for severe campaigns they were immediately introduced, in the Peninsula, to heavy marches in hostile climates, to desperate and bloody encounters with a disciplined and experienced foe, to privations, to sickness, and to frequent disappointments and severe mortification. The spirit of hundreds sunk under the accumulation of suffering, and disqualified them for the strict discharge of their duties. Add to this, that, hunger and thirst forcing them to share in the plunder made by the men; they connived at the irregularities which gave them meat and drink, and thus lost that authority without which no discipline could be preserved. In October, 1811, Lord Wellington had found it necessary to remark that they "required to be kept in order as well as the soldiers,"—and that if not restrained within bounds, "they would only disgust the soldiers over whom they should be placed, the officers whom they should be destined to assist, and the country in whose service they should be employed." In a word, they were, as a body, mere inexperienced creatures of impulse. They could neither endure success nor failure; the former threw them into an

ungovernable intoxication of delight—the latter plunged them into a miserable state of despondency.

No doubt Lord Wellington had considered all these matters, and had weighed the policy of unmitigated reprehension against the danger of blending reproof with too much palliation. In his selection of the former, which, however, he tried to soften, by giving credit to the officers for zeal and patriotism, he looked more to its effect upon the future discipline of the army than to its influence on his own popularity. In this, as in all things, Wellington adhered strictly to one of his leading principles of action—the sacrifice of personal feeling and convenience to the public good. And the end vindicated the wisdom of his procedure. The discontent engendered by his rebuke gradually evaporated, and the officers diligently applied themselves to the restoration of good order and discipline.



CHAPTER XIII.

Feeling in England regarding Salamanca and Burgos—Meeting of Parliament—Speeches—Lord Wellington becomes Commander-in-Chief of the Spanish armies—Goes to Cadiz to meet the Cortes—Obtains the Colonelcy of the Royal Horse Guards—Goes to Lisbon.



HE failure of the Marquis of Wellington before Burgos, and his retreat into Portugal, were viewed by the people of England as a melancholy retrogression, and France exulted at an apparent turn of her fortunes in the Peninsula. Nothing short of a miracle could have endued the British General with the uninterrupted good fortune he was expected to reap, under so many obstructions and disadvantages. The marvel is, that he held to the course he had chalked

out for himself and the army under his command for so long a period. He was now (December, 1812,) exactly where he had been many months previously, and in a much more destitute condition in respect to the supply of the sinews of war and the personal efficiency of his army.

Yet had much been accomplished in those months. Victories had been won, fortresses had been taken, and the major part of these advantages consolidated. Not a Frenchman now stood upon the soil of Portugal. Badajoz, Ciudad Rodrigo, Salamanca, Valladolid, Madrid, Astorga, Seville, the lines before Cadiz, had all fallen into Lord Wellington's hands, and he had either destroyed or had the use of 3000 pieces of cannon, and the other contents of the arsenals of those places; 20,000 prisoners had been shipped for England, and the siege of Cadiz had been raised.

These were achievements only to be paralleled by the rapid conquests of Napoleon. If they fell short of the number and extent of the exploits of the Macedonian hero, they were accomplished in a fourth of the time. But "*la fin couronne le tout*," and in this case, "*la fin*" had been unfortunate. Had Parliament been sitting when the news of the battle of Salamanca and the occupation of Madrid reached England, the voice of opposition would have been hushed by the eloquent apostrophes of the minister and the joyful shouts of the gladdened multitude; but now the tide had turned, and it was difficult to appeal from the misfortunes of Burgos to the triumphs of the Arapiles.

A short summary of the proceedings in both houses at this juncture will show that the feeling which prevailed in England, at the close of 1812, however ultimately advantageous, was neither just nor generous towards Lord Wellington. The Marquis was now called upon to summon all his patience to his aid, and to find consolation for the obloquy cast upon his fortune in the applauses of his own clear conscience; in the hopes of the future, and the approbation of his sovereign.

The news of the battle of Salamanca was received with the usual demonstrations of joy. Thanksgivings were offered up in the churches and other places of public worship; the windows and walls of the denizens of every city in Great Britain blazed with illuminations; fireworks crackled in the streets, or lighted up the suburbs; meetings were called, that resolutions of approbation might be placed on record; and enormous quantities of beer were consumed in toasts to the General and his troops. All these and other vulgar marks of rejoicing however, passed away, and when the despatches announced the tardy progress of the operations against Burgos, and the ultimate failure of Lord Wellington, the mob, and the press in its interest, veered round, and little was heard but the language of reproach and indignation.

A new parliament had been elected in 1812, and the Prince Regent took the earliest opportunity of calling it together on account of the peculiar situation of public affairs. In the speech from the throne, on the 30th of November, his Royal Highness referred in approving terms to the valour and intrepidity of the troops, and the skill and judgment of the Marquis of Wellington, who had, by transferring the seat of war to the interior of Spain, and by his victory at Salamanca, delivered the southern and western provinces from the power and arms of France; and he called upon Parliament to continue to afford every aid in support of a contest which had given to the continent of

Europe the example of persevering and successful resistance to the power of France, on which not only the independence of the nations of the Peninsula, but the best interests of Great Britain and the colonies essentially depended. Lord Longford, a relative of Lord Wellington's (and therefore restrained by delicacy from saying too much in his praise), moved the address, and while he admitted the severity of the taxation under which the nation groaned, urged the endurance of greater sacrifices—any sacrifice in short—to bring the Peninsula War to a happy issue. Napoleon deemed no sacrifice too great to promote the dearest objects of his ambition. It became Great Britain to practise still greater self-denial to frustrate those vicious objects. Lord Rolle seconded the address.

The Marquis of Wellesley entered upon a complete survey of the Peninsula War, and in adverting to that part of the speech which spoke of the necessity of continued effort, denounced the whole system hitherto pursued by the Ministers as totally inadequate to the great purposes to be attained. "It was certainly," he said, "the highest part of the character of wisdom to persevere with reasonable grounds of hope, in the face of danger, difficulty, and discomfiture, so it was the highest character of firmness to meet the tide of success without intoxication; to look it steadily in the face; to analyse the grounds on which it stood; and from that analysis, carefully and cautiously pursued, to deduce one general and consistent ground of public action." He called upon the government not to be led away by past success; not to be intoxicated with it, nor suffer its lustre so to dazzle their faculties that they could neither perceive where it originated, how it might be rendered permanent, nor to what ultimate objects it might be applied. He then took a comprehensive view of the history of the war; showed how success had arisen from the great talents of Wellington, and failure from the inadequacy of his supplies, for which Ministers were responsible. Alluding to the battle of Salamanca, "from what," asked the Marquis of Wellesley, "did that battle arise? Did it arise out of the efficiency, or out of the necessity of Wellington? It arose from the magnificence, the splendour, the greatness of his talents. He struck the enemy with his spear the moment he saw an opening. But were we to hope for that again? Was that a ground to build upon? His talents were indeed a firm and secure rock, on which any hopes, any expectations, however great, however exalted, might be founded; but it ill became statesmen to calculate upon chances, and occasions presenting themselves for success in operations upon the prosperous issue of which so much depended. Did the Ministry mean to say that their system

was raised solely upon the resplendent abilities of a consummate general, and upon the errors of the enemy? Did their plans amount only to that?" The Marquis continued for some time in the same strain, and concluded by declaring Ministers culpable in withholding needful supplies, and calling on them to carry on the war in the Peninsula upon a broad and extensive scale of operations.

Lords Liverpool and Bathurst offered a feeble defence to the system of Mr. Percival; the former arguing that he had to consider the other interests of the country in meting out the means for the conduct of the war; the latter that he was restrained by Lord Wellington himself from sending out reinforcements; forgetting to add that the restrictions only referred to a late period of the contest, when they could not have been sent without danger to their health.

In the Commons, Lord Clive moved the address, which was more than an echo of the speech, because it was more wordy and elaborate in its promises of support. No amendment was at first offered to the address, but the Right Hon. George Canning, who had held up the laurels of Talavera to the admiration of the country, spoke to the subject of the wars in Russia and in the Peninsula; lauding the defence of Russia as the noble offspring of the sturdy resistance of Spain and Portugal under British auspices, and following the general view with a denunciation of the Ministers. He considered the great success of Salamanca, succeeded by a disastrous retreat, to call for explanation. "I cannot hesitate to say (Canning *loquitur*) that if there be in the power of Ministers any means yet untried, any effort yet unattempted, any resources yet unexplored, any acceleration of force yet omitted, any exercise of energy yet delayed, not only such additional exertion ought to be immediately made, but that it ought to have been made long ago." Misplaced economy, shrinking from exertions that had a tendency to cripple Lord Wellington's operations, were crimes in Mr. Canning's eyes.

Lord Castlereagh defended Ministers in the same tone as his colleagues in the other House had employed. This brought Mr. Whitbread on his legs. He exclaimed against the want of proper co-operation on the part of the Spaniards, and joined in the opinion that the British Ministers had failed adequately to support Lord Wellington. He then moved a long amendment, in which it was proposed to institute an inquiry into the causes of the retreat from Burgos, for the purpose of ascertaining whether those disappointments had arisen from weakness of counsel at home, and want of support from the country, or were attributable to causes irremediable, and inherent in Spain herself. Sir Gilbert Heathcote and Mr. Ponsonby

supported, Mr. Bathurst, Mr. Vernon, and Mr. Elliott opposed, the amendment, which was accordingly lost, and the address carried without a division.

The report on the Prince Regent's speech was brought up on the 1st of December. Some acrimonious discussion ensued, because, at this time, England had engaged herself in a war with America, and by the expression of her sympathy, and the employment of her navies, had taken a part in the Russian campaign against Napoleon.

But whatever may have been the feeling of the House of Commons, and the liberal party in the country, regarding the policy of prosecuting a war to liberate Spain, there was no difference of opinion respecting the merits of the Marquis of Wellington. To his stupendous ability and wisdom all parties bore willing tribute. On the 3rd of December, Earl Bathurst proposed a vote of thanks to the noble Marquis for the victory of Salamanca, and found no dissentient voice in the House of Lords. The Earl drew a faithful picture of the wisdom of Lord Wellington in prosecuting the campaign after the fall of Badajoz.

His intention to march into Andalusia, and oblige the French to evacuate the province, lest the people, becoming accustomed to the power and presence of the enemy, should forget their connection with their legitimate government, and the subsequent change in that intention, because of Marmont's advance upon the Agueda, and the importance of cutting off all communication between the Marshal and Marshal Soult in the south, were suitably dwelt upon and eulogised. 'Indeed, my Lords,' exclaimed Lord Bathurst, "such were the skill and management of the noble Marquis during this period of the campaign, that no words which I can use would be adequate to represent their value." Lord Bathurst added that the correspondence between the French marshals, intercepted by Lord Wellington, sufficiently showed the high estimation in which he was held. No movement of the enemy could disappoint his plans, or controvert his projects; while, on their part, no movement was concerted, but it was anticipated; no expectation was raised but it ended in disappointment; no fear was entertained but it became realised. In one of the intercepted letters it was said "he must read our correspondence or he must dive into our hearts, for no sooner do we form a design than he knows it, and forms measures to defeat it."

The Marquis of Lansdowne cordially supported the vote of thanks in one of those speeches in which justice was blended with a noble patriotism, and the suggestions of party merged into admiration of the champion of the cause of liberty in the Peninsula. Incidentally

the noble Marquis touched upon a point of importance which had been elsewhere overlooked. "No man," observed Lord Lansdowne, "who had attentively watched the conduct of the Marquis of Wellington, and the officers under his command, could fail to have observed that a military school existed in the Peninsula in which a race of officers were forming, on which the country might rely with confidence in the future military career which in all probability it had yet to run." "Notwithstanding the losses at Burgos and elsewhere, many officers must be formed by the Marquis of Wellington, who, having the advantage not only of his instructions, but of his example, before them, must be capable of rendering the highest service to their country."¹

Lord Somers, the father of the gallant officer who fell at Burgos, proved the humanity of Lord Wellington, and the Duke of Clarence, and the Marquis of Wellesley, both spoke cordially in favour of the vote, which was agreed to, *nem. dis.*

In the House of Commons, on the same evening, Lord Castlereagh had the honour of moving the thanks of Parliament to the hero of Salamanca. The noble lord's eloquence on the occasion acquired additional earnestness from the fact of there being in that House some members who felt it consistent to refuse thanks for a battle which they did not, or could not, perceive had been attended by important results. After sketching a narrative of Lord Wellington's achievements, Lord Castlereagh insisted upon the effect of the battle of Salamanca, in giving the British commander an entire ascendancy over the Spanish mind; an ascendancy which had led to the unanimous election of the Marquis to the command of all the military means of Spain. The only able opponent of the vote was Sir Francis Burdett. He placed the Ministers on the horns of a dilemma. He justly contended that either the Government or Lord Wellington was to blame for the failure at Burgos. If the former had done their duty in supplying the British commander with adequate means to accomplish the capture of Burgos, Lord Wellington was obnoxious to blame for his failure: if Lord Wellington had done all that his great talents justified the world in expecting, what became of the defence made by

¹ The Marquis of Lansdowne spoke like a prophet. Lord Combermere, Lord Keane, Lord Gough, Sir A. Campbell, Lord Hardinge, Lord Strafford, Sir Harry Smith, Sir Colin Campbell, Sir Edward Paget, Sir Henry Fane, Sir Charles Colville, Sir Colin Halkett, Sir Willoughby Cotton, Sir Thomas Bradford, Sir George Walker, Sir Edward Barnes, Sir Robert Dick, Sir Frederic Adam, Lord Saltoun, Sir John Macdonald—and last, not least, Lord Fitzroy Somerset, all lived to attest the value of Peninsula service in qualifying them for responsible military offices elsewhere.

Ministers on the subject of supplies? The point was not argued by the House; but public opinion has long since settled where the blame or failure lay in spite of the candid admissions of Wellington himself.

The vote of thanks, which included all the principal generals by name who had served at Salamanca, was carried unanimously, and the House further resolved to raise a monument to the memory of Major-General Le Marchant, who fell in the action.

On the 4th of December Lord Castlereagh came down to the House of Commons with a message from the Prince Regent. The message intimated his Royal Highness's desire to bestow such a mark of national munificence on General the Marquis of Wellington, as might enable him to sustain the high honours conferred upon him, and the House was called upon to adopt such measures as might be necessary for the accomplishment of that "most important object."

The House of Commons took the subject into consideration on the 7th of December, and a similar message having been communicated to the House of Lords, the Tories in the latter House, in the person of Lord Liverpool, and the Whigs, personated by Lord Holland, at once assented to the Prince Regent's proposal.

When the House of Commons had resolved itself into a committee, Lord Castlereagh of course took the initiative in proposing a pecuniary grant to Lord Wellington. The main point on which he rested his advocacy of the grant, was the inability of the Marquis to wear his honours with grace unless assisted by the country. It never could have been intended that the honours so fairly earned should be burdensome or painful to their recipient; and Lord Wellington was of so disinterested a character, that he was not able to sustain his rank out of his own resources alone. He had declined to receive the sum of 8000*l.* a-year attendant upon the command of the Portuguese army, on the ground that he could not take pay from his own sovereign and that of another country at the same time. The Government, nevertheless, suffered it to accumulate, and when it was tendered to him, Lord Wellington, with a generosity never before excelled, and with the noble self-denial of a soldier, begged that it might be disposed of for the Portuguese army. Lord Castlereagh was satisfied that the House would never recognise the French system of rewarding military leaders. The marshals were rewarded with possessions granted out of the countries which they had devastated—the territory of one sovereign was made the means of desolating the dominions of another. "Happily," exclaimed Lord

Castlereagh, "a different system prevailed, and he trusted ever would prevail, in this country. The troops of Great Britain went forth to fight for the interests and tranquillity of other nations as well as of their own; and their officers, although they might accept the honours conferred upon them by the legitimate sovereign of the country in whose cause they were contending, were not disposed to avail themselves of any pecuniary advantage unless it flowed from the country to which they belonged." As it was not considered desirable to exhaust the honours of the crown and the bounty of Parliament, for Lord Castlereagh yet anticipated further achievements by Lord Wellington, he limited his proposal to the grant of 100,000*l.*, to be vested in trustees for the purchase of lands to descend with the title of Wellington, and to be enjoyed by the future representatives of the noble Marquis.

Sir Francis Burdett opposed the grant upon various grounds. He had no idea of rewarding the retreat from Burgos. It was the first time he had ever heard that there was merit or glory in a disastrous retreat. He thought the campaign altogether very extraordinary, furnishing no ground for hope. The cause of Spain appeared to him infinitely more desperate than it was at the commencement. Moreover, if Ministers wished to reward military skill, they had enormous funds to draw from without applying to the public purse. While the amount of taxation was so great and so complicated, as to render its collection in a great degree impossible, he thought forbearance was essential. At all events he proposed as an amendment the postponement of the consideration of the grant.

Mr. Robinson supported the grant, and cited the case of the Duke of Marlborough, who, long before the battle of Blenheim, was granted a pension of 5000*l.* a-year. Sir Frederick Flood only regretted that the finances of the country did not admit of the grant being doubled; and Mr. Whitbread, who on former occasions had found fault with Lord Wellington, and always with the Ministers, cheerfully supported the motion for the grant.

Mr. Canning wound up the discussion with a brilliant harangue, seizing upon one or two points which had been overlooked by other speakers. He concurred in the proposal to grant 100,000*l.*, from a feeling that "we had within the last few years raised ourselves to the same equality on land,—more than which we had possessed at sea; and that to the individual to whom we owed these augmentations of glory and advantage no remuneration could be too splendid or too generous. No man who looked back at what our military policy was some time ago, and compared it with our present views and character

but must see that through the success and merits of Lord Wellington we had become a military people, and that by a series of achievements, each rising above the other in grandeur, he had, although yet in the youth of his glory, acquired for himself a renown equal to that of the first captain of his age. When the House looked back at that period at which our warlike preparations were confined to plans of fortifying the Thames, instead of driving the enemy beyond the Tormes and the Ebro, they could not fail, not merely to recognise in Lord Wellington the *decus et tutamen patriæ*, as one who had not merely formed a school, in which others might be taught to succeed and follow him in his career of glory, but to perceive in him at the same time the hero, who, whilst he wielded the thunder of his native land, was the tutelar genius of allied and dependent states, the protector of oppressed and prostrate powers. The picture which history would trace, for the instruction of posterity, would unite therefore with the figure of the successful commander, the attributes of a benevolent spirit, extending a guardian influence over recovering though fallen nations."

The amendment was rejected, and the resolutions carried with acclamation.

It has been stated in a previous page that, after the battle of Salamanca, the Spanish Provisional Government offered Lord Wellington the command of their armies. He did not accept the honour until he had received the special permission of the Prince Regent of England. When that arrived, he at once took upon himself the dignity and responsibilities of the office, bringing to the task of reforming the troops all the energy, candour, and clear-sightedness which distinguished his management of the British army. "Your Excellency," writes Wellington, addressing the Minister of War at Cadiz, "has a right to expect from me an accurate representation of facts as they shall appear to me; and *you may depend upon it that I will perform this duty.*" There was no beating about the bush in this avowal of an honesty of purpose—no fencing the necessities of the hour with deferential phrases and official technicalities. The urgency of the case was great, and did not admit of a waste of time in empty courtesies. The discipline of the Spanish armies was in the lowest state—neither officers nor troops had been paid for months, "nay, some for years;" they had no clothing, were wanting in necessities, and destitute of provisions. As a natural consequence, habits of indiscipline and insubordination prevailed. Desertions were numerous, and sickness universal. Lord Wellington, who was always as averse to interfere with the functions of others as he was jealous of any infringement of his own, did not become acquainted

with these circumstances until it was his duty to inquire; and he was then so much shocked at the spectacle of suffering, and the absence of discipline, that he frankly avowed that, had he been aware of the real state of the army, he would have hesitated before he should have charged himself with "such an herculean labour as its command." But having accepted it, he did not allow the prospect of labour, and the doubtfulness of success, to suggest its relinquishment—he resolved to exercise it so long as he should possess the confidence of the authorities.

With the view of carrying out his schemes of reform in the army of Spain, the Marquis, after communicating by letter with the Minister of War to little purpose, determined to proceed to Cadiz in person. He set off on the 24th of December, 1812. "God knows," he writes to Marshal Beresford, "the prospect of success from this journey of mine is not bright; but still it is best to try something."

If Lord Wellington had been fond of display, there was enough in the reception accorded to him by the authorities at Cadiz to satisfy his most inordinate desire. To one of his simplicity of character, it was nothing that crowds came out to meet and greet him—that the people shouted *Vivas*, and the householders illuminated their dwellings. He had learned to place the exact proper value on these popular demonstrations, and perhaps conceived that, in the adoption of a system the very reverse of that which was cherished by great Spanish commanders, who always appeared at the head of a cavalcade of staff officers, he should significantly intimate the difference between real business and frivolous display. His ever faithful follower, Lord Fitzroy Somerset, was Wellington's only aid-de-camp when he met a deputation from the Spanish Cortes on the 27th December.

Lord Wellington's speech to the Cortes three days subsequently was brief but impressive. He told them that the eyes of their countrymen were upon them, and that the whole world was interested in the success of their endeavours to save the nation from the general wreck, and to establish a system of government founded on just principles. In his communications with the Government upon the subject of the army, he was firm, but respectful. The point to which he strenuously addressed himself, as the key to reform and better organisation, was the complete obedience and dependence of the staff of the army, the Chief of which, he insisted, should be at his head quarters, to act as the channel for the receipt of reports, and the issue of orders. The authorities paid every attention to his wishes, and at the end of a month he was enabled to write to Sir Thomas Graham, "I have placed military affairs (at Cadiz) on a better footing

than they were before, in the way of organisation; and I have provided some means to pay and subsist the armies; and we are beginning with discipline." That he did not carry out all his plans was ascribable to the influence of the corrupt and lying press of Cadiz, which fired the jealousy of the Spaniards by pointing to the (imaginary) danger of the union of powers in the hands of military officers at the suggestion of a foreigner. From the moment that fatal article appeared in one of the papers, the Cortes would do nothing.¹

¹ An amusing picture is drawn by Lord Wellington, in a despatch to Earl Bathurst, dated "Freunde, 27th January, 1813," of the state of the government of Cadiz at this time. His own Conservatism comes out strongly in the sketch.

"It is impossible to describe the state of confusion in which affairs are at Cadiz. The Cortes have formed a constitution very much on the principle that a painter paints a picture, *viz.*, to be looked at; and I have not met one of the members, or any person of any description, either at Cadiz or elsewhere, who considers the constitution as the embodying of a system according to which Spain is, or can be, governed. They, the Cortes, have in terms divested themselves of the executive power, and have appointed a Regency for this purpose. The Regency are, in fact, the slaves of the Cortes; yet Cortes and Regency have so managed their concerns, as that they have no communication or contact, excepting of that kind which our sovereign has by speech or message to Parliament, or the Parliament by address to his Majesty; neither knows what the other is doing, or what will be done upon any point that can occur. Neither Regency nor Cortes have any authority beyond the walls of Cadiz, and I doubt whether the Regency have any beyond the walls of the room in which they meet. Each body, I know, suspects the other, notwithstanding, as I have above stated, the Regency are the creatures of the Cortes. The Regency suspect that the Cortes intend to assume the executive power; and the Cortes are so far suspicious of the Regency, that although the leading members admit the expediency, nay, necessity, of their removal from Cadiz, the principal reason alleged for remaining there is, that they know the people of Cadiz are attached to them; but if they were to go elsewhere, to Seville or Grenada for instance, they are apprehensive that the Regency would raise the mob against them!!

"I wish that some of our reformers would go to Cadiz, to see the benefit of a sovereign popular assembly, calling itself 'Majesty;' and of a written constitution; and of an executive government, called 'Highness,' acting under the control of 'his Majesty,' the Assembly! In truth, there is no authority in the state, excepting the libellous newspapers, and they certainly ride over both Cortes and Regency without mercy. I am astonished at the patience of my brother, and that he has been able to do anything with such people. I am quite certain that if I had not threatened them with my resignation, and had not kept aloof from all questions excepting those relating to my immediate business at Cadiz, I should have done nothing. It appears to me, however, that we must not allow these people to go to ruin as they are doing. Hitherto, having been confined within the walls of Cadiz, and the whole of Spain having been occupied by the enemy, their follies have been of little importance; but they will now become a serious misfortune, in proportion as the military misfortunes of France will increase the means of communication of the Cortes with the country. Several of the leading members with whom I conversed, are aware of the folly of the constitution, and are desirous of changing it, but do not know how to set about the change, and are terribly afraid of the Cadiz newspapers. In fact, if we allow matters to go on as they are, we shall lose the benefit of all that we have done, even if the result of the war should be to force the French to evacuate Spain; and I propose to try if I cannot prevail upon some of the leaders to propose an alteration of the constitution, so as to connect the legislative assembly with the executive government, as our Houses of Parliament are, by the ministers of the crown being

From Cadiz Lord Wellington proceeded to Lisbon (January, 1813), where it was necessary to see the authorities, and to stimulate them to a greater degree of liberality and patriotism, if they had any desire for the regeneration of the country, and the permanent expulsion of the French from the Peninsula. The enthusiasm of the people, on his arrival, exceeded all previous manifestations. They had learnt to appreciate his great worth; albeit the Government had been slow to adopt his propositions for the improvement of the circumstances of the army. Fêtes were given by the Regency to their illustrious visitor, and at San Carlos the festivities were also great. Ultimately the Government applied itself to the amelioration of the military force.

While upon his tour to Cadiz and Lisbon, the Marquis of Wellington received the agreeable tidings that he had been appointed Colonel of the Royal Regiment of Horse Guards.¹ This involved the vacation of the Colonelcy of the 33rd—the corps in which he had seen active service in the Low Countries and in India, and to which he had become attached. The superior advantages of a Colonelcy of the Household Cavalry made Lord Wellington feel much gratified by the change, but he could not leave the 33rd without saying that he should ever feel an anxiety for their interest and honour, and hear whatever might conduce to the latter with the most lively satisfaction.

Returned to Freneda in better spirits, and with better hopes than those which animated him on his departure for Cadiz, Lord Wellington awaited, for three months, the restoration of his army to health and efficiency. Recruits, stores, arms, and money continually reached him, and everything seemed to promise a brilliant campaign. The *bonhomie* of his character, held in reserve during the stern operations of war, was now allowed full play; and he exercised hospitality upon as large a scale as the circumstances of the hour and place would allow. "You had better," says he in a note to Graham, who had returned in good health from England, "direct your steps towards this village, which we have made as comfortable as we can, and where we shall be happy to see you. The hounds are in very good trim and the foxes very plentiful."²

members. This will be one step towards putting the machine of government in motion; and it may be followed by other improvements essentially necessary for the establishment of any government, or for the preservation of any system of order in the country."

¹ 1st of January, 1813.

² A sketch of the *personnel* of Lord Wellington at this time is given in a letter from an officer of the Light Division:—

"We know Lord Wellington at a great distance by his little flat cocked-hat (not a fraction

CHAPTER XIV.

A glance at Napoleon's Russian Campaign, and the State of Affairs in the East of Spain.



WHILE the rival armies lay inactive — at least in respect to hostile operations — Napoleon Bonaparte recalled Soult, whose services he required in reference to his new quarrel with Germany.

From this point the successes of Wellington in the Peninsula, and subsequently in France, bore so directly, in connection with events taking place elsewhere, upon the fall of Napoleon, that a glance at the proceedings,

of an inch higher than the crown,) being set on his head completely at right angles with his person, and sitting very upright in his hussar saddle, which is simply covered with a plain blue shabrack. His lordship rides, to all appearance, devoid of sash, as, since he has been made a Spanish Field-Marshal, he wears on his white waistcoat, under his blue surtout coat, the red and gold knotted sash of that rank, out of compliment to our allies. From the same motive, he always wears the order of the *Toison d'Or* round his neck, and on his black cockade two others, very small, of the Portuguese and Spanish national colours. His lordship, within the last year, has taken to wearing a white neckerchief instead of our black regulation, and in bad weather a French private Dragoon's cloak of the same colour.

"I give these details respecting our great Captain (who may yet lead us to the gates of Paris), as I always found every minutiae of celebrated characters as much sought after by the inquisitive as the very deeds which have brought them into notice. Often he passes on in a brown study, or only returns the salutes of the officers at their posts; but at other times he notices those he knows with a hasty 'Oh! how d'ye do,' or quizzes good-humouredly some one of us with whom he is well acquainted. His staff come rattling after him, or stop and chat a few minutes with those they know, and the *cortège* is brought up by his lordship's orderly, an old Hussar of the First Germans, who has been with him during the whole of the

which converted all Europe into a vast theatre of war, is necessary to a clear understanding of all that may follow.

Peninsular war, and who, when he speaks of him, uses a German expression, literally meaning, good old fellow, emphatically implying in that language, attachment and regard."

If we may borrow a fact from a fiction, the account given of the hunting scenes in the Peninsula, in Mr. Lever's lively novel of "Charles O'Malley," may not inaptly furnish an episode in the Campaigns of Wellington:—

"Soon after this army broke up from Cafa, and went into cantonments along the Tagus, the head-quarters being at Portalegre, we were here joined by four regiments of infantry, lately arrived from England, and the 12th Light Dragoons. I shall not readily forget the first impression created among our reinforcements by the habit of our life at this period. Brimful of expectation, they had landed at Lisbon, their minds filled with all the glorious expectancy of a brilliant campaign, sieges, storming, and battle-fields floated before their excited imagination. Scarcely, however, had they reached the camp, when these illusions were dissipated. Breakfasts, dinners, private theatricals, pigeon matches formed our daily occupation. Lord Wellington's hounds threw off regularly twice a week, and here might be seen every imaginable species of equipment, from the artillery officer, mounted on his heavy troop horse, to the infantry subaltern, on a Spanish gennet. Never was anything more ludicrous than our turn-out. Every quadruped in the army was put into requisition, and even those who rolled not from their saddles from sheer necessity were most likely to do so, from laughing at their neighbours. The pace may not have equalled Melton, nor the fences have been as stubborn as in Leicestershire; but I'll be sworn, there was more laughter, more fun, and more merriment in one day with us, than in a whole season with the best organised pack in England. With a lively trust that the country was open, and the leaps easy, every man took the field; indeed, the only anxiety evinced at all was to appear at the meet in something like jockey fashion, and I must confess that this feeling was particularly conspicuous among the infantry. Happy the man whose kit boasted a pair of cords or buckskins; thrice happy he who sported a pair of tops. I myself was in that enviable position, and well remember with what pride of heart I cantered up to cover, in all the superior *éclat* of my costume, though if truth were to be spoken, I doubt if I should have passed muster among my friends of the 'Blazers.' A round cavalry jacket and a foraging cap, with a hanging tassel, were the strange accompaniments of my more befitting nether garments. Whatever our costumes, the scene was a most animated one. Here the shell jacket of a heavy dragoon was seen storming the fence of a vineyard. There the dark green of a rifleman was going the pace over the plain. The unsportsmanlike figure of a staff-officer might be observed emerging from a drain, while some neck-or-nothing Irishman, with light infantry wings, was flying at every fence before him, and overturning all in his way. The rules and regulations of the service prevailed not here; the starred and gartered General, the plumed and aiguilletted Colonel obtained but little defence and less mercy from his more humble subaltern. In fact, I am half disposed to think that many an old grudge of rigid discipline, or severe duty, met with its retribution here. More than once have I heard the muttered sentences around me which boded something like this. 'Go the pace, Harry! Never flinch it! There's Old Colquhoun—take him in the haunches—roll him over.' 'See here, boys. Watch how I'll scatter the staff. Beg your pardon, General. Hope I haven't hurt you. Turn about; fair play. I have taught *you* to take up a position now.' I need scarcely say there was one whose person was sacred from all such attacks; he was well mounted on a strong half-bred horse, rode always foremost, following the hounds with the same steady pertinacity with which he would have followed the enemy; his compressed lip rarely opening for a laugh, when even the most ludicrous misadventure was enacting before him; and when by chance he would give way, the short ha! ha! was over in a moment, and the cold stern features were as fixed and impassive as before. All the excitement—all the enthusiasm of a hunting-field—seemed powerless to turn his mind from the pre-occupation

In March, 1812, France had entered into new treaties of alliance between Austria and Prussia. Neither of them were of a cordial nature, for the triumphs of Napoleon's sword had dictated the terms of both; but the Emperor had cemented the connection with Austria by a marriage with the daughter of Francis I., after divorcing himself from his first wife, Josephine. The object of this new alliance, on Napoleon's part, was to strengthen his hands against Russia. For two years previously, Alexander, the Czar, had begun to experience the baneful operation of the "Continental system," which had obliged him to close the ports of Russia against Great Britain, and seeing a prospect of being sustained by the latter power and by Sweden, now governed by Bernadotte,¹ he determined upon an assertion of the independence of his empire. A correspondence was, therefore, begun with Napoleon as a necessary preliminary, for Alexander wished to carry his point without a resort to arms. Napoleon, however, was not disposed to yield an inch, and the concessions which he offered, in reference to Poland, whose re-establishment as a kingdom he agreed not to countenance, and the tender of indemnity which he made for seizing the Russian province of Oldenburg, were only regarded by Alexander as indications of weakness.

which the mighty interests he presided over exacted. I remember once an incident, which, however trivial in itself, is worth recording, as illustrative of what I mean. We were going along at a topping pace; the hounds, a few fields in advance, were hidden from our view by a small beech copse. The party consisted of not more than six persons, one of whom was Lord Wellington himself. Our run had been a splendid one, and as we were pursuing the fox to earth every man of us pushed his horse to his full stride in the hot enthusiasm of such a moment.

"This way, my lord; this way," said Colonel Conyers, an old Melton man who led the way. "The hounds are in the valley. Keep to the left." As no reply was made, after a few moments' pause, Conyers repeated his admonition. "You are wrong, my lord; the hounds are hunting yonder."

"I know it," was the brief answer given, with a shortness that almost savoured of asperity. For a second or two not a word was spoken.

"How far is Niya, Gordon?" inquired Lord Wellington.

"About five leagues, my lord," replied the astonished Aide-de-Camp.

"That's the direction, is it not?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Let's go over and inspect the wounded."

No more was said, and before a second was given for consideration, away went his lordship, followed by his Aide-de-Camp, his pace, the same stretching gallop, and apparently feeling as much excitement as he dashed onward towards the hospital, as though following in all the headlong enthusiasm of a fox-chase."

¹ Upon the death of Charles XIII. of Sweden, a revolution took place, and, to prevent the King of Denmark securing the succession to the throne, the people made choice of Bernadotte, a French general, who had become favourably known to them from his kindness to some Swedish prisoners taken in the Polish war of 1807. He was a clever man, of humble origin.

The negotiations were broken off, and military preparations of a magnitude that had never before been witnessed were made on both sides for some months. Alexander exhausted the resources of his gigantic empire, and Napoleon put forth his utmost strength, not merely to cope with, but to crush his antagonist. Some of Napoleon's ablest ministers and most attached counsellors advised him to desist from his warlike undertaking, but he felt confident as to his means, and never doubted his ultimate success. "The war," he said, "is a wise measure, demanded by the true interests of France and the general security. The great power I have attained forces *me to assume an universal dictatorship*. Ambition has no share in my views. I wish to obtain no new acquisition; and reserve to myself only the glory of doing good, and the blessings of posterity. There must be an European code; one court of appeal; one system of money, weights, and measures; equal justice and uniform laws throughout the continent. *Europe must form but one great nation, and Paris must be the capital of the world.*"

Hurrying to Dresden, in the summer of 1812, to meet an assemblage of kings and princes favourable, or not indifferent, to his cause, Napoleon developed his plans; but still anxious to avert a war, he dispatched Count Lauriston to the Emperor Alexander, to see if the differences between men, sworn brothers at Tilsit and Erfurth, could not be reconciled without bloodshed. It was of no avail. Alexander's mind was made up to cast off the yoke under which the commerce of his country groaned and her progress in the arts of civilisation was checked, and the integrity of his throne endangered. He refused even to grant Lauriston an audience. An appeal to the sword was then inevitable. At the head of 420,000 men Napoleon marched through Prussia, into Russia and Poland, and on the 28th of June, 1812, entered Wilna, the capital of that part of the empire. From this point his advance was vigorously opposed. The Russians gave him battle upon every possible occasion, and laid the country waste in front of his armies. Still he posted onwards until he reached Borodino, a village on the Moskwa, where he found his passage for the moment arrested by the fortifications thrown up by the Russians. A long and bloody contest here took place,¹ and Napoleon, ultimately victorious, proceeded to Moscow, which city he entered in triumph, fully calculating on passing the winter in a town so richly supplied

¹ On the eve of the Battle of Borodino, or of the Moskwa, the intelligence of the victory of Salamanca reached the Russian camp, and Prince Kutusoff made use of the circumstance to animate his troops. The English under Wellington were held up to them as an example.

with all that was necessary for the maintenance of his army. In this he was grievously mistaken. Either from design or accident, the whole town was soon in flames. The provisions and the shelter on which the French had calculated, were alike destroyed, and the condition of the invading army became perilous in the extreme. It was in vain that Napoleon, threatened with all the horrors of a Russian winter, attempted to open a negotiation with Alexander. The Czar treated all his overtures with supreme contempt. A retreat was inevitable, and accordingly commenced. It began on the 20th of October, 1812. In point of suffering to those engaged, it is without a parallel in history. Thousands of men and horses perished of hunger, or fell by the hands of the infuriated pursuers. Such as survived became demoralised or intimidated, and whole battalions fled from the war-whoop of a band of Cossacks, while the entire line of the route was marked by white mounds, the snow-clad graves of those who had sunk down and died on the dreadful march. Bonaparte, seeing his army totally ruined, hastily quitted it, and hurried back to Paris. New troubles now awaited him. The King of Prussia, subservient from constraint to the arbitrary will of Napoleon, had not merely given the army destined to invade Russia a passage through his dominions; he had assisted it with a force under General D'York, and these troops being pressed by the Russians, under Wittgenstein, on the retreat of Napoleon, D'York concluded an armed neutrality with the Russians. Alexander seized upon the circumstance as a happy omen of a renewal of the former good understanding subsisting between Russia and Prussia. He issued a proclamation, calling the attention of the European powers to the abortion of Napoleon's unjust enterprise and the ruin of his proud hopes and lofty schemes; stated his earnest desire to restore the balance of power, and urged the expediency of immediate exertions for the rescue of the harassed continent from the miseries of servitude. The proclamation took effect. The King of Prussia resolved to embrace the opportunity of effecting his own emancipation, and securing the independence of his people. He at once opened a communication with Alexander; they met at Breslau, and a treaty of close alliance for their mutual interest and the general advantage of Europe was concluded. Napoleon received the intimation without surprise, merely observing, when the hostile declaration was notified at St. Cloud, "It is better to have a declared enemy than a doubtful ally," and with characteristic resolution he addressed himself to new efforts to crush the alliance.

We must now return to Spain, to survey the operations which had

taken place in the eastern provinces, while Wellington lay inactive on the banks of the Douro.

Marshal Suchet had not so skilful an enemy to cope with in the eastern provinces as his contemporary Marshals had met with in the west. Lord William Bentinck preferred looking to British interests in Sicily to grappling with the French in Spain, and Sir John Murray was scarcely strong enough to make an impression on Suchet single-handed. At the beginning of 1813, the French were 70,000 strong in Valencia and Catalonia, while Murray's force at Alcante did not exceed 30,000 Anglo-Sicilians and Spaniards. True, the greater part of Suchet's army was necessarily distributed in garrisons, leaving him only 18,000 men for active operations beyond the Xucor, but he was gifted with rare military talents, and had not, to that hour, any strong reasons for respecting the military capacity of his adversary. He was fated, for an instant, to alter his opinion in March 1813. On the 6th of that month, Murray, having previously reconnoitered the position of Alroy, and driven in the advance guard with loss, deemed it of importance to get possession of the place. On the 7th he attacked and carried it, but the enemy contrived to effect his escape. The effect of the capture was to induce Suchet to quit Valencia and take the command, in person, of the troops on the right bank of the Xucor. Murray, therefore, assembled the allied army at Castella, on the 20th of March, and several small outpost affairs took place, in which General Whittingham¹ and the Spanish troops signalised themselves. Sir John Murray particularly spoke in his despatches of the cordial co-operation he had experienced from General Elio.

Sir John Murray, although serving at a distance from the Marquis of Wellington, was acting under his orders, and responsible to him for his movements. Accordingly, we find that on the 14th of April, 1813, Lord Wellington drew up an elaborate memorandum of the operations to be carried on on the eastern coast of the Peninsula, as soon as the allied British and Portuguese army should take the field in Castile, which was not intended until the first days of the month of May. This memorandum is more peculiarly illustrative of the prescience of Lord Wellington than any which bears his signature. Every contingency is anticipated and provided for—every difficulty is fairly and boldly contemplated, and its removal devised. No doubt Murray would have scrupulously followed the injunctions contained in the document; but it happened that, on the very day previous to

¹ Afterwards Sir Stamford Whittingham, and commander of a Division of the Madras army.

that on which the memorandum is dated, Marshal Suchet attacked Murray at Castella, and sustained a complete defeat. Sir John thus describes the battle:—

“HEAD-QUARTERS, CASTELLA, *April 14th*, 1813.

“MY LORD,

“I have the satisfaction to inform your Lordship that the allied army under my command defeated the enemy on the 13th inst., commanded by Marshal Suchet in person. It appears that the French General had, for the purpose of attacking this army, for some time been employed in collecting his whole disposable force. His arrangements were completed on the 10th, and on the morning of the 11th he attacked and dislodged with some loss a Spanish corps, posted by General Elio, at Yecla, which threatened his right, whilst it supported our left flank. In the evening he advanced in considerable force to Villena, and, I am sorry to say, that he captured, on the morning of the 12th, a Spanish garrison, which had been thrown into the Castle by the Spanish General, for its defence. On the 12th, about noon, Marshal Suchet began his attack on the advance of this army, posted at Biar, under the command of Colonel Adam. Colonel Adam's orders were to fall back upon Castella, but to dispute the passage with the enemy, which he did with the utmost gallantry and skill for five hours, though attacked by a force infinitely superior to that which he commanded. The enemy's advance occupied the pass that evening, and Colonel Adam took up the ground in our position which had been allotted to him. On the 13th, at noon, the enemy's columns of attack were formed, composed of three divisions of infantry, a corps of cavalry of about 1600 men, and a formidable train of artillery. The position of the allied army was extensive. The left was posted on a strong range of hills, occupied by Major-General Whittingham's division of Spanish troops, and the advance of the allied army, under Colonel Adam. This range of hills terminates at Castella, which, and the ground to the right, was occupied by Major-General Mackenzie's division, and the 58th regiment, from that of Lieutenant-General Clinton. The remainder of the position was covered by a strong ravine, behind which Lieutenant-General Clinton was, stationed, supported by three battalions of General Roche's division, as a column of reserve. A few batteries had been constructed in this part of the line, and in front of the castle of Castella. The enemy necessarily advanced on the left of the position. The first movement he made was to pass a strong body of cavalry along the line, threatening our right, which was refused. Of this

movement no notice was taken; the ground to which he was pointing is unfavourable to cavalry, and as this movement was foreseen, the necessary precautions had been taken. When this body of cavalry had passed nearly the half of our line of infantry, Marshal Suchet advanced his columns to the foot of the hills; and certainly his troops, with a degree of gallantry that entitles them to the highest praise, stormed the whole line, which is not less than two miles and a half in extent. But, gallantly as the attack was made, the defence of the heights was no less brilliant: at every point the enemy was repulsed—at many with the bayonet. He suffered a very severe loss. Our gallant troops pursued him for some distance, and drove him, after a severe struggle, with precipitation on his battalions of reserve upon the plain. The cavalry, which had slowly advanced along our right, gradually fell back to the infantry. At present his superiority in that arm enabled him to venture this movement, which, otherwise, he should have severely repented. Having united his shattered battalions with those he kept in reserve, Marshal Suchet took up a position in the valley; but which it would not have been creditable to allow him to retain. I therefore decided on quitting mine; still, however, retaining the heights, and formed the allied army in his front, covering my right flank with the cavalry, whilst the rest rested on the hills. The army advanced in two lines to attack him, a considerable distance; but, unfortunately, Marshal Suchet did not choose to risk a second action, with the defile in his rear. The line of the allies was scarcely formed, when he began his retreat, and we could effect nothing more than driving the French into the pass with defeat, which they had exultingly passed in the morning. The action terminated at dusk, with a distant but heavy cannonade. I am sorry to say that I have no trophies to boast of. The enemy took no guns to the heights, and he retired too expeditiously to enable me to reach him. Those which he used in the latter part of the day were posted in the gorge of the defile, and it would have cost us the lives of many brave men to take them. In the dusk the allied army returned to its position at Castella, after the enemy had retired to Biar. From thence he continued his retreat at midnight to Villena, which he quitted again this morning in great haste, directing his march upon Fuente de la Higuera and Onteniente. But although I have taken no cannon from the enemy, in point of numbers his army is very considerably crippled; and the defeat of a French army which boasted it had never known a check, cannot fail, I should hope, in producing a most favourable effect in this part of the Peninsula. As I before mentioned to your Lordship, Marshal Suchet commanded in person.

The Generals Harispe, Hubert, and Roberts, commanded their respective divisions. I hear from all quarters that General Harispe is killed; and I believe, from every account that I can collect, that the loss of the enemy amounts fully to 3000 men; and he admits 2500. Upwards of 800 have already been buried in front of only one part of our line; and we know that he has carried off with him an immense number of wounded. We had no opportunity of making prisoners, except such as were wounded, the numbers of which have not reached me. I am sure your Lordship will hear with much satisfaction that this action has not cost us the lives of many of our comrades. Deeply must be felt the loss, however trifling, of such brave and gallant soldiers; but we know it is inevitable; and I can with truth affirm that there was not an officer or soldier engaged who did not court the glorious termination of an honourable life in the discharge of his duty to his King and his country. The gallant and judicious conduct of those that were engaged deprived much more than one-half the army of sharing in the perils and glory of the day; but the steady countenance with which the divisions of Generals Clinton and Mackenzie remained for some hours under a cannonade, and the eagerness and alacrity with which the lines of attack were formed sufficiently proved to me what I had to depend on from them, had Marshal Suchet awaited the attack."

After this action, the armies resumed their former position, as Murray—one of whose divisions had been recalled to Sicily by Lord William Bentinck—did not feel himself sufficiently strong to resume offensive operations. There is no doubt that he ought to have pushed his success immediately after the battle.

What was doing in the north of Spain (Major-General Cooke continued in the south at Cadiz) while Murray was operating in the east, and Lord Wellington lay tranquil on the Douro? The north of Spain was in a state of insurrection against the French yoke; the insurgents, stirred up and supported by a squadron of British men of war upon the Gallician coasts. The Gallicians are a fine body of men, and formed by habit to share in the semi-savage kind of warfare practised by the *guerrilleros*. These people, with the *partidas* of the Asturias and Leon, gave the French no repose. They surprised a French detachment returning, after a plundering expedition to Burgos, and killed or made prisoners 1000 men. They captured the garrisons at Bilboa, Salinas de Arona, and Pancabo. Mina, to whom allusion has previously been made, harassed the enemy in Arragon and Navarre. Futile were the efforts of Clauzel to capture him. He was continually upon the flanks of the enemy, attacking small

detachments and convoys.¹ The name of Mina will ever stand distinguished in the history of the *guerrillas* of Spain; two individuals of

¹ "I was witness to a transaction which must furnish you with a correct idea of the general system of *Guerrillas*, and to what extent dependence can be placed on that description of force, which has been so lavishly commended. Four hundred well-mounted *Guerrillas* fell in with sixteen French dragoons, who immediately charged them; away went the *Guerrillas*, and in their route drove five British light dragoons off the road; but the latter, the 12th Dragoons, in their turn charged the enemy, who immediately fled. Don Julian, the *Guerrilla* chief, in support of this affair, stated, that '*his forces are not intended for the charge, but merely to harass the French, and cut off their supplies.*'"—*Private letter from an officer in Camp near Burgos, October, 1812.*

Another officer, writing from Valladolid, gives a better account of the uses of the *Guerrillas*.

"VALLADOLID.—We reached this city early to-day; assuredly we shall learn one lesson from the French, who, willing to impede the advances of our troops, most effectually prevented a way over the bridges by completely, and in a masterly manner, destroying the centre arch; but they are adepts in the art of destruction. We forded the Douro, but it was low; perhaps, in a month's time, the bridges will be wanted, but we can build well and rapidly. Our road to-day was through a forest of pine-trees, whose beautiful green tops (for they resemble the figure of a mop reversed) formed a pleasing contrast to the yellow, burnt surface of the country. This city is, in comparison to all I have seen in Spain or Portugal, except Lisbon, much the finest and best paved; in the latter respect it surpasses Lisbon. The streets are wide, and have been neatly flagged on each side, an improvement suggested by the French. To-day, the houses are a display of tapestry, &c., in honour of Ferdinand the Seventh, whose portrait is hung amidst a profusion of crimson velvet, in the great square. A few days since, King Joe received the same compliment. These people are fond of grand display, fireworks, and illuminations; whether for the Virgin Mary, or a saint, a king, or a victory, out flows the tapestry over the balconies, and all go to church. I will give you an idea of military distress: a few days past we could not get food for ourselves; here we cannot get food for our cattle, an important embarrassment, for both an Englishman and his horse require the substantial to enable them to fight the climate, the fatigue, and the enemy. As an instance of Spanish *politesse* and hospitality—arriving here somewhat fatigued and *dusty*, with an irresistible inclination for breakfast, we only washed, put on clean linen, and a *slight* covering, and sat down to breakfast *sans cérémonie*; my lady, the Donna of the house, two young Donnas, and the Don, soon after entered, made us understand we were welcome, chatted and retired. You must know, we are billeted according to rank. I have been lucky hitherto to lodge with Dons, and in mansions that would afford materials to build a tolerable village, with a parson's barn; the oak table I am now writing upon, would easily cut into *three* tolerably heavy ones, and my landlord's chariot would supply wood to fit up a turnpike-house, gate, and posts; conceive doors and window-shutters three inches thick, of solid wood—it serves to keep out heat. The French that garrisoned this city and the village we came through, by the ingenuity they have displayed in the defences against the attack of the *Guerrillas*, have left a convincing proof how formidable they considered those partisan warriors—houses at the extremity of the village surrounded by a deep ditch, a parapet, embrasures of field-pieces, and loop-holes for musketry, a deep ditch, with a parapet, cut across all the roads leading into the villages—in short, these *Guerrilla* gentlemen must have created great alarm, and consequently have risen in our estimation. Regular action is out of their way, but for *la petite guerre* they are admirable. To be sure, their appearance is horribly grotesque; anything of a jacket, anything of a cap, anything of a sword, or pistol, or carbine, and anything of a horse. As mercy is not in the calendar of their virtues, you may readily imagine what a terror they are to the French. I have no hesitation in describing the loss of the enemy, in rencontres with the *Guerrillas*, to have been 20,000 men, and I am borne out by the opinion of many intelligent Spaniards; 600,000 of the French have come

this name became the scourge and terror of the invading French army and its supporters from an early period in 1809. The younger Mina was a student of Navarre: at the early age of twenty this heroic Spaniard was wounded, and carried prisoner into France; his uncle, D. Francisco Espozy Mina, having gained reputation for courage and other necessary qualifications for a *guerrilla* chief, succeeded to the command, in which his nephew had made himself so famous and formidable. This warrior was not thirty years of age when he became leader of the *guerrillas*, and commander of the province of Navarre; his habits and temperament were admirably calculated for the bold and romantic exploits which he undertook; with a frame of uncommon physical power, he possessed a mind equal to danger and privation, and insensible to the weaknesses of human nature, when they interfered with his duty as the soldier, the servant, and the defender of his country. When Mina laid down to rest, it was always with pistols in his girdle, and if under the shelter of a roof, which was seldom the case, he always secured the door against surprise. Two hours' sleep was sufficient to recruit the strength of this hardy patriot. His powder was manufactured among the mountains, and his hospital was at a mountain village; and whenever the French made an attempt on it, mountaineers always, on the first intimation of their approach, were sure to remove the sick and wounded to places of greater security. The mode adopted by Mina for raising money to pay his soldiers, and reward his emissaries, was arbitrary, but the times and circumstances perhaps rendered it not only excusable, but justifiable. He exacted certain sums from the rich traders, for passports and protection, and he permitted dealers of every rank to traffic with the French, by which means his men were supplied with many things of which they otherwise must have stood in need. The Alcaldes of the villages Mina kept true to his cause, by never allowing them an opportunity of betraying it. If they were ordered by the French to make a requisition, and did not immediately acquaint Mina with the circumstance, he went in the night, seized them in their beds, and punished them on the spot with the death of a traitor. When his linen was dirty, he made a practice of repairing to the nearest house and taking clean from its owner. The dress of this chieftain and his followers was as free from ostentation as their patriotism. There was nothing remarkable about them, but their sandals, which were worn to afford them a greater facility in climbing mountains or precipices, when

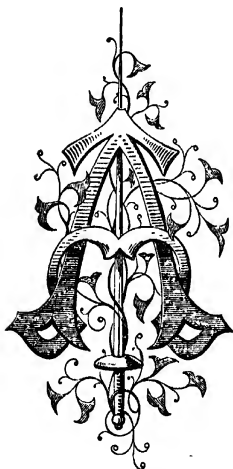
into this country, 100,000 have been ordered back, and what remains is certainly not 150,000, all included; so say the French, and so say the Spaniards. We have 20,000 prisoners; in short, we may estimate their loss at 350,000 men since the war."

pursued. To the morals of his followers Mina was strictly attentive; he would not allow of gaming nor plunder; when the battle was over, every man was permitted to take what he could obtain, but until his duties were done, it would have drawn upon him the vengeance of his chief, had he thought of appropriating to himself any part of the spoil. The arms of his *guerrillas* were all in excellent order for battle, though their external appearance did not warrant this idea: they were rusty and clumsy, and their bayonets all stained with the blood of the invaders. Whenever a spy of the French was detected, he was brought into the presence of the chief, whose guards were expert in executing a summary and disgraceful punishment on the delinquent: his right ear was cut off with a sword, and then the words "*Viva Mina!*" branded on his forehead. The army of Mina never exceeded 5000 men, because he knew that a greater number would not be so manageable. In this war, in which the best feelings of a brave people were enlisted, old men, boys, and women, did not shrink from bearing a part; husbandmen quitted their flocks, the lame and halt put on a warrior's garb, and all rushed forward to defend their country, or perish in her cause. In one province, *El Pastor*, the shepherd, was the leader, in another, *El Medico*, or the doctor, *El Manco*, or the cripple, in a third; another band was headed by *El Cantarero*, or the Potter; and a chief, known by the whimsical epithet of *Francisquite*, or Little Francis, led his countrymen to the field in another. In the country surrounding Madrid, a man, whose age obtained for him the title of *El Abvilo*, or the Grandfather, made himself formidable to the enemy; and in Rioja, the celebrated Cuevillos, was accompanied by his son and *daughter-in-law*, the Gildippe of Spain. In one action this Amazon was said to have killed three of the enemy with her own hand. By the impolicy of Napoleon, the priesthood were driven from their convents, and many of them served in the *guerrillas*, whilst the old and the eloquent preached a crusade against the invaders.



CHAPTER XV.

Old soldiers—Second in command—Preparations for the ensuing Campaign—Remonstrances addressed to the Spanish and Portuguese Governments—Advance into Spain—Battle of Vittoria.



AFTER his visit to Cadiz, the Marquis of Wellington, on his return to Freneda, gave all his time—all the energies of his mind—to the preparations for such an advance into Spain as would render another regression quite unnecessary. The position of the French was not formidable—they occupied the towns of Toro, Zamora, Tordesillas, and Valladolid, on the right bank of the Douro, and continued recruiting for a fresh contest. Napoleon did indeed withdraw some of the best troops from service in Germany, but King Joseph still remained in sufficient strength to offer, under good generalship, a formidable obstruction to the meditated advance of the English. But this

“good generalship” was wanting. He had abandoned Madrid, and fixed his head-quarters at Valladolid; and unfortunately for him, he and his generals did not agree, so that instead of being “concentrated at the right point, and under one head, the troops were scattered under officers who agreed in nothing but opposition to his military command.”

It was a great object with Lord Wellington to have as many old soldiers in his army as possible. There was a very natural desire among some of the regiments to be relieved after five years of such

hard service, followed by the severe comments upon their discipline, to which reference has already been made; but the feeling among the officers was generally in favour of a continuance on the Peninsula until the great object of expelling the French had been accomplished.

To neither the desire to go nor the honourable wish to remain did Lord Wellington vouchsafe much heed. He continually urged upon the Duke of York, the Commander-in-Chief, the importance of leaving the old soldiers with him. From Cadiz he had written, "Experience has shown us in the Peninsula that a soldier who has got through one campaign is of more service than two or even three newly arrived from England. * * * I should prefer to keep as many of the old regiments as I can with the army." And this sentiment he iterated in nearly the very same words in his communications with Earl Bathurst after his return to Freneda.¹

Another subject which occupied no small share of Lord Wellington's attention at this period was, the quality of the general officers sent out to assist him, and the folly of troubling him with a "second in command." Upon the latter point, he evinced some degree of irritation, but his arguments, as usual, were far from devoid of reason. He conceived that Marshal Beresford, as the next in rank to himself, and as enjoying the confidence of the Portuguese, was preferable to any lieutenant-general who might be sent out as the *successor to himself* in the command of the allied armies, and for any other purpose he deemed an officer of high rank quite unnecessary.

"In my opinion [despatch to Earl Bathurst, January 20, 1813], the office of second in command of an army in these days, in which the use of councils of war has been discontinued, and the chief in command is held severely responsible for everything that passes, is not only useless, but injurious to the service. A person without defined duties, excepting to give flying opinions, from which he may depart at pleasure, must be a nuisance in moments of decision; and whether I have a second in command or not, I am determined always to act according to the dictates of my own judgment, being quite certain that I shall be responsible for the act, be the person who he may, according to whose opinion it has been adopted. One person in that situation may give me a little more trouble than another; but

¹ In order to encourage the old soldiers to remain, all those who had entered the service in 1808, and whose term of service had expired, were offered large bounties to re-enter. Men not above thirty-five years of age were allowed to enlist for life, and received sixteen guineas. Those above thirty-five for seven years only, and received eleven guineas of bounty. The temptation was sufficiently strong, especially to those who looked only to present enjoyment, to induce many to renew their engagements.

substantially I must be indifferent as to whether it is the Marshal, or any of the Lieutenants-General who have been named on the occasion. I must be out of the way when any one of them should be called upon to act in command; and excepting that feeling, which every man must have for what is to occur after he is gone, which is not of a personal nature, I can have no preference to one officer over another as my successor."

The winter of 1812 was very inclement, and, in spite of all the efforts which humanity and policy could dictate, both officers and men suffered from the severity of the season. It will serve to convey some notion of the character of Peninsula service, during a suspension of arms, and at such a period, if a few extracts from letters, written at the time, are here given:—

"MONASTERIO, 17th October, 1812.

"We left our delightful tinkering, and came forward to this vile village. I think the description of the scenes at the advanced post will not be unentertaining. You may suppose a village on the high-road, about nine miles from head-quarters, the army occupying strong positions near to that place, the enemy about fifteen miles in our front. Imagine, also, all the villages in the vicinity of the great road, left and right, to be occupied by the Spanish cavalry, Guerrillas, and infantry; and suppose a village about six miles in front of our advanced position, on the great road. During the day, we occupy this village in front with a subaltern's picket of cavalry, about eighteen men; having on the road, also, between the two villages, an infantry picket of seventy men. At night, our subaltern's picket retires from the village in advance, leaving a corporal and six men about two miles on the road; he retires to the infantry picket, which has a small picket of one sergeant and eight men in its front, about 150 yards: this we consider as the night position. In the village, at our advance, are posted three squadrons of cavalry, two field-pieces, and a regiment of light infantry; and in a village contiguous more light infantry.

"I will give you the occurrences of twenty-four hours, and then you will judge of the nature of our post-duty. At eleven P.M., by intelligence from the front, report is made, the enemy is advancing in full speed. 'Turn out! Turn out! Send the baggage to the rear! Form the battalion!' Out we turn—away goes the baggage, with all our meat, drink, and clothing, except what is on our backs; it rains in torrents. Having continued two hours in expectation of a move, ordered to quarters, not to unarm, but to be ready at a moment's

warning to turn out; the rest of the night, and till four in the morning, sitting over a few cold ashes, cold and wet; turn out at four as customary—wait till daylight—no appearance of an enemy—ordered to quarters all wet, dirty, cold, and our baggage nine miles off; in six hours the baggage returns; just turned in. An alarm again—the Guerrillas come galloping in—the enemy are coming on—away goes the baggage again—out we turn—form in a field—wait until an attack would be most desirable—another false alarm—return to our quarters quite wet, dirty, cold, and comfortless. From a variety of causes these alarms arise, and an extreme caution is highly necessary. We are continually exposed. As for the habitations and mode of living, they beggar all description. As the straw palliasses found in the houses is a receptacle for all kinds of vermin, we prefer a blanket on the floor; but whether it is the heat that draws them, search of prey, or a roaming disposition in the vermin, but so it is, we have a regular hunt after every hour's rest, and I assure you the slaughter is immense. In regard to what we eat and drink, I suppose an ordinary in St. Giles's would be a luxury; and often when nature is so exhausted that wet, cold, and hunger is borne away by weariness and fatigue, and we sink on the dirty hearth of a miserable fire absorbed in sleep, the horrid and incessant squalling of children deprive us of that comfort, and we must appear savage to favour exhausted nature. Conceive, then, fine elegant young men, who have paraded Bond-street, the very quintessence of fashion, whose stainless leathers and varnished tops, muslin folds and smooth chins, have stamped them the votaries of fashion, *you see here* with huge dirty mustachios or whiskers, ragged jackets, greasy shirts, filthy pantaloons, half a hat or foraging cap, and misery depicted in strong colours in each feature. I think the idea of what an officer or soldier should be in this country is well described on the wall of a room at Castle le Bromeo, by a French officer. He says, 'to live in this country one should have the heart of a lion, the strength of a horse, the appetite of a mouse; and the feelings of a savage;' to which I, amongst the general opinion, heartily subscribe. But the grand consideration, that we are sustaining a conflict here to preserve our dear country from the local horrors of war, is paramount to everything; it gives us fortitude and resolution, braces our nerves, and renders us irresistible; which I humbly hope God, in his infinite mercy and goodness, will continue unto us until we have defeated our enemies."

"MONTGAUL, 4th December, 1812.

"The dismal and harassed march has ceased, and the divisions settling themselves in their winter quarters: our friends in England; it is likely, have little idea how much we have to do when once our particular quarter is allotted to us. A good lodging, comfortably furnished, generally receives us when going into winter quarters at home; here how great the difference: a brigade is huddled into a Portuguese village, of which it is not possible to convey any idea to our friends at home; but I will explain what I have to do ere I can reach a sensation bordering on what is called comfort. In order to have light, without sharing the inclemency of the weather, I have a frame made to a window; this frame is divided by string into squares, to which is attached oiled paper—a clumsy imitation of what we sometimes observe in carpenters' shops—this is my window. The floor of my apartment is fortunately without holes; but that must be scraped and washed, an operation it never before has experienced. I have next to stop up the holes in the walls of my room, and, if I can procure a little white-wash, give a similarity of appearance to what never had changed from the first formation, except by the effect of damp, and the filthy customs of the natives. Plaster or white-wash is very seldom found here. The roof must remain, as it serves not only to keep out the rain, but also to let out the smoke. The labour of man cannot wash the blackamoor white. Conceive, now, my apartment, in some degree cleared from its native filth and dungeon-like appearance; a bundle of clean straw, nicely disposed of in one corner, with two blankets, composes my bed; a rough, heavy table, and a ricketty stool finishes the catalogue of my furniture; a dirty tin lamp, with oil, lights me to bed. In regard to any other comfort, as the Portuguese have scarcely an idea beyond the brute creation, you may conceive their astonishment when they beheld me raising a little fabric in a corner of the yard; it was totally beyond their comprehension. Now, my friends, here I am settled for winter-quarters, master of just sufficient philosophy to save a rope the trouble of ending a life of less importance at this moment to me than ever. The weather is fine and warm; should it change, and oblige me to keep within doors, without books, without any resource, but what my fancy raises—and you will allow a man's imagination must be prolific, who can, under such circumstances, form anything like a lively sentiment—what a prospect!"

Another writer furnishes the following description of Portugal :—

“I must confess, I felt astonished at the almost sudden change in the face of the country, on entering Portugal. From Ciudad Rodrigo, in the direction to Guarda, you at once advance amidst mountains of rocks, on the surface of which you continually see immense piles of loose stones, and many of those of an enormous size, to every appearance the effect of eruptions ; but which present such a savage aspect to the view, that, when astonishment has ceased, a sensation of horror ensues ; conceive that as far as the eye can reach from mountain to mountain, over an expanse of valleys, you still encounter this rough and barbarous appearance. A few acres, badly cultivated, a few stunted oaks, or the more flourishing chesnut, now and then present a little relief to the disgusted traveller. On descending from Guarda, a city situated on the summit of a mass of rocks, and which, from its extreme height, is all winter weeping as it were, under a dense cloud ; you travel for some miles winding down into the valley, which certainly presented to our view the nearest approaches to civilisation we had encountered for some time ; the opposite side of the mountain was enlivened by two or three apparently neat villages, which was increased by some of the habitations being white-washed ; a few buildings were also interspersed on the bank of the river, which the imagination fondly clinging to what it had been accustomed to, readily converted into country-houses, gardens, orchards, &c., but from whatever cause, certainly the eye was delighted. I am led to think, from the quantities of olive trees we observed, that that branch of business was carried on in this place, as we saw a few well-built stone houses, which, though now desolated, gave evident proof of previous opulence, and conveyed some degree of grandeur. On leaving the valley, although here and there the searching eye would penetrate for miles around, the general appearance was nature in its roughest state ; towns, villages, roads, rivers, and cultivation, all in the most barbarous, savage state ; bordering on the idea, that of being seen once, and that once too much ; there seems to us some description of fruit, and vegetables ; apples and currants, cabbages and onions, potatoes and turnips ; goats' milk and tolerable bread, so that we can make our broth ; but fuel seems scarce, the natives using charcoal. As yet the weather is fine, but should the wintry storms confine us to our uncomfortable quarters, and the luxury of the sun be denied us, I am not clear whether a Hottentot is not more comfortable ; no doubt infinitely more so according to his ideas.”

To receive the reinforcements arriving from England, and despatch

them to the army, Major-General Peacocke was stationed at Lisbon. The reinforcements of cavalry especially were of a very high order. The 10th, the 15th, and the 18th Hussars, now came out to strengthen the light troops, and the whole of the Household Brigade, the two Regiments of Life Guards, and the Royal Horse Guards (Blue), were added to the Heavy Cavalry. The excellent discipline of the latter compensated for their want of experience in the field: the better part of the Hussars had honourably distinguished themselves under Lord Paget (now Marquis of Anglesey), at Coruña. Munitions of war were poured into the hands of Lord Wellington, with suitable profusion, and he at length (April, 1813) began to feel that he might place every reliance upon the English part of his army. But he was terribly plagued with the Spanish and Portuguese. There was no lack of energy in the business of recruiting. Men were obtained in great numbers, and officers were full of zeal. It was in the financial department, and the matter of supply, that all the vexation was produced. Both the Junta and the Cortes were loth to supply the needful, believing that the British commander would feed the allies as well as his own troops. Against this Lord Wellington decidedly set his face, and his correspondence establishes that he was influenced by no other feeling than a sense of justice to the foreign troops, and to the people of Great Britain. Addressing the Conde de la Bisbal, he expresses his apprehension that instead of having too few troops in a state of discipline to take the field there will be more men clothed, armed, and disciplined, than the means of the country could support, unless the Government should carry out the measures they had arranged with him, and give the armies the *real nine-tenths of the revenue fairly collected and honestly administered*. "It will answer no purpose to bring to the theatre of war on the Douro, or the Ebro, crowds of starving soldiers. We shall only lose them by desertion, and with them our own characters; and increase our difficulties, without reaping any advantage for the trouble taken in forming them."¹ To Don Jose de Carrajal Lord Wellington writes "Officers and soldiers without discipline are worse than useless, and discipline and subordination cannot be established in any army that is neither paid nor fed; and the Spanish officers cannot be paid or fed unless the Government shall carry into execution the measures which were arranged with me under the decree of the Cortes."

Nor was it only upon the subject of the means of paying and feeding the allied, and especially the Spanish, troops, that Lord Wellington experienced anxieties and annoyances. The Spanish

¹ Letter to the Conde de la Bisbal, dated Freneda, 28th March, 1813.

Ministers and Generals were continually encroaching upon his authority, and taking upon themselves responsibilities which were solely the prerogative of the English generalissimo. Hear what he says to Sir Henry Wellesley, the British Minister at Madrid:—

“I wish and propose to open the campaign on the 1st of May. * * * If there was money I should entertain no doubts of the result of the next campaign in respect to the Peninsula. But the Spanish Government have so contrived their matters, that the arrangements concerted and agreed upon with me, have not yet produced a shilling, and as far as I can judge, are not likely to produce much. However, I cannot yet write decisively and officially upon this subject, as I have not the official reports; but I have certainly the most obstinate and worst tempered people to deal with that I have yet met in my life. * * * Depend upon it that the result of the next campaign depends on our financial resources. * * * If we cannot relieve the subsidies without falling on the resources of the British army, and can get nothing from the country, we shall end the next campaign as we did the last. * * * The Minister of War is going on just as usual; and I must either resign, or throw him and the Government on their responsibility, and desire some member of the Cortes to call for the letters. He sends orders to the troops, and so do I, and the consequence is that neither are obeyed.”

And again, in a letter to Don Andres Argel de la Vega, he vehemently protests against the conduct of the Government, in their interference with his prerogative and duties. They had removed officers from their stations and placed them in others, without any recommendation from Lord Wellington; without, in fact, acquainting him that they had made such arrangements. They had appointed other officers to stations of importance unknown to him, and had moved corps of cavalry and infantry about, without any reasons of a public nature.

All the chafing and irritability produced by this indecent and truly impolitic disregard of Wellington's instructions and positions, did not, however, deter him from continuing to offer friendly counsel to the governments of the two nations. Late in January, and again early in April, he addressed long letters to a member of the Spanish Cortes and to the Prince Regent of Portugal, full of the soundest practical advice, and exhibiting those rare administrative talents which afterwards gave him as lofty a position as a British statesman and diplomatist as he had earned for himself as a soldier. These letters, monuments at once of Wellington's judgment and dis-

interestedness, will be found elsewhere.¹ If read and pondered in connection with all his military operations, involving at this period a prodigious amount of correspondence, some notion will be arrived at of the marvellous personal labour employed to execute the suggestions of a singularly clear and active mind.

Early in May, 1813, Lord Wellington commenced his march towards Spain. It is instructive, in a military view, to notice the arrangements that had been made for the soldiery preparatory to the movement. The entire force consisted of 200,000 men, of whom 70,000 formed the Anglo-Portuguese army, with ninety pieces of artillery. The English troops, previous to the advance, were directed to deliver their great coats into store, and blankets were supplied in their stead—an excellent arrangement, as the blanket formed a sufficient covering under the canopy of tents now served out, in the proportion of three to each company.

No army ever had less baggage: besides two calashes, one belonging to Lord Wellington, and another to the officer commanding the corps of Guides, a waggon containing the printing press for the publication of general orders and circulars, and the common ammunition waggon and forges, there was not another carriage in the army. Three tents were allowed to each company of infantry. The French system, grown up during the revolutionary wars, of striking direct at great objects, and the adaptation of the dogma, that the end sanctifies the means, to political subjects, made the health or welfare of the soldiers of little importance, and camp equipage became incompatible with the velocity of their movements. But Lord Wellington thought the lives of Englishmen more valuable than the French marshals considered those of Frenchmen, and by a little arrangement, managed to give to the troops those *shields from the dew* (which is the real use of tents) which no chief who values the health of his men, or any country that respects its armed citizens, should ever allow soldiers to be without.

By taking for the tents the mules previously employed in carrying the camp kettles, the difficulty of carriage was overcome; while the culinary utensils were reduced in size and altered in composition, (from a utensil for ten men to one serviceable for six, and from iron to tin,) becoming in consequence capable of being carried in turns by the men. This was an invention by one of the English officers attached to Marshal Beresford, and was in use among our faithful allies a year previous to the employment of them by the British. This arrangement united the advantages of cover, and overcoming the

¹ Appendix, Nos. I. and II.

uncertainty of the arrival of the soldiers' *batterie de cuisine ambulante*. Though these "bell tents" were only intended for twelve men, and thus only able to hold about half a complete company, what with sick and men on duty, and other contingencies, they generally covered four-fifths of those who had a right to be in a state of repose. Each man was provided with a reasonable supply of necessaries. The daily allowance of rations to soldiers and officers consisted of one pound of beef, one of biscuit, and a small allowance of rum and wine. But the weight was still more than soldiers ought to have carried on such a service. In these days efforts have been made to lighten the burthen of the soldier, and when a change has been effected in the weight and construction of the knapsack, there will not be more on a soldier's back than he can carry with ease and comfort on a long day's march. In the olden time—for the march of improvement has made forty years an age—more men were killed by the burthens they bore, than by the bullets and bayonets of the enemy.¹

The plan of Lord Wellington was to form his army into one grand line, extending from one end of the confines of Spain and Portugal to the other, and to march with it "all abreast" upon the "scattered French, and drive them reflux to the Pyrenees." The line was divided into three columns. The right column was composed of the second division of the Grand Army under Hill, and was to advance along the line of the Tagus to Toledo, where it was to form a junction with the army of Alicant, under Sir John Murray. Of the second, or centre column, Lord Wellington took the command in person. The object of this column was to advance by way of Salamanca, forcing the enemy from his positions on the Douro. The third, or left column, was entrusted to Graham. It was to march at first directly northward within the Portuguese frontier, through the province of Tras Los Montes to Braganza, whence it was to enter Spain, turning the French troops on the Douro, and hastening their retreat if they should not have retired previously. Sir Thomas Graham was then to take the line of Benevente to Burgos. The

¹ An idea may be formed, from the subjoined enumeration of the articles carried by a rifleman, of the weight the infantry had to bear on the march :—

"Knapsack and straps, two shirts, two pairs of stockings, three pairs of shoes, one pair of soles and heels, three brushes, a box of blacking, razor, soap-box and strap, and an extra pair of trowsers, a mess-tin, a centre-tin and lid, horse-sack and canteen, blanket, a powder flask filled, a ball-bag containing 30 loose balls, a small wooden mallet used to hammer the ball into the muzzle of the rifles, belt and pouch (the latter containing 50 rounds of ammunition), sword-belt and rifle, besides other odds and ends. Each squad had to carry four bill-hooks, weighing six pounds each, the labour of which was divided among the men. Often the men were required to fill their canteens with water on setting forth on the march."

Duke del Parques' army and the Spanish reserves, at the same time, moved forward from Andalusia into La Mancha, thereby inducing the belief that a combined attack on Madrid was intended. "A grand design, and grandly executed." At the head of this strong, well-combined, and well-equipped army, Wellington crossed the frontier stream, and rising in his stirrups and waving his hand as he looked back, cried out, *Adieu, Portugal!*¹

Moving rapidly, by the 26th of May Lord Wellington's army had reached Salamanca. The enemy, under General Villatte, still held the town with a division of infantry, three squadrons of cavalry, and some cannon; but they evacuated on the approach of the British. The latter were again cordially welcomed by the inhabitants.²

¹ Napier.

² "On entering the great square, we observed the principal inhabitants, full-dressed, flocking towards the cathedral, a very handsome stone structure, where we alighted, and, following the crowd through the grand entrance, found a great multitude waiting the arrival of the Duke, who soon entered escorted by a numerous retinue of Spanish generals and other staff officers, in a variety of uniforms magnificently embroidered. I was much struck with the simplicity of Lord Wellington's attire. He wore a very light-grey pelisse coat, single-breasted, without a sash, and white neck-handkerchief, with his sword buckled round his waist, underneath the coat, the hilt merely protruding, with a cocked-hat under his arm. He stood with his face towards the altar during the prayer offered up for the success of our arms. The deep toned organ played some fine pieces during the ceremony. At the conclusion, the ladies, by way of benediction, dipped their delicate fingers into a marble basin at the door and sprinkled it with holy water."—*Journal of an Officer*.

In the simplicity of his costume, Lord Wellington imitated his great rival Napoleon. There was probably design in this. His lordship felt it necessary that he should be easily distinguished at a distance, and he therefore occasionally wore in the field the white cloak of a French trooper. But apart from the desire to be seen when much wanted, he was always indifferent to appearances, and even availed himself of his simple costume to avoid notice. The following anecdote may be relied upon :—

"The costume of the staff of head-quarters generally conformed to that of our Chief, laying aside in the morning the red coat for a blue surtout, with the sash, sword, and belt over it, and the telescope slung across the shoulder, with plain blue or grey overalls. I recollect in 1809, at Thomar, Lord Wellington escaping by his plain mode of dress the honour and ceremonies intended him by the Portuguese General, Miranda, who commanded at that place. To understand the circumstance, it will be right to observe that this officer was exceedingly fond of parade and state, and before Marshal Beresford reformed the staff, not only of Saint Antonio, but of the Generals, he had forty-three aides-de-camp. On hearing that Lord Wellington, on his road from Coimbra to Abrantes was to lodge at Thomar, he put on his very best, and sallied out at the head of his staff to meet the victorious General, whom he, no doubt, judging of others from himself, depicted as surrounded with innumerable officers, and probably a body guard. He rode on and on, only meeting single officers, to all appearance beneath his notice, till his continued ride at last made him doubt if he should be back early enough to preside at the dinner he had prepared for the British Chief and the officers at head-quarters. At last his Excellency thought it as well to enquire, and was told that he must have met Sir Arthur Wellesley. And sure enough he had, but he never suspected the Commander-in-Chief could or would ride without ostentation, in a plain blue great-coat, unattended by his Staff, and with but a single orderly. Sir Arthur, guessing from the clatter on the road what was intended, anxious to avoid it, got on one side the road,

The stay at Salamanca was brief. On the morning of the 27th of May, the Marquis of Wellington reviewed his troops in order of march. The morning was beautiful; not a cloud to be seen. The appearance of the troops was magnificent. As Sir Rowland Hill's division passed, each corps received from the Commander-in-Chief some flattering compliment, and when the last company saluted, he turned round and said smilingly, "Sir Rowland, I will take the gloss off your corps this campaign." How far the Marquis kept his promise the sequel will show.

From this point to the Pyrenees the progress of the allied armies was, with one memorable exception to be presently noticed, an uninterrupted parade march, as far as it could be possible in such a country as Spain. To understand aright the character of the land, the reader will not find his time unprofitably spent in perusing Lavallée's description of the military topography of the Peninsula. It will at once impart a just idea of the nature of the difficulties which had at different periods impeded the troops, and vindicate their courage and endurance.

The centre of the Peninsula is occupied by a vast plateau, rising to a height of from 1312 to 1640 feet, which is ascended from the east and west coasts by groups and chains of mountains forming long platforms; and where the northern and southern faces form two enormous walls of unequal elevation; one, the Pyrenees, terminating abruptly at the ocean, and the other, the Alpujarras, or Sierra Nevada, rising perpendicularly above the Mediterranean. Notwithstanding the disadvantages resulting from this singular configuration, that is to say, the barrenness of the soil in the centre of the Peninsula, the general deficiency of water, and the difference of temperature experienced in localities lying under the same parallels of latitude, this region is not the less esteemed as one which nature has the most favoured in its skies and its soil, which belong much rather to Africa than to Europe; in the great extent of its coasts; in its advanced position between two seas, the communication between which it commands; in the almost complete isolation of its entire mass; in its system of mountains and rivers, which serve both as barriers and as lines of passage; lastly, in the variety of its climate, and the abundance of its products. The line of water-parting runs generally in a direction from south-west to north-east, describing a tortuous

letting them all pass without notice, and, highly amused at the circumstance, reached quietly his quarters, without troublesome formalities. We have since this time gone still farther in neglect of dress, and General Picton, during the Battle of Vittoria, only wore, while directing his Division, instead of a cocked, a round and very old hat."—*Notes of a Subaltern.*

course, somewhat like an S. Commencing at Cape Tarifa, it follows the line of the Alpujarras from west to east, then turns due north, traverses the central plateau, forming the arc of a circle whose concavity is towards the ocean; reaches the Pyrenees about the middle of the chain, where the Ebro has its source, and follows them from west to east, as far as the point of junction of the Corbieres. This line is far from being distinct and continuous. With the exception of the strongly marked ridges of the Alpujarras and the Pyrenees, its direction is over confused groups, whose connection is uncertain, and over plateaux, where the waters seem undecided as to the course they should take.

From this line descend four slopes, those on the south and east towards the Mediterranean, those on the north and west, towards the ocean. The eastern and western slopes are connected with the central plateau, from which they gradually descend, while the others form narrow and steep bands at its extremities.

On these four inclined plains the general character of the soil is as follows:—Beginning at the coast, we find low plains of extreme fertility, a mild climate, with an active and intelligent population. These plains rise gradually into valleys, where rice, maize, and olives are cultivated, and the sides of which are covered with vineyards and cornfields. From these plains we ascend to the plateaux of the Central Region, where we find the *parameros*, vast and barren plains, without water and bare of trees, and almost without inhabitants, and resembling the deserts of Africa. Finally, this table-land is itself crowned by *sierras*, or jagged mountains, covered with snow, so that the whole forms a series of concentric circles, beginning at the coast and diminishing successively in fertility and population towards the centre, where all is sterility and solitude.

Here, then, we have a chaos of mountains, where we meet at every step huge fallen masses of rock and earth, yawning fissures, deep and narrow defiles, where 300 men would suffice to check an army; naked plains, whose uniformity is unbroken by any living object, save by the heather and the broom; precipices now bare, that no longer collect the clouds, but from whose rocky ledges the water runs down in impetuous torrents; ravines, impracticable in winter from their waters, in summer from their rugged steepness; rivulets, enclosed between narrow belts of verdure, marking the lines of plantations and villages; rivers, scant of water, their banks denuded, their channels interrupted by numerous rocky ledges and falls, rendering navigation almost impossible; their fords dangerous, and bridges unfrequent; few roads, and these passing either through defiles or

over marshes; isolated towns, either perched upon eminences or enclosed within walls; villages remote from each other, and half savage; a people, proud, sober, brave, and ferocious; such are the elements which render this a country eminently adapted for defensive warfare, and almost impossible to be conquered. "A large body," says Marshal Suchet, "which is wanting in corpulence, but which, nevertheless, has both nerves and muscles."

By the 31st of May, Lord Wellington had reached Carvajales, where he found the troops under Sir Thomas Graham on the Esla, as he had intended they should be. Their left was at Tabira, and in communication with the Gallician army. His lordship immediately directed the passage of the river. A bridge was thrown over for the infantry in two hours and a half, the cavalry forded, but the river was so deep that some men perished in the enterprise.

Nothing could exceed the order and regularity of the march. To the officers it was a species of pleasure tour, in contrast with what they had previously undergone. The time and manner of the daily operations very much resembled the progress of armies in India. At three in the morning the signal was given to rise, and that set everything in motion. When the hum and buzz of the camp commenced, tents were struck, baggage packed, &c., and by four o'clock the men fell in. The pace was easy—three miles an hour. By half-past eight or nine, if there had been no occasion to force a march, the next camping ground was reached. The army moved in columns of divisions on parallel roads, generally two divisions in a column. Field hospitals—*hospiteaux d'ambulance*, an excellent idea borrowed from Marmont—now formed part of the equipment, and the consequence was an amazing difference between the number of sick, who encumbered the rear or died on the road in the previous year's advance towards Madrid. On the latter occasion at least two men in ten fell to the rear; upon the present, not more than eight men in five hundred dropped upon the march. No better proof could be afforded of the excellent management of the General-in-Chief, when it is considered that there were not less than 80,000 men moving forward at the same time within view of each other in the same direction, with cavalry, artillery, tents, and baggage.

By the 12th of June the army was within twelve leagues of Burgos, the light troops in front driving back the retreating enemy's rear-guard, who every now and then turned to make a stand, or were overtaken by the Hussars. After crossing the Esla, the latter took some hundred prisoners near a village on the 31st of May.

The recollection of the former failure at Burgos, led to a sup-



PONTOON BRIDGE.

position that the place would again hold out. Orders were therefore issued for a general inspection of the troops. The result was most satisfactory. In Lord Dalhousie's division, comprising 6000 men, not more than 120 men were found *hors de combat* from sickness, after marching 250 miles. Dalhousie was a good soldier, though his experience in the field had not, to this moment, been considerable. He combined with the most easy urbanity of manners, a feeling and a gallant heart. In the hour of relaxation he was the quiet, easy, well-bred gentleman, extremely temperate in manners as in habits, and the kind, liberal, humane, friendly soldier.

In the field he was cool, collected, penetrating, and prompt. Called upon by his country for his personal services, his lordship at once left his family, his friends, the comforts and enjoyments of his situation, his fortune, his domains, and amusements, of which the pursuit of agriculture made a chief part, and came to the field of warfare cheerfully encountering the reverse of what he had left in his native soil.¹

Lord Wellington expected a check upon the Carrion, for Joseph Bonaparte had 55,000 men, exclusive of a Spanish division, escorting the convoys and baggage. But Joseph had not deemed the position advantageous, and retired behind the Upper Pisuega. Summoning Generals Clauzel, Foy, Suchet, and Sarrat, with their forces, he purposed delivering battle on the heights of Burgos, and therefore despatched Jourdan to examine the castle. The report of the Marshal was unfavourable—the place could not be held. The repairs of the old works had been delayed—there were no magazines of provisions. In vain did he despatch letters to Clauzel and Foy—their divisions could not be brought up. Joseph at once retired behind the Ebro, falling back upon Vittoria, encumbered with the artillery depots of all the towns successively evacuated, Madrid, Valladolid, and Burgos.

General Reille had remained behind the Hormaza barring the way to Burgos. Coming up, as we have said, on the 12th, the gallant Light Division, preceded by the hussars and dragoons, turned his right, while the rest of the troops attacked the whole range of heights to Estepar. The French retired behind the rivers Urzel and Alanzon, after mining the Castle of Burgos. "Now everything was done confusedly." The mines exploded outwardly at the moment a

¹ After the war in the Peninsula, he received the appointment of Commander-in-Chief in India. His son, raised to a marquise, now worthily occupies the responsible post of Governor-General. To his energy and decision England owes the conquest of the Punjab, and the annexation of the country to the British dominions in the East.

column of infantry was defiling beneath in its retreat, numerous streets were laid in ruins, "thousands of shells and other combustibles were driven upwards with a horrible crash, the hills rocked above the devoted column, and showers of iron, timber, and stony fragments falling on it in an instant destroyed more than 300 men."¹

Marching by his left towards the sources of the Ebro, masked by the country and a swarm of Spanish irregulars under Julian Sanchez, Lord Wellington now got between the Ebro and the great mountains of Regrosa, thus cutting off the French communications with the sea coast, and all the ports except Santona and Bilboa, which, however, the enemy immediately evacuated. Santona was invested by the Spaniards, the English ships entered Sant Andero, where a depot and hospital stations were immediately established.

After a few affairs with Reille's troops, who continued to dispute the mountain passages, Lord Wellington, early in the morning of the 19th of June, crossed the Bayas, and encamped upon its northern bank.

Up to this time King Joseph Bonaparte had heard nothing of the corps under Suchet, Clauzel, and Foy, which he had anxiously summoned. Oppressed with a mass of baggage and stores that would have fitly composed the tail of Xerxes, he was encamped in the rough valley of the Zadora, eight miles broad by ten long, at the extreme end of which stood Vittoria. Several roads into France and the Pyrenees lay behind him; but none of them were of a character to ensure a rapid and easy retrograde movement in case such were to become necessary. He accordingly meditated a move to Durango, in order to form a junction with Foy's troops; but this appearing impracticable, he next resolved upon a retreat to Pampeluna, and to bring up Suchet's army from Zaragoza. This oscillation of purpose was fatal to him. It caused delay, and in the meanwhile Wellington came up with the whole of his army. What followed is best told in the words of the British General addressing Earl Bathurst on the 22nd of June:—

"We attacked the enemy yesterday, and I am happy to inform your lordship that the allied army under my command gained a complete victory, having driven them from all their positions, taken from them 151 pieces of cannon, 415 waggons of ammunition, all their baggage, provisions, cattle, treasure, &c., and a considerable number of prisoners.

"The operations of the day commenced by Lieutenant-General Sir Rowland Hill obtaining possession of the heights of La Puebla,

¹ Napier.

on which the enemy's left rested, which heights they had not occupied in great strength.

"He detached on this service one brigade of the Spanish division under General Murillo; the other brigade being employed in keeping the communication between his main body, on the high road from Miranda to Vittoria, and the troops detached to the heights. The enemy, however, soon discovered the importance of the heights, and reinforced their troops there to such an extent, as that Lieutenant-General Sir Rowland Hill was obliged to detach, first, the 71st Regiment, and the Light Infantry Battalion of Major-General Walker's brigade, under the command of the Hon. Lieutenant-Colonel Cadogan, and successively other troops to the same point; and the allies not only gained, but maintained possession of, these important heights throughout their operations, notwithstanding all the efforts of the enemy to retake them.

"The contest here, however, was very severe, and the loss sustained considerable. General Murillo was wounded, but remained in the field; and I am concerned to have to report that the Hon. Lieutenant-Colonel Cadogan has died of a wound which he received. In him his Majesty has lost an officer of great zeal and tried gallantry, who had already acquired the respect and regard of the whole profession, and of whom it might be expected, that if he had lived he would have rendered the most important services to his country.¹

"Under cover of the possession of these heights, Sir Rowland Hill successively passed the Zadora at La Puebla, and the defile formed by the heights and the river Zadora, and attacked and gained possession of the village of Sabijana de Alava, in front of the enemy's line, which the enemy made repeated attempts to regain.

"The difficult nature of the country prevented the communication between our different columns moving to the attack from their stations on the river Bayas at as early an hour as I had expected, and it was late before I knew that the column composed of the 3rd and 7th Divisions, under the command of the Earl of Dalhousie, had arrived at the station appointed for them.

The 4th and Light Divisions, however, passed the Zadora immediately after Sir Rowland Hill had possession of Sabijana de Alava;

¹ Lord Wellington felt much the death of Cadogan. In communicating the circumstance to Sir H. Wellesley, he said: "His private character and his worth as an individual were not greater than his merits as an officer, and I shall ever regret him. It is a curious instance of his attachment to his profession, and of the interest he felt in what was going on, that after he was wounded, and was probably aware that he was dying, he desired to be carried and left in a situation from which he might be able to see all that passed."

the former at the bridge of Nanclaus, and the latter at the bridge of Tres Puentes, and almost as soon as these had crossed, the column under the Earl of Dalhousie arrived at Mendenza, and the 3rd Division, under Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Picton, crossed at the bridge higher up, followed by the 7th Division, under the Earl of Dalhousie.

"These four Divisions, forming the centre of the army, were destined to attack the heights on which the right of the enemy's centre was placed, while Lieutenant-General Sir Rowland Hill should move forward from Sabijana de Alava to attack the left. The enemy, however, having weakened his line, to strengthen his detachment in the hills, abandoned his position in the valley as soon as he saw our disposition to attack it, and commenced his retreat in good order towards Vittoria.

"Our troops continued to advance in admirable order, notwithstanding the difficulty of the ground.

"In the meantime, Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Graham, who commanded the left of the army, consisting of the 1st and 5th Divisions, and Generals Pack's and Bradford's brigades of infantry, and Generals Bock's and Anson's brigades of infantry, and who had been moved on the 20th to Margina, moved forward from thence on Vittoria, by the high road from that town to Bilboa. He had, besides, with him the Spanish division under Colonel Longa, and General Giron, who had been detached to the left under a different view of the state of affairs, and had afterwards been recalled, and had arrived on the 20th at Orduna, marched that morning from thence, so as to be in the field in readiness to support Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Graham, if his support had been required.

"The enemy had a division of infantry and some cavalry advanced on the great road from Vittoria to Bilboa, resting their right on some strong heights covering the village of Gamarra Maior. Both Gamarra and Abechuco were strongly occupied as *têtes-de-pont* to the bridges over the Zadora at these places. Brigadier-General Pack, with his Portuguese brigade, and Colonel Longa, with the Spanish division, were directed to turn and gain the heights, supported by Major-General Anson's brigade of Light Dragoons, and the 5th Division of Infantry, under the command of Major-General Oswald, who was desired to take the command of all these troops.

"Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Graham reports, that, in the execution of this service, the Portuguese and Spanish troops behaved admirably. The 4th and 8th Caçadores particularly distinguished

themselves. Colonel Longa, being on the left, took possession of Gamarra Menor.

"As soon as the heights were in our possession, the village of Gamarra Maior was most gallantly stormed and carried by Brigadier-General Robinson's brigade of the 5th Division, which advanced in columns of battalions, under a very heavy fire of artillery and musquetry, without firing a shot, assisted by two guns of Major Lawson's brigade of artillery. The enemy suffered severely, and lost three pieces of cannon.

"The Lieutenant-General then proceeded to attack the village of Abechuco, with the 1st Division, by forming a strong battery against it, consisting of Captain Dubourdieu's brigade, and Captain Ramsay's troop of horse artillery, and, under cover of this fire, Colonel Halkett's brigade advanced to the attack of the village, which was carried, the light battalion having charged and taken three guns and a howitzer on the bridge. This attack was supported by General Bradford's brigade of Portuguese infantry.

"During the operation at Abechuco, the enemy made the greatest efforts to re-possession themselves of the village of Gamarra Maior, which were gallantly repulsed by the troops of the 5th Division, under the command of Major-General Oswald. The enemy had, however, on the heights on the left of the Zadora, two divisions of infantry in reserve; and it was impossible to cross by the bridges till the troops which had moved upon the enemy's centre and left had driven them through Vittoria.

"The whole then co-operated in the pursuit, which was continued by all till after it was dark.

"The movement of the troops under Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Graham, and their possession of Gamarra and Abechuco, intercepted the enemy's retreat by the high road to France. They were then obliged to turn to the road towards Pampeluna; but they were unable to hold any position for a sufficient length of time to allow their baggage and artillery to be drawn off. The whole, therefore, of the latter which had not already been taken by the troops, in their attack of the successive positions taken up by the enemy in their retreat from their first position on Arinez and on the Zadora, and all their ammunition and baggage and everything they had, were taken close to Vittoria. I have reason to believe that the enemy carried off with them one gun and one howitzer only.

"The army under Joseph Bonaparte consisted of the whole of the armies of the south and of the centre, and of four divisions, and all the cavalry of the army of Portugal, and some troops of the army of

the north. General Foy's division of the army of Portugal was in the neighbourhood of Bilboa, and General Clauzel, who commands the army of the north, was near Logrono with one division of the army of Portugal, commanded by General Taupin and General Vandermaessen's division of the army of the north."

Such was the glorious BATTLE OF VITTORIA—a victory which consummated the grand project of expelling the French from the countries they had for five years desolated with their rapine and cruelty.

In the dispatch partly given above Wellington describes the fight, and follows it up with a prodigality of encomium his officers and troops had fairly earned. He confesses his great obligations to Hill and Graham, and recognises frankly the excellent advice and assistance he had received from Marshal Sir William Beresford. He extols William Stewart, Murillo (the Spanish General), and the Conde d'Amarante (the Portuguese leader)—all of whom served in Hill's divisions. To Lord Dalhousie, Sir Thomas Picton, Sir Lowry Cole, and General Charles Alten, the Hanoverian, he awards the highest praise, and Major-General C. Colville, Vandeleur, and Murray (the Quartermaster-General), likewise received a meed of eulogium. But Wellington does not speak of himself. It was reserved for others, in after years, to relate how that he was seen "*in the midst of the battle,*" fearlessly exposing himself wherever his presence seemed desirable.

It will readily be conceived, from what has been said respecting the amount and nature of the baggage of King Joseph and his court, that a scene of indescribable confusion and immense plunder occurred upon the roads to Pampeluna and Bayonne, blocked up as they were by the waggons and carriages of the royal, the wealthy, and terrified fugitives. Numbers of the vehicles, bearing royal and noble coats of arms and other emblazonments, were filled with imploring ladies, *filles de chambre*, and elderly gentlemen. Several of the waggons bore specie to a great amount, wines of the most exquisite character, and vast quantities of preserved delicacies, calculated to pamper a royal appetite. Mingled with all these, in a chaotic mass, were carts laden with ammunition and wounded men, droves of oxen, sheep, goats, milch cows, mules, horses, asses. "In fact," writes one of the spectators of the confused scene, "such a jumble never was witnessed before; it seemed as if all the domestic animals in the world had been brought to this spot, with all the utensils of husbandry, and all the finery of palaces, mixed up in one heterogeneous mass."

Every human effort was made by the British officers commanding regiments and companies to prevent the men from laying hands upon

the property which was spread about in every direction in the most inviting form. But exertion was baffled. The temptation was too great for resistance. To the honour of the troops at large it must be recorded that they passed on in the pursuit of the enemy without quitting their ranks for a moment; but there were many who, disregarding the threats and injunctions of authority, rushed to the heaped



PLUNDERING BAGGAGE, VITTORIA.

up spoil, and, loading themselves with dollars and doubloons,¹ drank "Success to the British arms and confusion to the enemy!" in goblets of burgundy and hock!²

Night put an end to the pursuit and the pillage. The growling artillery ceased—the enemy scrambled away unmolested—and the exhausted troops bivouacked a league or two around Vittoria. The half-famished soldiers, disencumbering themselves of their knapsacks,

¹ Lord Wellington computed the plunder in money at nearly a million sterling.

² The writer has heard an old Peninsular officer say, that whatever might be predicated of the generalship of Joseph Bonaparte, there was no disputing the excellence of his cellar. Better claret, &c., were drunk after the battle than had been tasted for years.

went forth to forage, and from amidst the wreck of military stores, which were scattered in every direction for miles around, they procured sheep, pigs, goats, and sacks of flour. Large fires were then kindled, and blazed up, illuminating the country, over which were strewn innumerable dead and wounded men and officers. At length the living sank to repose, and after midnight of the memorable 21st of June, 1813, all was hushed on Vittoria's plain, save when the sentinel's "All's well!" or the groan of some suffering warrior broke the stillness of the hour.

Amongst the carriages stopped and plundered on the Bayonne road were six which belonged to King Joseph. They bore the arms of Spain, with the imperial eagle on an escutcheon pretence. Much



MARSHAL JOURDAN.—VITTORIA.

valuable property was found in these equipages, and not the least interesting of the trophies was the *bâton* of Marshal Jourdan, *le Major-Général du Roi*. The honour of this capture belonged to a man of the 87th Royal Irish Fusiliers, then commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Hugh Gough. The lieutenant-colonel, of course, handed

the bâton to the Marquis of Wellington, and the trophy was despatched by his lordship to the Prince Regent by the hands of Captain Fremantle, the aide-de-camp of the Marquis. Captain Fremantle laid the prize at the feet of the Prince Regent, together with the colours of the 4th battalion of the 100th regiment.

The Prince Regent of Great Britain and Ireland had, by the peculiar grace of his manner, acquired the appellation of "the first gentleman in Europe." He vindicated the title by immediately sending the bâton of an English Field Marshal to Lord Wellington, with the following letter in autograph:—

"CARLTON HOUSE, *July 3rd*, 1813.

"MY DEAR LORD,

"Your glorious conduct is beyond all human praise, and far above my reward. I know no language the world affords worthy to express it. I feel I have nothing left to say but devoutly to offer up my prayers of gratitude to Providence, that it has, in its omnipotent bounty, blessed my country and myself with such a General. You have sent me, among the trophies of your unrivalled fame, the staff of a French Marshal; and I send you, in return, that of England. The British army will hail it with enthusiasm, while the whole universe will acknowledge those valorous efforts which have so conspicuously called for it.

"That uninterrupted health and still increasing laurels may continue to crown you through a glorious and long career of life, are the never ceasing and most ardent wishes of, my dear Lord, your very sincere and faithful friend,

"G. P. R.

"THE MARQUIS OF WELLINGTON."

CHAPTER XVI.

Reception of the news of the Battle of Vittoria in England—Failure of Sir John Murray at Tarragona—Advance into the Pyrenees—Reappearance of Marshal Soult—His Proclamations.



IN looking at the masterly arrangements which the Marquis of Wellington had made for the expulsion of the French from Spain, it is impossible to suppose that he would not have triumphed in the face of any resistance the best troops of the Empire could have offered. But there is no denying that the French were infamously commanded at Vittoria. Putting aside the imbecility of Joseph Bonaparte himself, he was most unfortunate in his Major-General. A

more skilful soldier than Jourdan would never have committed the mistake of posting a few light troops only on the heights of Puebla, when they should have been crowned by a numerous and effective force. He would never have allowed his right wing, which preserved the principal and direct line of communication with France, to have been driven back, nor suffered both wings to be turned, and thrown back upon the centre, and ultimately forced upon an outlet scarcely broad enough to secure the retreat of a single division upon an emergency. Assuredly, Ney or Soult, or Massena, would have held the ground for a much longer period, and effected an orderly and honourable retreat.

The usual demonstrations of joy occupied the people of England upon the arrival of the news of the battle of Vittoria, and Parliament

again found itself called upon to tender its acknowledgments to the successful Field-Marshal. The newspapers of the day were diffuse of panegyric, and poets invoked the Muses to sing of Wellington's triumphs. But the Muses were not propitious. Since the days of Homer, war has been rarely so well sung as it has been narrated. The rugged subject loses its force wedded to the jingle of rhyme, and even heroics, in the best hands, degenerate into bathos and bombast. Walter Scott made some very respectable attempts to narrate border frays, and in the spirit-stirring verses of "Marmion" carries the imagination into the midst of Flodden Field; but with this exception, no one but our Campbell—immortal by his "Hohenlinden" and "Battle of the Baltic"—has done honour to the shock of hostile armies. Nevertheless, the difficulty of the subject did not deter strong-minded poetasters from marrying the Peninsular struggle to *bouts rimés*. Every battle supplied an excuse for the indiscretions of some Fitzgerald or Pratt, and even John Wilson Croker, incomparable in criticism, graceful in biography, graphic in prose narrative, and eloquent in speech, could not find anything better than a post-prandial Ode wherein to signalise the exploits of the

"Victor of Assaye's eastern plain,
Victor of all the fields of Spain,
Victor of France's despot reign."

If the genius of Wellington could have been infused into the men who were exercising command beyond the immediate range of his observation, the pleasure diffused by the victory of the 21st of June in the North of Spain would have been unalloyed. Unfortunately, in Sir John Murray, who was in the south-east, the same elements of military greatness were not found to abide. After long contentions with Suchet, his incapability of following up the advantages already detailed became painfully manifest in the melancholy issue of his attempt upon Tarragona.¹ In obedience to the orders of Lord Wellington, he had sailed with the force under his command, and capturing Fort St. Phillippe, which commanded the road from Tortosa to Tarragona, invested Tarragona on the 9th of June; but in less than a week from that time he raised the siege, and embarked on board his Majesty's ship *Malta*.

It is due to the memory of General Murray that he should tell his story in his own way:—

¹ Anciently Tarraco, and, in 1813, a fortified town on the Catalanian coast.

"HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP MALTA, *June 14th*, 1813.

"My Lord,—Admiral Halliwell has just decided on sending a ship to Alicant, and I have merely time to state to your lordship, and I do so with great regret, that I have been under the necessity of raising the siege of Tarragona, and embarking the army under my command. In my private letter of the 7th instant, I mentioned to your lordship the reports of the assemblage of the French forces at Barcelona, and that Marshal Suchet was likewise in march from Valencia, and stated it as my opinion, that should these reports be confirmed, the object your lordship had in view could not be accomplished.

"Unfortunately these rumours proved true; and reluctantly I resolved on raising the siege and embarking the army, as the only means of avoiding a general action, which must have been fought under every disadvantage. I cannot at this moment refer to dates, but it is sufficient for the present to state, that the French force at Barcelona was never rated to me at less than 8000, and that previous to their march it would amount to 10,000, with fourteen pieces of artillery. I have, however, on account that it ever exceeded eight, and that is the number on which my calculation was formed. This force, upon the evening of the 9th, or morning of the 10th, marched out from Barcelona, and entered Villa Franca at four o'clock in the evening of the 11th, from whence, it was reported to me, to march at twelve o'clock at night for Vendrella, distant only eighteen or twenty miles from Tarragona by the great road, and a few miles further by another road, by which cannon can easily pass. On the 9th or 10th, the arrival of Marshal Suchet at Valencia was made known to me; his exact force was never perfectly ascertained, but from the intelligence received from Valencia, he marched from thence with 9000 men, and certainly in the rear of that place, had the power of drawing great reinforcements to his army.

"To these corps must be added a body of 1000 men, which had previously arrived at Tortosa, and another corps, independent of the garrison of 2500 men, who had arrived at Lerida. These corps, which I am sure I do not exaggerate, amount to 20,500 men, with which, in four or five days, Marshal Suchet could attack the allied army if he thought proper, or avoid an action if he wished still more to reinforce his army. Your lordship, on the other hand, will observe that I could scarcely bring into the field 12,000 men, and that the army of Catalonia was stated to me at 8500, making 20,500, of which two British and two Spanish divisions were at the Col de Balaguer, and

could not be withdrawn, and I could not leave less than 2500 to cover the artillery and stores, and to contain the garrison of Tarragona. The two corps, at the least, would amount to upwards of 4500 men, leaving me 16,000 men to meet the best French troops in Spain, amounting to upwards of 20,000.

"I am sure there is nobody more willing to give full credit to the gallantry of the Spanish troops than I am, but your lordship well knows that they are unable to move, and I could not therefore depend upon the execution of any order which necessarily obliged them to make a movement; and of troops of this description I had about 13,000 men; unless, therefore, I could place them in position, (as the French had the option of fighting when and where they pleased) it was impossible I could place any reliance upon them.

"My British and German troops amount only to 4500. Perhaps your lordship may be of opinion that, under these circumstances, I ought to have risked an action, had no other unfavourable objections existed; but when your lordship is informed that I had no possibility of retreat, if unsuccessful, that there would have been no hopes of embarkation if followed, and that the army must have been unavoidably lost if beat, I venture to hope that your lordship will think, however much it is to be regretted, that I have adopted the only means of maintaining entire, or, indeed, of saving an army on which so much depends. I feel the greater confidence in this hope, on reverting to the thirteenth paragraph of your lordship's general instructions for the conduct of the campaign.

"I am fully aware that there are many circumstances which may require further information, and upon all parts I shall be happy to give every explanation in my power. Your lordship perhaps may be of opinion that the place should have been taken; but as it was far too strong to storm, I believe it not only to have been impossible, but that we should not have taken it in eight or ten days; my only regret is, that I continued the siege so long, induced by the hopes of the reinforcements I expected. I continued it to the last moment, and fortunately the weather proving favourable, the troops were embarked without molestation. On this favourable circumstance I could not depend for another day, and, therefore, having taken my part, I immediately put it in execution, and I regret to say, that I was, in consequence, obliged to leave the guns in the most advanced batteries. Had I remained another day, they might have been brought off, but this risk I would not run, when the existence of the army was at stake, not only from unfavourable weather, but from the appearance of an enemy, in whose presence I could not have

embarked perhaps at all, certainly not without suffering a great loss, and without the possibility of deriving any advantage.

"I have only further at this time to add, should blame be attached to the failure of the expedition, no share of it can fall on Admiral Halliwell, who conducted the naval branch of it. From that distinguished officer I have met with every assistance and co-operation in his power; and I think it only justice to him to state, that it was his opinion that the cannon in the batteries might have been saved by remaining till the night, and that they then could have been brought off. This, however, was a risk I did not wish to run for so trifling an object, and preferred losing them to the chance of the embarkation being opposed, and of an eventual much more serious loss.

"(Signed)

"J. MURRAY, Lieutenant-General.

"TO THE MARQUIS OF WELLINGTON, K.G., &c. &c."

* In the opinion of Lord Wellington, and of military judges in general, the most reprehensible part of this business was the abandonment of the artillery and stores, trophies of which the enemy would not have failed to make good use. Sir John Murray followed up the folly by one or two other pieces of indiscretion, and was tried by court martial for his professional errors on his return to England. From some defects in evidence and technical informalities, he was acquitted on two charges, and simply admonished on the third.

The sequel to the victory of Vittoria is now to be related.

Sir Thomas Graham, at the head of his division, was ordered towards the French frontier by the high road leading from Vittoria to Irun. He chased the enemy to the very foot of the mountains, and had crossed the Bidassoa when Foy, who had united the garrisons of Bilboa, Torlosa, and Montdragon to his own division of the army of Portugal, stood fast for a moment and fought with a bravery and courage which went far to restore the damage done to the reputation of the arms of France by the inglorious flight from Vittoria. But Graham was irresistible; he drove the French before him with the utmost impetuosity, and descending to the shores of the Bay of Biscay, invested the strong fortress of San Sebastian.

Meanwhile the Marquis of Wellington pushed forward with the 3rd, 4th, and Light Divisions to Pampeluna, which place, occupied by a strong French garrison, was immediately put into a state of blockade.

Had no other general than the incompetent Jourdan remained at

the head of the French armies, the onward progress of Wellington into the territory of France—for to that soil he now directed his attention—would have been comparatively simple. But Napoleon was now enabled to spare Marshal Soult,¹ and that superior soldier was despatched immediately to the Pyrenees to arrest the torrent of counter-invasion meditated by the triumphant Englishman.

Soult's first measure was to collect the fugitive, and re-unite the scattered forces, and then to raise their drooping spirits by a proclamation, in which the odium of recent defeats was cast upon the shoulders of their leader. He told them that a "skilful general" might, by selecting good positions, have braved and discomfited the "motley levy" of English, Spaniards, and Portuguese; but that timorous and pusillanimous councils had prevailed, and a veteran army, small indeed in number but great in all that constitutes the military character, which had fought, bled, and triumphed in every province in Spain, beheld with indignation its laurels tarnished and itself compelled to abandon all its acquisitions—the trophies of many a well fought and bloody day.

"Let us not, however," continued the Marshal, "defraud the enemy of the praise which is due to him. The dispositions and arrangements of their general have been prompt, skilful, and consecutive. The valour and steadiness of his troops have been praiseworthy. Yet do not forget that it is to the benefit of your example they owe their present military character; and that, wherever the relative duties of a French general and his troops have been ably fulfilled, their enemies have commonly had no other resource than flight."

Then came the flourishing periods which were intended to go home to the hearts of the crest-fallen legions.

"Soldiers! I partake of your chagrin, your grief, your indignation. I know that the blame of the present situation of the army is imputable to others; be the merit of repairing it yours. I have borne testimony to the Emperor of your bravery and zeal. His instructions are to drive the enemy from those lofty heights which enable him

¹ Soult was at Dresden with Napoleon at this time, and did not at all relish proceeding to Spain. To Madame Soult the destination was equally distasteful. She wished him to refuse the trust, and when she found he was not to be prevailed upon to decline acceding to Napoleon's orders, she herself resolved to try what effect her representations might have on the Emperor. She sought and obtained an interview, in which she pleaded her husband's shattered frame, his need of repose, and complained of the injustice of sending him back to a country where blows only were to be found. "Madam," replied Napoleon, "recollect I am not your husband; but if I were you dare not treat me thus." He then ordered her to desist and not to thwart her husband in his duty. There was no remedy, and the Marshal was constrained to obey.

proudly to survey our fertile valleys, and chase them across the Ebro. It is on the Spanish soil that your tents must next be pitched, and from thence your resources drawn. No difficulties can be insurmountable to your valour and devotion. Let us then exert ourselves with mutual ardour; and be assured that nothing can give greater felicity to the paternal heart of the Emperor than the knowledge of the triumphs of his army, of its increasing glory, of its having rendered itself worthy of him, and of our dear country.

"Extensive but combined movements for the relief of the fortresses are upon the eve of taking place. They will be completed in a few days. Let the account of our success be dated from Vittoria, and the birth of his imperial majesty be celebrated in that city: so shall we render memorable an epoch deservedly dear to all Frenchmen.

"SOULT, DUC DE DALMATIE,

"*Lieutenant de l'Empereur.*"

Soult pretty well understood the character of his countrymen. He was assured that all this bombast would awaken a fresh enthusiasm in the troops, and fill them with expectations of future success. They respected him because the Emperor reposed in him perfect confidence. Yet, if the antecedents of his Peninsular service had been critically examined nothing could have been found in them to justify either his contemptuous references to Jourdan, or the hopes he endeavoured to inspire. What had Soult achieved in Spain, in Portugal, after Wellington had landed at Lisbon? He was driven out of Oporto after his surprise and defeat on the banks of the Douro; he was repulsed by Beresford at Albuera; he had failed to take Cadiz! small warranty here for license of stricture, or confidence in future success. These things, however, the French were in no mood to remember; and it is doubtful, if they remembered them, whether they had read the disasters of the Marshal aright. Napoleon had the art, by his announcements in the *Moniteur*, to convert every reverse into a victory, and to find some reason, antagonistic to the true one, for each movement taken in opposition to those dictated by his wishes or his policy. He reserved his true sentiments for the private ear of the blunderers. A distribution of the cross of the Legion of Honour not unfrequently followed upon some repulse, as a salve to the wounded *amour-propre* of the soldiers, and a blind to the French multitude. If it did not recover the past, it strengthened the hopes of the future. The cross of the Legion of Honour, or any

other little decoration, was a great incentive to the valour of the troops.

Bonaparte, aware of this weak point in their character, fed it in every way, and the desire to wear a paltry piece of enamel gained him many battles. But this sort of created courage is not capable of standing a severe test, and the French have always been in their military character more Gauls than Franks. What Cæsar said of the



SOULT.—PYRENEES.

former eighteen centuries ago, is still applicable to the races now occupying their fine country. If stoutly opposed at first, this spurious kind of courage not only diminishes but evaporates, and has failed, does fail, and will ever fail, before that of the British. As soldiers, taking the expression in its widest sense, the French are equal, if not superior, to us in many points, but on one, that of individual courage, our soldiers rise far superior to them. It is remarkable how often

they evinced a knowledge of this, and in nothing more than their subterfuges of all kinds to keep it from resting on their minds. All France, aware of this inferiority, by every species of casuistry, attempted to conceal it; and, in order not to shock their national vanity, blamed every unsuccessful officer opposed to Wellington, even should his dispositions have been good, and calculated, but for the daring courage of the British soldier, to have succeeded.

If little was to be apprehended from the efflorescent prognostications and encouraging appeals addressed by Soult to his troops, and less from a careful retrospect of his previous campaigns in Portugal and Spain, his dispositions gave ground to believe that the struggle in the Pyrenees would be fierce. His army, including the Spanish levies which had always adhered to the French cause, giving something of the character of a civil war to the six years' contest, consisted of 77,500 men in the field, of whom 7000 were cavalry, always a strong and efficient branch of the French establishments. In addition to these there were 20,000 men in the garrisons of Pampeluna, Bayonne, San Sebastian, and Santona. But the administration of the army had been disorganised; and it became necessary to establish a general system of supplies, to stimulate the civil authorities, excite the national spirit, and restore discipline, before even this force could be expected to operate with effect. Soult's exertions were gigantic, and in a short time he had established, if not a secure, certainly a formidable base of operations. Bayonne was surrounded by an entrenched camp, and Napier thus describes the disposition of the troops on the field:—

“His army was divided into three corps of battle and a reserve. Clausel with the left was at St. Jean Pied de Port, and in communication by the French frontier with a division under General Paris at Jaca, belonging to Suchet, yet under Soult's orders. Drouet Count d'Erlon, with the centre, occupied the heights near Espelette and Aintoa. Reille with the right wing, was on the mountains overlooking Vera from the side of France. The reserve under Villatte, guarded the right bank of the Bidassoa from the north to Irun. The heavy cavalry under Treillard, and the light horsemen under Pierre Soult, the Marshal's brother, were on the banks of the Nive and the Adour.”

As Lord Wellington could not possibly advance until San Sebastian and Pampeluna were wrested from the enemy, his position in the mountains was purely defensive. Soult, therefore, took the initiative in aggressive movements. But, as already shown, he was not in a state of preparation for some days after Wellington's positions had

been taken up. These latter were remarkably contiguous to the French—sometimes within half cannon-shot—and the sentries were often within 150 yards of each other. This gave occasion for more of those reciprocal passages of courtesy between the officers and men which have already been noticed as characteristic of the civilised character of modern warfare. It is pleasant to place them on record.—*Ex. gr.*

“The Hussar brigade connected the infantry with Morillo's corps of Spaniards, which was on the right, and which again communicated with the Spaniards at St. Jean Pied de Port, an advanced post on the Bayonne road. At first when the troops assembled there was great abundance of forage, hay of good quality, and straw; but the district was limited in extent, and forage soon became so scarce as to make it necessary to seek supplies on the flanks of the French posts, and even behind their videttes. This system of foraging gave rise to some very agreeable little affairs. Sometimes it was effected by placing videttes on the high ground in the rear, who were to apprise the foragers of approaching danger, while the foragers were by stealth to take the hay out of houses in the vicinity of the enemy's posts. At other times, the enemy's outposts were driven in by a small party, and before the French had time to rally and resume their ground, the foragers had loaded their horses and mules and got off; sometimes the enemy advanced so rapidly, as to place their foragers in danger; a few shots were generally fired by the French, and a few mules were lost. On one or two occasions, a captain of the 7th Hussars was wounded, and soon afterwards strict orders were issued that this mode of foraging should be discontinued. We were sorry for it, and the only remaining means to support the horses was by chopping up the gorse, the young shoots of which make a very palatable and wholesome food for horses during moderate work; but as the Hussars were a good deal on duty, and as it happened frequently that no corn was issued for several consecutive days, the horses lost both flesh and strength, and many became mangy. Meanwhile, the adverse posts in the neighbourhood of Hasparren carried on their duty in the most peaceable manner, avoiding every species of hostility. A picket of the Hussars was upon the high road, and two detached pickets on the flank were under the charge of the captain who commanded the main body on the high road. For a long time no change of position was made by either party; each occupied a hill, and in the valley below the videttes were placed within about 300 yards of each other. The French, however, seemed desirous to occupy the neutral ground, and occasionally pushed forward their videttes.

This having been observed, the captain of the picket received orders not to allow this to be done. On the following morning he observed that the French vidette had been advanced about fifty yards, and he thought it most advisable to demand an interview with the French captain of Chasseurs. A peasant was despatched, and returned with a message that the commandant would wait upon the British officer immediately, and in a few minutes the parties met on the neutral ground. The Englishman stated the order he had received, and explained that to avoid so *lâche* a proceeding as to fire upon a vidette, he had solicited a meeting with the brave chasseur. The Frenchman expressed himself in the most flattering terms, and begged that the hussar would point out a situation which would be agreeable to him. A thorn-bush about 100 yards behind the spot the French vidette was posted upon was mentioned as equally advantageous for the securing of the French picket, while it would be such as the hussar was permitted by his orders to allow. The chasseur gave orders accordingly. The vidette was placed at the very spot which was recommended, and the Frenchman having expressed his satisfaction at the interview, produced a bottle of cognac. Two or three officers on each side joined the party, a happy termination of the war was drunk, and the captain (Le Brun) said politely, "he trusted it would not be the fate of the war to bring into collision the parties who had met in so amicable a manner."¹

"Life in the Pyrenees" was sufficiently pleasant in the valleys. The scenery was agreeable to the eye—lofty mountains covered with foliage, and plains of a verdant hue—but the posts on the summit of the elevations were rendered inconvenient by the continual mists and heavy falls of rain. Holding communication with the sea, supplies

¹ Here is another illustration of rough courtesy, from a private communication: "Colonel Doyle, who commands the 19th Portuguese, a very good officer, a good friend, and a most pleasant companion, is encamped with his regiment rather in advance. The Colonel, who loves the comforts and conveniences of life as much as his neighbour, seeing a village with some tolerable houses in his front, and only occupied by a small picket of the French, sent his compliments to the French officer, and told him he would, with his permission, take possession of the village, as a good house was certainly preferable to a tent. The French officer immediately retired, and the Colonel took up his quarters in the village with some *Caçadores*; but as it did not quite accord with the French General's idea of having so near a neighbour, by way of a broad hint he sent two regiments to take the village. The French officer, on approaching with his troops, waved his hand as a signal of courtesy, but Doyle's officer, not understanding the thing, stood his ground; a firing commenced, but the Colonel found it necessary to decamp, without leaving his compliments. In another instance, a French officer on picket came forward, and made a handsome apology for his sentinel having fired upon ours, adding, 'his men were not to act hostilely.' The roughness of warfare, by this conduct, is rendered a reciprocity of civility, and the ferocity which hard service implants in us is humanised."

were abundant, and the health of the troops suffered no detriment but what arose from intemperance and the nocturnal exposure incidental to plundering—a nefarious sort of occupation in which the soldiers' wives proved active coadjutors.

By the 24th July, 1813, Marshal Soult's dispositions for an advance were completed. Collecting the right and left wings of his army, he commenced by attacking, with 30,000 to 40,000 men, the post at Roncesvalles, held by Major-General Byng,¹ with scarce 5000 men.

The 4th division, under Sir Lowry Cole, advanced to Byng's support, but after a few hours' severe fighting they were obliged to retire. Simultaneously with these operations, Sir Rowland Hill was placed on his defence by two divisions of the enemy's centre, who attacked his position in the Puerto de Maya, at the head of the valley of Bazten. General Barnes, with a brigade of the 7th division, rushed to Hill's assistance, when the overwhelming number of the French troops compelled the former to give way. Hill, also, deemed it prudent to fall back. Lord Wellington, who was at a distance from the scene, came up on the night of the 26th, and altered the disposition of the divisions, still providing for the siege of San Sebastian, and the blockade of Pampeluna. The new ground was taken up on the 27th July—the fourth anniversary of the battle of Talavera, an omen of victory which was not without its effect upon the minds of the men, who remembered the triumph over Victor. Scarcely were they posted under the eye of Wellington himself, when the enemy renewed the attack with characteristic impetuosity.

Sustained only by the British 40th Regiment, the Portuguese and Spanish allies drove the foe from a hill on the right of the 4th division, at the point of the bayonet. At the same time the enemy took possession of the village of Sauroren, and kept up a fire on the British line until it was dark. The next day the French troops at Sauroren affronted the 6th division with great gallantry. With equal resolution the division drove them back, while the 4th division, posted on the surrounding heights, poured a fire upon their flanks and rear. The French were "in a difficulty" in the valley of the Lanz, and to extricate themselves from this was the object of continual attacks upon the heights. The battle at length became general, and upon various points, and at different times, lasted from the 28th until the night of the 30th.

The French never fought better. The allies surpassed themselves. Lord Wellington declared, in a letter to Lord William Bentinck, he had "never seen such fighting." It was "fair bludgeon work." The

¹ Afterwards Lord Strathford.

brunt fell upon the 4th division, every regiment in which charged with the bayonet—the 7th, 20th, 23rd, and 40th, from different times. The officers set them an admirable example. The Portuguese and Spanish troops behaved most creditably. Lord Wellington was moved by the gallantry of which he was an eye-witness to an enthusiasm of expression very rare with one who looked upon the brightest achievements as a mere conformity to “duty.” The battles of the Pyrenees are severally called by him, who has described them with the minuteness demanded by professional readers, the “combats” at Roncesvalles, Linzoin, Maya, Zabaldica, Buenza, Sauroren, Doña Maria, Echallar, and Ivantelly—the names of passes, villages, and heights. The last three combats took place on and after the 31st July, and were fought between the British pursuing troops and the French columns in retreat—for retreat had now become unavoidable. Soult found the passages into Spain barred against him with fire and sword. Every effort that good soldiers could make to carry out the wishes of a brave and anxious commander, and to prevent the British from planting foot upon the fertile valleys of France, was made with cheerfulness,—not a man in the army but was prodigal of his blood in this great spasmodic effort to retrieve the disasters of the past. All was unavailing. In one unbroken mass the allied divisions now offered an impenetrable wall to the assailants, and even became the offensive party in their turn, sending the French back into the plains and defiles. At length, wedged in a hollow, at the foot of an almost circular chain of precipitous rocks, Soult was placed at the mercy of four British divisions, placed behind the crests of the hills. He was unaware of the proximity of the unconquerable English, and halted preparatory to another backward movement. In a few hours his surrender or complete destruction must have been inevitable. The infamous thirst of plunder which beset the English soldiery was his salvation. Approaching his pickets, they gave token of the contiguity of the foe. Soult instantly broke up from his dangerous prison. “The way was narrow, the multitude great, the baggage and the wounded men borne on their comrade’s shoulders filed in long procession, and Clauzel’s troops, forming the rear-guard, were still near San Estevan the next morning. Scarcely had they marched a league, when Cole’s skirmishers and the Spaniards, thronging along the heights on their flank, opened a fire to which little reply could be made. The soldiers and baggage then got mixed in disorder, numbers fled up the hills, and the energy of Soult, whose personal exertions were conspicuous, could scarcely prevent a general dispersion. However, prisoners and baggage were taken at every step; the

boldest were dismayed; and worse would have awaited them if Wellington had been in other points well seconded by his subordinate generals.”¹

It is hardly necessary to say that the subordinate generals who failed to give zealous co-operation were not Englishmen. The Spanish general, Longa, incurred the odium of neglect.

Hitherto, the loss and brunt of battle had been borne by the divisions of Hill and Dalhousie, the brigades of Cole, Stewart, Byng, Barnes, and Pakenham. Where was the intrepid Light Division, under Charles, Baron Alten, the gallant Hanoverian? Wandering amidst the wild regions of the Pyrenees, in the mazy depths and amidst the darkness of night, they sought a channel of communication with the troops they were destined to support. Waving faggot-torches as guides and beacons, and calling aloud, they only confused each other; for the torches sparkled like fire-flies on every height and in every ravine, bewildering those they were intended to assist.

The tale has been partly told by others; let one of the participants in the toils and anxieties of the division complete the familiar narrative by carrying them into the presence of the enemy:—

“At daybreak a scene of complete confusion presented itself, the greater part of the division being scattered over the face of a steep and woody mountain, and positively not half a league from whence they had started on the previous evening. As soon as the various corps had grouped together, they followed the only road in sight, and soon met a mounted officer, who directed them towards Leyza. Near that place one half of the division were already bivouacked, having reached the valley before the pitchy darkness had set in. It was now the third day since we had retired from Vera, and General Baron Charles Alten became so uneasy, that he ordered some of the best mounted regimental officers to go in various directions, to ascertain, if possible, some tidings of the army, with which he had had no communication for three days, and were now isolated among the wilds of the Pyrenees, on the left of the Bidassoa, half way between San Sebastian and Pampeluna. At six o'clock the same evening we broke up, and marched two leagues in the direction of Areysa, and then bivouacked in a wood, with an order not to light fires, to prevent any of the enemy's scouts or spies ascertaining our route. Two hours after nightfall the troops were again put in motion, and I was left in the forest, with directions to continue there all night, to bring off in the morning any baggage or stragglers that might happen to go astray.

¹ Napier's "English Battles in the Peninsula."

At daylight on the 30th, having collected together a few women, who dared not again encounter another toilsome march along the verge of the precipices, it was a droll sight to see this noisy group defiling from the forest, many dressed in soldiers' jackets, battered bonnets, and faded ribbons, with dishevelled locks hanging over their weather-beaten features, as they drove along their lazy *borricas* with a thick stick; and when the terrific blows laid on ceased to produce the desired effect, they squalled with sheer vexation, lest they might be overtaken, and fall into the hands of the enemy's light horse.

"Having travelled for two hours, as a sort of guide to these poor women, I perceived an officer at some distance in front, and, on overtaking him, he expressed the greatest joy at seeing me, and declared that he had been wandering for some hours in the most agitated state of mind, not knowing whither to bend his footsteps. The division had drawn up again during the night, and, having laid down on the flank of the column, he had fallen into a profound slumber, out of which he had awaked at broad day-light, with the rays of the sun shining full on his face, and, when somewhat recovering from his bewildered recollections, he wildly gazed round for the column which had vanished, and, springing on his feet, halloed with all his might; but no answer was returned,—a solemn silence reigned around, save the fluttering of the birds amongst the luxuriant foliage of the trees, the morning dew no longer bespangled the sod, nor did the print of a single footstep remain to guide his course. At length, in a fit of desperation, he hastily tore a passage through the thicket, and luckily reached the roads, and, at random, sauntered along in no very pleasant mood, until I overtook him.

"Soon after this we heard to our left sounds like those of distant thunder. As the sky was perfectly serene, we concluded that the noise must be caused by a heavy fire of musketry. On reaching Arreysa we found most of the doors closed. However, we succeeded in purchasing a loaf, and then seated ourselves on the margin of a clear mountain stream, where we devoured it, and then solaced ourselves with a hearty draught of the refreshing beverage. This stream looked so inviting, that we threw off our clothes, and plunged into it. Notwithstanding the cooling effects of the bathe, the feet of my companion were so much swollen, owing to previous fatigue, that with all his tugging he could not pull on his boots again. Fortunately, mine were old and easy, so we readily effected an exchange; and then followed a road across a high mountain, from whose summit we saw the division bivouacked to the right of the broad and well-paved road (near Lecumberri) which leads from Pampeluna to Tolosa; from this

position we could march to either of those places, being half-way between them. Here the division awaited the return of its scouts the whole of the following day.

"The French army being completely worn out, and having suffered terribly in killed and wounded, continued to retreat during the 31st, followed by five divisions of the British, in three columns, by roads of Roncesvalles, Maya, and Donna Maria. On the evening of the same day, although obliquely to the rear of the pursuing columns, we received orders, if possible, to overtake the enemy, and attack them wherever they might be found. Accordingly, in the middle of the night, we got under arms, and began our march towards the middle of the following day (the 1st of August); having marched already twenty-four miles, we descended into a deep valley, between Ituren and Elgoriaga, where the division drew up in column to reconnoitre the right flank of the enemy, who were still hovering in the neighbourhood of San Estevan. After an hour's halt, we continued our movement on the left of the Bidassoa, and for three hours ascended, or rather clambered, the rugged asperities of a prodigious mountain, the by-path of which was composed of overlapping slabs of rock, or slipping-stones. At four o'clock in the afternoon a flying dust was descried, glistening with the bright and vivid flashes of small arms, to the right of the Bidassoa, and in the valley of the Lerin. A cry was instantly set up—'The enemy!' The worn soldiers raised their bent heads, covered with sweat and dust. We had nearly reached the summit of this tremendous mountain, but nature was quite exhausted. Many of the soldiers lagged behind, having accomplished more than thirty miles over the rocky roads, intersected with loose stones. Many fell heavily on the naked rocks, frothing at the mouth, black in the face, and struggling in their last agonies; whilst others, unable to drag one leg after the other, leaned on the muzzles of their firelocks, looking pictures of despair, muttering in disconsolate accents that they had never fallen out before."

Ascertaining the real strength of Marshal Soult—no easy matter in its dispersed condition—and getting information as to his exact course of movement, Lord Wellington sent the Light Division to cut in upon the enemy and interrupt his march. With stupendous exertion they got to the summit of a precipice near the bridge of Yanzi, where they caught view of Reille's division hurrying forward along a narrow defile. A fire of musketry commenced. The French, pent up by the Light Division, who were in front and all around and above them, fell by scores, and the most frightful confusion was created. The wounded were cast down in the rush and

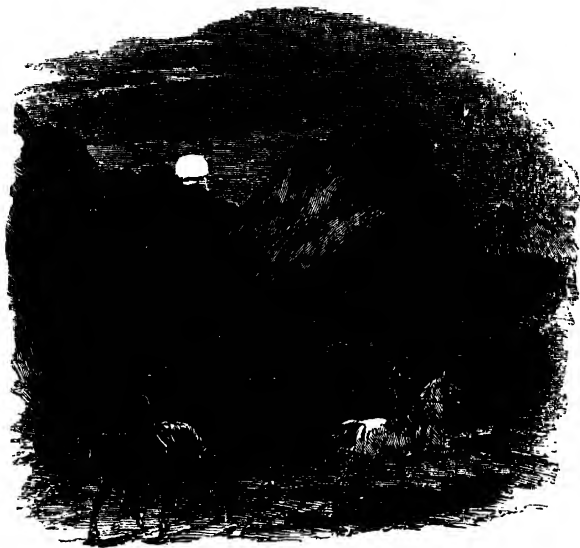
trampled upon—the cavalry drew their swords and endeavoured to charge up the pass—men and horses were alike rolled back into the Bidassoa.

It is unnecessary to follow the details. Suffice to say, that after nine days of continual movement, during which ten serious actions had been fought, the operations ceased. Lord Wellington's effective force had in this interval been diminished by 7300 officers and soldiers, who were either killed, wounded, taken by the enemy, or dispersed. The French loss has been computed by themselves at 13,000!

None of the battles previously fought by Wellington—none, it may be said, at any time—have caused him half the anxiety and personal risk which attended the operations in the Pyrenees. It was truly a pursuit of victory under difficulties. Hitherto he had, with few exceptions, been able to keep his enemy in view, and to survey the ground on which his own army and that of the adversary stood—giving his orders as the movements, successes, or reverses of either side might suggest. But in the Pyrenees he groped in the dark. Sometimes he was with one division, sometimes with another—occasionally he caught a glimpse of the French battalions, and once was within a very short distance of their leader, Soult, and that was all. Rocks and ravines were ever in the way. What the telescope accomplished upon the broad and open plain, or from the summit of an overlooking height, was only to be achieved in the Pyrenean labyrinth by hard riding.¹ He galloped from place to place with the speed of a hunter, and in his locomotion incurred continual hazards of surprise and capture, for it was impossible at any moment to ascertain with precision how near to him parties of the enemy might be. After a brief reconnaissance at Sauroren, attended by Lord Fitzroy Somerset, he only escaped the French dragoons by a two minutes' start. At Echallar he was examining his maps, when a French detachment came upon him unawares. A sergeant of the 43rd was just in time to warn him of the danger, and he got away. But the most striking example of his ubiquity—if the term may not be unfairly used—was a nocturnal visit to Pampeluna. The commander of the investing force required his advice and assistance. Wellington was asleep when the messenger, or officer, came to him, and the aide-de-camp in attendance declined to awake him. The matter was urgent—the officer importunate. At length Lord Wellington was aroused. He heard the message, and with the simple words, "Go back to your regiment, sir," turned again to sleep. The repose was but momentary. As the officer in melancholy mood,

¹ See Appendix III., for a description of the Pyrenees.

wended his way along the mountain paths, his hack jaded, he himself half slumbering on his saddle, a horseman passed him at full gallop. He could not distinguish him in the darkness of the night; but the wildest flight of fancy never would have suggested that the horseman



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was Wellington. The next morning, however, the Marquis was met returning from Pampeluna, having given all the necessary instructions for the vigorous prosecution of the blockade!

One of the most gratifying features of the battles in the Pyrenees was the greatly improved discipline of the Portuguese battalions. Never wanting in courage, their only defect was a deficiency in steadiness. Much was to be said for them. Until the battle of Busaco, in 1810, they had never been under fire, and from that time, with the simple exception of the cantonment of the allied army during the winter of 1812-13, everything had been unfavourable to their economy and organisation. They were either fighting, marching, or working in trenches. The tranquillity and leisure afforded Marshal Beresford, during the prolonged inaction on the

Agueda, had enabled him to repair the damage to discipline occasioned by continual employment in the field, and we now find Lord Wellington, always ready to award praise, stating in his despatch descriptive of the Pyrenean fights—

“The good conduct of the Portuguese officers and troops in all the operations of the present campaign, and the spirit which they show on every occasion, are not less honourable to that nation than they are to the military character of the officer (Marshal Beresford) who, by his judicious measures, has re-established discipline and revived a military spirit in the army.”

And in a previous letter to Lord Liverpool, dated 25th of July, he gives a reason for the improvement that had taken place in the Portuguese army, apart from Beresford's instrumentality:—

“Notwithstanding that the Portuguese are now the *fighting cocks* of the army, I believe we owe their merits more to the care we have taken of their pockets and their bellies than to the instructions we have given them. In the end of the last campaign they behaved, in many instances, exceedingly ill, because they were in extreme misery, the Portuguese Government having neglected to pay them. I have forced the Portuguese Government to make arrangements to pay them regularly this year, and everybody knows how well they behave.”

The establishment of a communication with the sea enabled Lord Wellington, after he had got into the Pyrenees, to cause the pay of the troops to be issued with greater regularity than heretofore. On the 3rd of August the men and officers were six months in arrear, and now, in paying what was due to the 24th of February, the Commander of the Forces adopted a plan, for the prevention of wasteful extravagance in drink and other pernicious indulgences, which was at a much later period rendered universal in the British service. He caused the pay to be issued daily. The effect was excellent.

Two great objects now remained to be accomplished before the allied army could venture upon another forward movement. These were the capture of San Sebastian, and Pampeluna. Lord Wellington took up his quarters at Lesaca to be at hand whenever and wherever he might be required.

San Sebastian is a fortified town, built on an isthmus on the Spanish coast, in a Bight of the Bay of Biscay. Above the town rises a conical hill, some four hundred feet from the level of the sea, crowned by a *mota* or castle. The place is isolated by the tidal river Urumea. When the tide is in, San Sebastian seems to rise out of the sea.

To reduce this fortress, Lord Wellington had deputed Sir Thomas

Graham, early in July, with a sufficient force, and gave him the assistance of Lieutenant-Colonel Sir W. Fletcher, and Sir Charles Smith, two of the ablest engineers in the service. Fletcher was the officer who had planned and superintended the construction of the lines of Torres Vedras. Smith had had his talents developed at Tarifa, the defence of which place was arranged by him exclusively. Graham began badly. He followed the erroneous dictates of his own judgment instead of yielding to the suggestions of the able engineers, in respect to the position of the breaching batteries. Time was therefore lost and nothing was done. Lord Wellington, to remedy the defects in Graham's system of operations, went to San Sebastian on the 11th of July, and in concert with the commandants of artillery and engineers decided upon a more effectual plan. Batteries were thrown up, on some sand-hills commanding the town, and the siege was now pushed with vigour. Outworks consisting of a fortified convent and redoubt, were previously carried on the 17th of July, and on the 20th, the breaching batteries opened upon the sea wall of the town. The place was very ably defended by General Rey with a garrison of 3000 veteran troops. By the 24th, three breaches had been reported practicable; and on the 25th, they were attacked by 2000 men, led by Lieutenant H. D. Jones, of the engineers, the advanced storming party being commanded by Major Frazer, of the Royal Scots. The attack was conducted with great spirit; but the overwhelming fire of the garrison was an insurmountable barrier to success. Grape, grenades, and shells, were poured with murderous precision upon the columns, who were driven back with a loss of 400 men, including Major Frazer.

This failure induced Lord Wellington to go over from Lesaca to give fresh directions for the siege. He then found that there was an insufficiency of ammunition for the immediate renewal of operations, the Government organs at home having fallen back into their old habits of neglect. He, consequently, directed the siege to be converted into a blockade, until additional *matériel* should arrive. Lord Wellington returned to Lesaca, and then fought those battles in the Pyrenees to which allusion has been made.

All this time, how were affairs progressing in the eastern part of Spain? There could be no prospect of the complete triumph of the Peninsular cause, if the snake were not killed outright. The successes in the Pyrenees would have proved but the process of "scotching" the monster if the huge coils lashing the western coast of the Mediterranean were still free. A momentary glance will show us how Lord William Bentinck had conducted affairs.

Lord William Bentinck was an officer of considerable military and diplomatic talents. He had, when a young man, served with the Austrian army under Suwarrow, Melas, and Count Bellegarde, witnessing and sharing in some of the operations against the French. He afterwards was placed in command of a body of cavalry, to serve with Abercrombie in Egypt, but did not reach his destination until the glorious campaign of 1801 had arrived at a termination. In 1803 Lord William was appointed Governor of Madras, holding that lucrative and responsible office until 1807. In 1808, he was selected to proceed on a mission to the Supreme Junta of Spain, for the purpose of urging a resistance to Bonaparte, and it is on record that he conducted the negotiations with much spirit and energy, but not with very satisfactory results, the unaccountable indifference of the Spaniards to the danger which surrounded them, presenting an insurmountable obstacle to the prompt adoption of useful measures. Joining Sir John Moore, Lord William commanded a brigade at the battle of Coruña, and led the troops with Moore against the enemy posted in the village of Elvira. Subsequently, he was appointed Minister at the Court of Sicily, and Commander-in-Chief of the forces in that island. His good management placed Sicily in a condition to resist an invasion by the French, and he might at a much earlier period have detached troops to operate against the forces under Suchet; but Lord William Bentinck was headstrong. He had conceived an idea in 1812 that the French might be attacked with advantage in Italy and Sardinia, and while he was indulging this crotchet to the extent of sending a large portion of his force to those quarters, Lord Wellington was calculating upon his co-operation on the eastern coast. In 1813, Lord William Bentinck's views had undergone a change, more particularly as the failure of Sir John Murray at Tarragona had rendered an immediate and vigorous movement in Catalonia necessary. He now took the command out of Murray's hands, re-organised the army at Alicant, and awaited the assembling of a sufficient force to enable him to confront Marshal Suchet. The astute Marshal having blown up the defences of Tarragona, advanced against the English, and came up with them at the pass of Ordal. A collision took place, and the English were forced to retire through the incompetency, it has been alleged, of the officer immediately in command—Colonel Adam.¹ It seems,

¹ Afterwards Sir Frederick. At Waterloo he commanded a brigade of Guards; and after the Peace held the office of Lord High Commissioner in the Ionian Islands. He was, at a later period, Governor of Madras, when Lord W. Bentinck was Governor-General of India.

however, that both that officer and Lord William Bentinck were misinformed as to the actual strength of the French army under Suchet, and found themselves unexpectedly attacked by a superior force. Falling back upon Tarragona, Marshal Suchet was left in undisturbed possession of Catalonia, and Lord William Bentinck, returning to Sicily, left the command of the army to Sir William Clinton.¹

While Lord Wellington remained in the Pyrenees, a new cause of anxiety had arisen in his mind. It was a characteristic of his military policy never to advance without a conviction of the ulterior advantage of the proceeding. It was not enough for him that a pitched battle was to place his army upon the ground occupied by the enemy; his views extended beyond the immediate present. The consolidation of each victory seemed to him an indispensable condition of a forward movement. He was now upon the threshold of the French empire. What was to be the upshot of his occupation of the country?

To understand the arguments which "gave him pause," we must first advert to the operations which had been taking place in the north of Europe, after Prussia had followed the example of Russia in throwing off the yoke which Napoleon had imposed by his Commercial Decrees.

The first measure of the Russian and Prussian monarchs after their compact at Breslau was to seek the alliance of the King of Saxony. The favours which that monarch had received at the hands of Napoleon induced him to remain firm to his ally, and he therefore quitted Dresden, the capital of his kingdom contiguous to the scene of action, and the Russian troops advanced upon the town. Austria, watching her opportunity of throwing off the connexion with Napoleon, now offered herself as a mediator between the northern allies and France, and Sweden acceded by a treaty, concluded at Ocrebro, to the Grand Alliance. Denmark remained faithful to Napoleon. The enthusiasm of the people of Prussia continuing unabated, the Landsturm or *levée en masse* was called out by royal decree, and a plan of hostile operations against the French armies was immediately chalked out. The French lay along the Elbe, from

¹ The qualities which had neutralised the value of Lord W. Bentinck as a Peninsular general had full play when he became Governor-General of India. He acted invariably according to the dictates of his judgment, and was inaccessible to advice and reason. Some of his measures are to be remembered for their value. He abolished the rite of *Suttee* (the cremation of Hindoo widows), improved internal communication, and was friendly to the press and the cause of enlightenment, but his military rule was of doubtful advantage. He also abolished flogging in the native army, and discontinued full batta allowance to the officers.

Dresden to Hamburg. The army was headed by Davoust, Victor, Grenier, Regnier, and Vandamme. The Russians struck the first blow. Rapidly moving on Hamburg, they encouraged the people of Lüneburg to rise and expel the French. These latter recaptured the town, and their general, Morand, was about to execute some two dozen of the leaders of the revolt, when the Cossacks rushed in and rescued them. A general insurrection now commenced throughout the country lying between the Elbe and the Weser—all the Hanse Towns took up arms and drove out the French, and the authority of England was once more restored in the Hanoverian states. Innumerable British ships entered the Elbe with stores, arms, and ammunition for the patriots, and everything promised well for a successful campaign against the French.

The occupation of Dresden and Hamburg broke the line of the Elbe at both ends. Eugène Beauharnais, who led the French, fell back upon the strong fortress of Magdeburg, and thence awaited Napoleon, who, rallying after the expulsion of his troops from Russia, joined his new levies at Erfurt, and formed a junction with Eugène. The army of the French Emperor, including the garrisons on the Oder and Vistula, blockaded by the allies, was 400,000 strong. At the head of this force Napoleon moved against the northern armies. An encounter on the heights of Poserna, in which Marshal Bessières was killed, was followed by two great battles at Lutzen and Bautzen, in which the French gained something in position, at the expense of many thousands killed and wounded, and without wresting either guns or provisions from the enemy. At Bautzen, Duroc, the oldest and best friend of Napoleon, was killed by a cannon-shot. Napoleon was afflicted at the loss of his general, and annoyed that no important results had followed upon the two great battles. Yet he believed his star to be still in the ascendant, and had he not cherished apprehensions from the armed indications of Austria, and the progress of the organisation of a partisan warfare in his rear, he would hardly have consented to an armistice at Pleswitz, which was arranged between the antagonistic forces to endure six weeks.

Of the combined movement among the northern powers to throw off the detestable tyranny of Napoleon, Great Britain now wisely took excellent advantage. Opening friendly relations with Prussia, she despatched vast quantities of arms and stores to the Elbe, and Sir Charles Stewart, afterwards Marquis of Londonderry, was sent ambassador to Berlin. Subsidies to the amount of 4,000,000*l.* sterling were granted to Sweden, Russia, and Prussia, and every imaginable encouragement was given to those states to push the war with the French.

Austria at this time (June, 1813,) also began to seek some benefit from the perilous position of Napoleon. She intimated, through her astute minister, Metternich, the impossibility of remaining neutral, and pressed such heavy claims on the Emperor Napoleon, that, alarmed at the confidence of her tone, he caught at the idea of a congress at Prague, under the mediation of Austria, and signed a convention for the assembling of the congress on the 30th of June. Soon afterwards the news of the Battle of Vittoria arrived at Dresden, and as this announced the destruction of the French power in Spain, Austria grew more exacting in her demands. Napoleon, foreseeing the issue of the convention, resorted to a variety of pretexts to gain time, in order to fortify the places still held by his troops, and to increase his force by a heavy conscription. The armistice was extended to the 11th of August. Immediately upon its termination, Austria formally declared war against France, because the latter power refused to agree to the terms of her *ultimatum*, which comprehended a great many sacrifices of the territory and authority acquired by Napoleon in the earlier campaigns of the century.

The news of the assembly of the Congress of Prague reached Lord Wellington at Lesaca. His quick and comprehensive understanding immediately took in all the bearings of the effect of a peace with France, and determined him to pause in the execution of his plans for entering that country. He saw that if he established an army on the Adour, he would be unable to go further, and that, if peace were made by the powers of the North, he would have to withdraw into Spain. Perhaps of the very many letters written by Lord Wellington upon subjects relating to the general interests of Europe, and the shape which his own movements should take in connection with those interests, there is not one which more clearly demonstrates the grasp of his mind, and the thorough independence of his character, than the communication to Lord Bathurst, dated Lesaca, 8th of August, 1813.¹ In this he points out his actual situation, the difficulty of moving his army until the deteriorations it had suffered by the recent contests should be repaired, the position he would be in were a retreat to Spain rendered necessary, supposing him to enter France without capturing the fortresses of the frontier, and the importance of a declaration by the French Bourbons of their object in assisting to dethrone Bonaparte.

How well Lord Wellington understood the true situation of the several powers to the treaty negotiating at Prague, notwithstanding that his mind and his time had for four years been occupied with his

¹ See Appendix, No. IV.

own immediate operations, is clear from what he writes to Earl Bathurst a week after the letter cited above. Instead of being at a great distance, receiving his intelligence through the uncertain media of newspapers and private letters, it would almost seem, from the intelligent view he took of the pending questions, that he was actually on the spot, and a mediator in the negotiations. "There are some leading principles," he writes, "in the political state of Europe, in which the interests of all parties would coincide; such as the independence of Spain, Germany, Italy, Holland, and France; the restoration of Hanover to the King's family; the re-establishment of the Prussian frontier, and of the Prussian influence over Saxony and Hesse; a frontier for the Austrian monarchy, and influence in Germany to balance that of Prussia; the re-establishment of the independence of the Hanse Towns, &c.; an understanding between England and Russia; and the powers less immediately interested might bring the others to take a general view of the common interests, without which, all may depend upon it that they cannot make peace with security, or war with honour and advantage."

Upon any other system than the foregoing, he declared "he would not march a corporal's guard."

How well and truly it has been said of Wellington, that his sagacity estimated every combination at its true import! In those days politics wore a cosmopolitan character. There was but one great question before the world—European freedom, or European servitude; the "French empire" on one side, and a coalition of adversaries or victims on the other. But few men were gifted with the faculty with which Wellington was endowed, of casting his eye over the plains of Germany, over the wilds of Russia, on the shores of the Baltic, and the islands of the Mediterranean, and on the retina of his mind, concentrating an estimate of the relative interests of all the powers involved in the complicated quarrel. While the Ministry besought him to turn from his professional cares and honour them with his counsel, his victories seemed to check despondency, or animate resistance, in countries far removed from the scene of his operations. The battle of Salamanca was celebrated by the retiring Russians at Smolensko with rejoicings which fell ominously on the ears of their prisoners, and the triumph of Vittoria—the news of which, as observed above, reached Dresden about the time of the battles of Lutzen and Bautzen,—determined the wavering policy of Austria against the tottering fortunes of Napoleon.

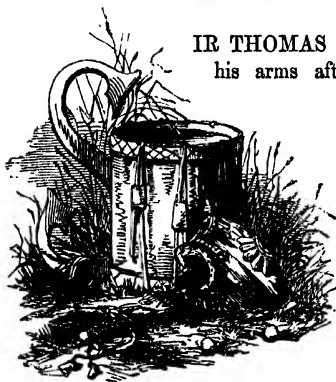
The two German battles, if they gave satisfaction to Lord Wellington from the manner in which they were fought, did not

please him in their result. He feared that they would induce Napoleon to make concessions to Austria, Russia, and Prussia, which might lead to a peace with those powers to the exclusion of England and the powers of the Peninsula.

But while Wellington was occupied with these apprehensions, the armistice at Prague had terminated, and Austria had ranged herself with Russia, Prussia, Sweden, and Great Britain in the crusade against the tyranny of the French Emperor.

CHAPTER XVII.

San Sebastian taken—Pampeluna capitulates.



IR THOMAS GRAHAM had rested upon his arms after the first repulse at San Sebastian. The attack had answered the purpose — though at a heavy sacrifice — of testing the strength of the walls, and the vigour of the garrison. Out of the nettle, danger, Graham plucked the flower, “safety.” But the middle of August had been passed and nothing more was done. Inert, beyond all reason and pre-

cedent, the government of Lord Liverpool was scarcely less culpable than that of his helpless predecessor, Mr. Perceval, in “starving” the army, at least, in respect to those military supplies, and that external aid, without which it was impossible to expect that the great enterprise on which Lord Wellington was engaged should possibly succeed. There was no adequate naval force on the Biscayan coast. According to all the usages of war, attacks upon maritime places are made by the army and navy conjointly. Lord Keith had written home for a line-of-battle ship, and the sluggish Admiralty had neither sent him a reply, nor left anything to his discretion. The blockade consequently could not be strictly kept, and the enemy were enabled to keep up a communication with the garrison from Bayonne and St. Jean de Luz. To read the complaints of Lord Wellington at this time, one would suppose that the government of the day were dealing with an unsuccessful general engaged in a

desperate cause, which had neither their sympathy nor sanction, instead of with a consummate soldier who had carried every point in which the interests of the country were concerned. He was especially hurt that, by the mismanaged supply of naval assistance, his soldiers should be compelled to the performance of a rough and laborious kind of work generally performed by sailors. "The soldiers," he wrote, "are obliged to work in the transports to unload the vessels, because no seamen can be furnished; and we have been obliged to use the harbour boats of Passages, navigated by women, in landing the ordnance and stores, because there is no naval force to supply us with the assistance which we should have required in boats." He felt also that, in the absence of the navy, he was deprived of the opportunity of saving the lives of soldiers in the assaults upon the trenches, since "no means existed of dividing the enemy's attention by making a simultaneous attack upon the sea-face."

The tone in which Lord Wellington expressed his sentiments to the Admiralty upon their neglect, was of a character with that boldness and independence which had marked all his previous remonstrances with men in office, who were insensible to the great good he was accomplishing, or were jealous of his renown. He writes to Lord Melville—"I complain of an actual want of necessary naval assistance and co-operation with the army, of which I believe no one will entertain a doubt who reads the facts stated in my reports to Government. I know nothing about the cause of the evil; it may be owing to a general deficiency of naval force for all the objects to which it is necessary to attend in an extended system of war. *It may be owing to a proper preference of other services over this*, or it may be owing to the misapplication of the force entrusted to their command by the admirals and captains. I state the fact, which nobody will deny; and leave it to Government to apply a remedy or not, as they *may* think proper."

Sir George Collier arrived upon the coast with a small squadron (inferior to that of the enemy) and although no assistance was afforded in the way Lord Wellington deemed most desirable, namely, an attack from the sea, the siege of San Sebastian was earnestly prosecuted. Lord Wellington continually went to and fro to observe the progress of the siege, and by the 20th of August a fire was opened upon the fort and directed against the tower which flanked the bastion on the eastern face,—against a demi-bastion on the south-east angle, and termination of the curtain on the south face. In five days a breach had been effected at the *tenaille*¹ of the bastion, and

¹ *Tenaille*. A parapet in the main ditch of a fortress in the form of an open pair of pincers—whence the name.

Lord Wellington, judging that everything was in readiness for the assault, left the details to Lieutenant-General Graham.

The manner in which the "forlorn hope" is selected for an assault has been described in a foregoing page. On this occasion volunteers were wanted from the 1st and 4th and Light Divisions. To the honour of the latter, they volunteered to a man. Four hundred were selected from the 1st Division, 150 from the Light, and 200 from the 4th Division. Lieutenant Maguire, of the 4th Foot, had the command of the forlorn hope. He had entreated to be so honoured on two former occasions, but was disappointed. His wish was now fulfilled; only that he might honourably fall, in the prime of youth and health, at the head of the self-devoted band.¹

At eleven o'clock on the morning of the 31st of August, Sir Thomas Graham, having crossed the Urumea to some batteries of the right attack, whence he could behold the operations, the columns of attack, under Major-General Robinson, moved from the trenches. The reserve was composed of the residue of the 5th Division and some Portuguese troops, severally commanded by Major-Generals Spry and Hay, the whole under the direction of Lieutenant-General Sir James Leith. Previous to their emerging from their shelter, a sergeant of consummate intrepidity had sprang forward and endeavoured to cut the *saucisson*, or trains upon the covered-way of the fortress which was to fire the *fougasses*, or mines, upon the glacis. In this gallant feat he was killed, for the French immediately fired the mine. But his noble object was attained; the advancing column was saved, with the exception of some forty men who were crushed by the fall of the wall.² The columns steadily advanced, and approached the breach under a terrific fire of shells and grape shot from the determined

¹ Lieutenant Maguire had always distinguished himself. At Fuentes d'Onoro, he took a pair of colours from the French ensign who bore them. At Vittoria, when his company was twice repulsed, he took the colours from the hands of the ensign of the regiment, and resolutely advanced to place them upon the parapet of the bridge; but before he could fix them, they were shot to pieces!

² A similar piece of daring courage was exhibited at an earlier period of the Peninsula war, with a more fortunate result. It was in 1810. Lord Wellington had ordered that whenever the French appeared likely to advance across the frontier to invade Portugal, the Spanish fort of Concepcion, opposite Almeida, should be blown up. The bastions were all mined and loaded, and two engineers appointed to light the fuses at the proper moment. On the morning of the enemy's advance, after the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo, these officers were not together; and one of them, finding the time for explosion arrived, and as the enemy were fast coming on, galloped to the fort, tied up his horse, and ran up the ramparts, calling out his companion's name, and exclaiming, "no time was to be lost." No one answered to his name in the solitary fort, and on approaching the entrance of one of the mines, he found the fuses burning. They must have been some time lighted, to allow the escape of those who fired them, and the match was now close to the magazine, threatening

garrison. This was check enough in itself, but when they reached the breach, to their intense mortification they discovered that the aperture made in the walls by the fire from the batteries was not wide enough to admit more than a single file of men at a time. "There never was anything," wrote Sir Thomas Graham in his despatch, "so fallacious as the external appearance of the breach." The enemy saw the dilemma of the troops, and plied their fire with renewed audacity. There was only one point by which access could be obtained to the fortress; it was the ridge of the curtain. To gain this ridge, hundreds of brave soldiers made the noblest efforts, but no success attended the gallant attempt.

In this most desperate state of affairs, Sir Thomas Graham asked Lieutenant-Colonel Dickson, who commanded the artillery, if he could suggest any measure to give an impulse to the attack. This able officer immediately proposed that the whole of the guns in the breaching batteries of the right attack should, as far as possible, be brought to bear on the high curtain above the breach in the face of the demi-bastion; and, in a few minutes, the fire of forty-seven pieces of artillery was directed with such powerful effect upon the enemy's interior defences, that they were compelled to abandon the principal traverse, which protected the main breach, and seek more distant cover.

The troops at the main breach paused in their vain endeavours to win an entrance during the continuance of this tremendous cannonade, watching with astonishment and admiration the effect produced in this unprecedented manner by the fire of the artillery, of which such was the wonderful precision that, though the shot passed but a few feet over their heads, sweeping the enemy from their retrenchments, not a casualty occurred amongst themselves.

Shortly after this mode of clearing a way for the assailants had been adopted, the whole of the numerous fire barrels, live shells, hand grenades, &c., which the garrison had collected along the ramparts for the close defence of their traverses and interior works, ignited, causing a succession of explosions along the whole extent of the high curtain, killing and wounding many of its defenders, and throwing the remainder into the greatest confusion. The assailants took instant advantage of this favourable moment to renew their efforts, and a vigorous rush made them masters of the first traverse. The garrison

instant destruction to all around. Fortunately, he did not lose his presence of mind; he descended from the ramparts, gained his horse, and was forty or fifty yards from the fort ere it was launched into the air. The other officer had arrived before him, and had acted according to his orders.

on this rather hastily abandoned the ravelin and eastern branch of the hornwork; fresh troops mounted the breach in rapid succession; the Portuguese, at the same moment, forced an entrance to the right, and the town was carried, during a most awful storm of thunder, lightning, and rain, rendered yet more terrific by the shouts of the infuriated captors; 700 prisoners were made, the rest of the garrison took refuge in the castle, whence they kept up a constant fire on all who showed themselves in the streets, so that little or no success resulted from the exertions of the assailants to subdue the flames, spread throughout the town by the explosion of the grenades and shells along the ramparts, as above-mentioned.¹

Let Napier relate the terrible sequel to the assault:—

“Five hours this dreadful battle had lasted at the walls, and now the stream of war went pouring into the town; yet the undaunted governor still disputed the victory at his barricades, although several hundreds of men had been cut off in the hornwork, and his garrison was so reduced, that even to retreat behind the line of defence separating the town from Monte Orgullo was difficult; however, the troops, flying from the hornwork on the harbour flank, broke through a body of the British near the fortified convent of Santa Teresa, and that post was still retained by the French within the town. It was thought Monte Orgullo might have been then carried if a commander of rank, to direct the troops, had been at hand; but, as in the first assault, whether from wounds or accident, no general entered the place until long after the breach had been won, the battalion officers were embarrassed for want of orders, and a thunder-storm coming down the mountains with unbounded fury just as the place was carried, added to the confusion of the fight; the opportunity was thus lost.

“This storm seemed to be a signal from hell for the perpetration of villany which would have shamed the most ferocious barbarians of antiquity. At Ciudad Rodrigo intoxication and plunder had been the principal objects; at Badajoz lust and murder were joined to rapine and drunkenness; at San Sebastian the direst, the most revolting cruelty was added to the catalogue of crimes; one atrocity, of which a girl of seventeen was the victim, staggers the mind by its enormous, incredible, indescribable barbarity. Some order was at first maintained, but the resolution to throw off discipline was quickly made manifest. A British staff-officer was pursued with a volley of small arms, and escaped with difficulty from men who mistook him for a provost-marshal; a Portuguese adjutant, striving to prevent some

¹ Jackson and Scott's *Life of the Duke of Wellington*.

ruffianism, was put to death in the market-place, not with sudden violence, but deliberately. Many officers exerted themselves to preserve order, many men were well-conducted, yet the rapine and violence, commenced by villains, soon spread; the camp followers crowded into the place, and the disorder continued until fire, following the steps of the plunderer, put an end to his ferocity by destroying the whole town."

Sir Thomas Graham was profuse, and justly so, of his commendations. All his officers and troops had admirably comported themselves. The former had never been more exposed. No less than three general officers—Sir J. Leith, General Robinson, and General Oswald—were wounded in the trenches, and obliged to quit the field. Amongst the brave men who came in for special remark were Colonel Dickson, of the Artillery; Captain Williamson of the 4th Royals, who was severely wounded, "following the forlorn hope in the best style;" Captain Jones, of the same corps; Lieutenant Le Blanc, who led the Light Company of the 4th, immediately after the forlorn hope; Linsay and Power, of the 47th; Captains Pilkington, Scott, and Halford, of the 39th; Lieutenant-Colonel Barnes of the Royal Scots;¹ Brigadier-Major Taylor and Captain Stewart of the Royal Scots; Lieutenant Gethen of the Engineers, who took the enemy's colours from the cavalier, and all the officers of the personal and general staff.

Of the losses sustained by General Graham in this siege, the heaviest by far was Sir R. Fletcher, the Engineer. The engineer department of the army had been most creditably conducted by him and his colleagues, Lieutenant-Colonel Burgoyne and Major Charles Felix Smith (afterwards Major-General, and K.C.B.), and Burgoyne was wounded.

It was not until nine days after the capture of the town of San Sebastian that the *mota* (Monte Orgullo) surrendered, and then only when attacked by fifty-nine heavy battering pieces. In this latter branch of the operations many wounded and English prisoners were killed. The latter had been attired in their uniforms, and placed around a magazine, serving as a hospital, to deter the besiegers from directing their fire on that quarter. Unhappily the special merciful exception was not made; it is doubtful, indeed, if it would have been possible to do so.

¹ Afterwards Sir James S. Barnes, K.C.B., an amiable and gallant man. His services had been various, beginning at Toulon, and including Holland, Egypt, and the West Indies. He joined the Peninsula army in 1810, and remained with it to the last. In 1830, when he had become Major-General, he was appointed to the command of a Division of the Bombay army.

For the plunder of San Sebastian, and the destruction of the town by fire, Sir Thomas Graham and Lord Wellington were bitterly assailed by the Spanish political officers, and the press under their domination. So vehement was the attack, that Lord Wellington, generally very indifferent to calumny, found it necessary to pen an energetic remonstrance, and an earnest exculpation of Sir Thomas Graham. Had he himself been the only party concerned, he would probably have allowed the strictures to pass unheeded. Armed with the *mens conscia recti*, he invariably practised the patience he recommended to others. Napoleon's apophthegm was unconsciously adopted in all his contemplations of the scandal which jealousy, dislike, ignorance, and hostility heaped on his honoured head: *Les calomnies s'enfuient,—la vérité reste*. It is indispensable to Wellington's memory that his defence to the imputations of the *Xefe Politico*, the Conde de Villa Fuentes, should be given in every work which professes to faithfully record his deeds:—

“ TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR H. WELLESLEY, K.B.

“ LESACA, 9th Oct., 1813.

“ I shall begin with that charge which the enclosed newspaper contains, and which is not made in direct terms in the letter from the *Xefe Politico*, though it is directly charged against Lieutenant-General Sir T. Graham, that he intended to burn the town, viz., that the town of San Sebastian was thus ill treated, because its former trade had been exclusively with the French nation, and to the disadvantage of Great Britain.

“ This charge cannot be intended to apply to the common soldiers, who cannot be supposed to know, or to reflect much upon what passed before they attacked the place. This infamous charge applies exclusively to the principal officers, who, from motives not of commercial policy, but of commercial revenge, are supposed so far to have forgotten their duty as to have ordered or suffered the sack of this unfortunate town, and thus to have risked the loss of all they had acquired by their labours and their gallantry; and you will more readily conceive, than I can venture to describe, the feelings of indignation with which I proceed to justify the general and other officers of this army from a charge officially made, by a person in a high office, that they designed to plunder and burn the town of San Sebastian.

“ I need not assure you that this charge is most positively untrue. Everything was done that was in my power to suggest to save the

town. Several persons urged me, in the strongest manner, to allow it to be bombarded, as the most certain mode of forcing the enemy to give it up. This I positively would not allow, for the same reasons as I did not allow Ciudad Rodrigo or Badajoz to be bombarded; and yet, if I had harboured so infamous a wish as to destroy this town from motives of commercial revenge, or any other, I could not have adopted a more certain method than to allow it to be bombarded.

"Neither is it true that the town was set on fire by the English and Portuguese troops. To set fire to the town was part of the enemy's defence. It was set on fire by the enemy on the 22nd July, before the final attempt was made to take it by storm; and it is a fact that the fire was so violent on the 24th July, that the storm, which was to have taken place on that day, was necessarily deferred till the 25th, and, as it is well known, failed.

"I was at the siege of San Sebastian on the 30th August, and I aver that the town was then on fire. It must have been set on fire by the enemy, as I repeat that our batteries, by positive order, threw no shells into the town; and I saw the town on fire on the morning of the 31st August, before the storm took place.

"It is well known that the enemy had prepared for a serious resistance, not only on the ramparts, but in the streets of the town; that traverses were established in the streets, formed of combustibles, with the intention of setting fire to, and exploding them, during the contest with the assailants. It is equally known that there was a most severe contest in the streets of the town between the assailants and the garrison; that many of these traverses were exploded, by which many lives on both sides were lost; and it is a fact that these explosions set fire to many of the houses.

"The *Xefe Politico*, the author of these complaints, must have been as well aware of these facts as I am; and he ought not to have concealed them. In truth, the fire in the town was the greatest evil that could befall the assailants, who did everything in their power to get the better of it; and it is a fact that, owing to the difficulty and danger of communicating, through the fire, with the advanced posts in the town, it had very nearly become necessary, at one time, to withdraw those posts entirely.

"In regard to the plunder of the town by the soldiers, I am the last man who will deny it, because I know that it is true. It has fallen to my lot to take many towns by storm; and I am concerned to add that I never saw or heard of one so taken, by any troops, that it was not plundered. It is one of the evil consequences attending the necessity of storming a town, which every officer laments, not

only on account of the evil thereby inflicted on the unfortunate inhabitants, but on account of the injury it does to discipline, and the risk which is incurred of the loss of all the advantages of victory at the very moment they are gained.

"It is hard that I and my general officers are to be so treated, as we have been by the *Xefe Politico*, and unrestrained libellers, because an unavoidable evil has occurred in the accomplishment of a great service, and in the acquirement of a great advantage. The fault does not lie with us; it is with those who lost the fort, and obliged us by great risk and loss to regain it for the Spanish nation by storm.

"Notwithstanding that I am convinced it is impossible to prevent a town in such a situation from being plundered, I can prove that upon this occasion particular pains were taken to prevent it. I gave most positive orders upon the subject, and desired that the officers might be warned of the peculiar situation of the place, the garrison having the castle to retire to, and of the danger that they would attempt to re-take the town, if they found the assailants were engaged in plunder.

"If it had not been for the fire, which certainly augmented the confusion, and afforded greater facilities for irregularity; and if by far the greatest proportion of the officers and non-commissioned officers, particularly of the principal officers who stormed the breach, had not been killed or wounded in the performance of their duty, in the service of Spain, to the number of 170 out of about 250, I believe that the plunder would have been in a great measure, though not entirely, prevented.

"Indeed, one of the subjects of complaint, that sentries were placed on every house, shows the desire, at least of the officers, to preserve order. These sentries must have been placed by order, and unless it is supposed, as charged, that the officers intended that the town should be plundered and burned, and placed the sentries to secure that object; it must be admitted that their intention in placing these sentries was good.

"It likewise most unfortunately happened that it was impossible to relieve the troops which stormed the town till the 2nd instant, instead of immediately after the town was in our possession. Those who make these complaints forget that on the 31st August, the day this town was stormed, the whole of the left of the army was attacked by the enemy.

"I do not believe that I should have been congratulated and thanked for having successfully done my duty on that occasion, if I had either risked the blockade of Pampeluna, or the loss of the battle

fought on the 31st August, by keeping at San Sebastian troops to relieve those which had stormed, in order that the inhabitants of San Sebastian might suffer rather less by their irregularities.

"In fact, it was not possible to allot troops to relieve them till the 2nd, at which time I assert that all irregularity had ceased, as I was at San Sebastian on that day.

"In regard to the injuries done to the inhabitants, by the soldiers with their fire-arms and bayonets, in return for their applause and congratulations, it appears to me extraordinary that it did not occur to the complainants that these injuries, if they were really done, were done by accident, during the contest in the streets with the enemy, and not by design.

"In regard to the charge of kindness to the enemy, I am afraid it is but too well founded; and that till it is positively ordered by authority, in return for the *ordonnance* of the French government, that all enemy's troops in a place taken by storm shall be put to death, it will be difficult to prevail upon British officers and soldiers to treat an enemy, when their prisoners, otherwise than well.

"I wish that the *Xefe Politico* had not made the charge against so respectable a character as Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Graham, that he omitted to apply for his assistance to extinguish the fire in the town till it was entirely destroyed, leaving the inference to be drawn, that he therefore wished that the town should be destroyed; as it would have saved me the pain of observing, that the total neglect of the Spanish authorities to furnish any assistance whatever that was required from them, to carry on the operations against San Sebastian, did not encourage Sir Thomas to apply for the assistance of the *Xefe Politico* in any shape. In fact, everything was done that could be done to extinguish the fire by our own soldiers; and I believe that the truth is, that the assistance was asked by me, not only to endeavour to extinguish the fire, but to bury the dead bodies lying about the town and ramparts; and it was not made sooner, because the want of it was not felt at an earlier period.

"I certainly lament, as much as any man can, the evils sustained by this unfortunate town, and those who have reason to complain of their fate, and deserve the relief of Government; but a person in the situation of a *Xefe Politico* should take care in forwarding these complaints, not to attack the characters of honourable and brave men, who are as incapable of entertaining a design to injure the peaceable inhabitants of any town, as they are of allowing their conduct to be influenced by the infamous motives attributed to them in the enclosed libel.

"I hear frequently of the union of the two nations, but I am quite certain that nothing is so little likely to promote that union as the encouragement given to such unfounded charges, and the allowing such infamous libels to pass unpunished.

"I have only to add, to what I have already stated in this letter, in answer to the Minister of War's inquiries regarding the punishment of the offenders on this occasion, that several soldiers were punished. How many it is not in my power at present to state."

During the progress of the siege of San Sebastian, Marshal Soult made great efforts to relieve the place. He formed columns of attack in the Lower Bidassoa, near Irun, and the lofty ridge of San Marcial, and fiercely attacked the Spaniards and Portuguese, and the British brigades under Lord Aylmer and General Howard, at San Marcial and Vera. The French fought well, as they always did, but victory remained with the allies. The loss of the enemy was 3600 men. After this, the prosecution of offensive operations would have been folly. Soult, getting no assistance either from Napoleon or Marshal Suchet, who could not, or would not, join him, from the east of Spain, resolved henceforth to act upon the defensive.

The successful siege of San Sebastian had placed a large body of troops at Lord Wellington's disposal for further operations. News having reached him that Austria had declared against France, and all chance of a pacific composition being at an end, he took measures for the invasion of France. But this was done at the instance of the British Ministry. Had he simply followed the dictates of his own judgment, he would have preferred remaining in the Pyrenees—cold and cheerless as they were—until Pampeluna had surrendered, for he was apprehensive that (to say nothing of his rear being liable to molestation, while that place held out), the Spanish troops would have avenged on the French peasantry the wrongs their countrymen had experienced, and he knew the policy of having the peasantry with him on his entering upon the French soil.

The movement into France was delayed until the 7th of October (1813), owing to the swollen state of the river Bidassoa. On that memorable day, the pontoons having been carried down into the plains on the previous night, Lord Wellington advanced with 44,000 men. Of this number 24,000 were employed in six columns, under Lieutenant-General Graham, to ford the river, while 20,000 were detached under Major-General Charles Baron Alten to capture the enemy's entrenchments and posts in the Puerta de Vera, and on a mountain called Le Rhune.

Marshal Soult was completely unprepared for this movement.

Taken by surprise, he was compelled, after a short series of combats, to allow the sagacious foe to sweep across the river and occupy the positions he had been fortifying for a month. The last atom of Spanish ground should have been the scene of the most obstinately-contested action in the Peninsula, and had Soult been aware of the intention of Lord Wellington, he would undoubtedly have shown a gallant front. But who could penetrate the suggestions of Wellington's genius? He baffled conjecture by the originality of his conceptions, and destroyed the best combination of an able adversary, by the suddenness of his movements, in a direction the very opposite of that which it was imagined he would take. Military writers have blamed Soult's general negligence in one of the most important measures in defensive warfare. There were no outposts on the left bank of the Bidassoa. "Outposts," writes Lieutenant Jervis,¹ "should be placed so as to discover everything going on around them, without being seen themselves; they are therefore usually posted upon heights, and are protected from observation by every available obstacle, such as hedges, walls, houses, clumps of trees, &c. If possible, they should not be placed in a village, or the soldiers would then be likely to stray from their posts; neither should they ever be placed opposite obstacles that are near enough to them to protect a surprise; if there be a village, a wood, or a field with high standing crops, and sentries cannot be placed beyond, it would be more prudent to station the outpost at some distance; for however strict a watch may be kept, the post will always be much exposed, and the videttes placed near the obstacles may be suddenly attacked. *This was one of the principal causes which led to the defeat of the French army near the Bidassoa on the 7th of October, 1813.*"

Still cautious—still doubting if it were wise to advance while matters wore a questionable aspect in Germany, Lord Wellington halted his army, and pitched his camp along the right bank of the Bidassoa. He now took leave of Sir Thomas Graham, who retired to England to repose for a brief space upon his laurels. Lieutenant-General Sir John Hope—the friend of the lamented Sir John Moore, and an officer of great ability—succeeded Graham in the monotonous and irresponsible office of "second in command."

We have for some time past lost sight of Sir Rowland Hill and his admirable Division. Planted at the head of the Val Carlos, in the Roncesvalles and Alderides, he watched General Foy, who, with a force

¹ "Manual of Field Operations."

of 15,000 men, occupied an entrenched camp in front of St. Jean Pied de Port, evidently awaiting an opportunity to relieve Pampeluna. Yet the vigilant performance of this duty did not offer a bar to an indulgence in retired pastimes, nor to the interchange of civilities with the French. It is a pleasant relief from the chronicle of the sanguinary operations of war, to turn occasionally to the details of courtesy preserved in countless journals and memoirs. Treating of life in the Pyrenees with Hill's Divisions, "An Infantry Officer" preserves these souvenirs :—

"We were often at a loss, during this inactive period, how to pass a few of the dull hours which hung heavily on our hands, for none could with safety leave the camp for more than an hour at a time, and there our amusements were extremely limited. The *fire-eaters* took delight in watching the progress of our field-works, reconnoitering the enemy's advanced posts, and the roads leading to them. The politicians confined themselves to their tents, and explored the pages of the weekly packet of the London and Edinburgh newspapers, which we received at that time pretty regularly. Those to whom the rattle of the dice had greater charms than the sound of musketry, generally assembled around a tent, or under a large tree, and when the company was numerous, those who could not be accommodated with active employment, laid bets upon the issue of each game. Whist, however, was the favourite game amongst the officers, many of whom, or their heirs, have still depending considerable sums of money on the issue of rubbers begun in 1813. On the 25th of July, a whist party had finished a game, and were nine all of the second, when the bugle called upon them to take part in a game of a very different description. Conceiving that they might steal as much time as would permit their bringing the second game to a close, they actually played it out, and then rushed from the tent, the whole exclaiming, 'We will finish the rubber when we return; the game is single to single.' The rubber is still in dependence, for the same party never afterwards met. Two of them were wounded the same day; another was taken by the enemy on the 30th, and the fourth, who escaped the balls of the enemy in Spain, is the only one of the four now alive.

"A newspaper was the most acceptable present which any friend could send to us, during the Peninsula contest. The French officers acknowledged to us frequently, that they were miserably ill-informed of the issues of their most important movements and engagements. Papers they received, but their contents were generally so much at variance with the truth, that it was quite a common saying,

‘he lies like a *Moniteur*,’ or ‘he lies like a bulletin.’ Even the generals of brigade were often kept in ignorance as to the result of their most important operations. For example, General Foy was so imperfectly informed in regard to the issue of the battle of Vittoria, that he sent a flag of truce by an aide-de-camp for the loan of a London newspaper containing the details of that celebrated engagement. The general’s request was complied with. In a few days the paper was returned, along with a few others of Parisian manufacture. This was done by Foy, to show us that it was his wish to lessen the horrors of war as much as was consistent with that military etiquette so necessary to be observed by every officer entrusted with the command of the advanced posts of an army in the presence of an enemy.”

The same writer supplies an entertaining picture of the amusements and *désagrémens* of existence in the Pyrenees :—

“From the surrender of San Sebastian to the capitulation of Pampeluna, we felt much more at our ease than we did previous to the first event. For the fall of the former not only lessened Soult’s inducement to attack us, but added a considerable number of troops to our effective force in the field. Our amusements were also increased by this event. From that period we occasionally descended to the village of Roncesvalles, and treated ourselves to a comfortable dinner and a tolerable bottle of country wine. For some time we had excellent races once a week, and a bull-fight every Thursday. The mounted officers, who were lovers of the chace, had a rich treat afforded them two or three times every week by Sir Rowland Hill, whose pack of hounds was much at the service of the officers of his corps. About the middle of October, however, our situation became rather uncomfortable. The ground was so saturated with moisture, that, wherever we encamped, in a day or two the whole of our encampment was a perfect puddle. Previous to this we had slept on the ground; but we latterly made little bedsteads of the branches of trees, and by raising them about nine inches from the earth, and covering them with a little straw, grass, or fern, we reposed as comfortably as we ever did on the best down bed in England. The weather at last became so very bad, that all the troops on the right of the positions were recalled from the heights, save the outlying pickets, and a body of 500 men constituting the inlying picket, to support the others in case of attack. On the 27th of October, I made one of the party of 500. When we moved from Roncesvalles the morning was fine, the frost was severe, but there was not a breath of wind. In the afternoon the sky overcast—soon after snow

began to fall, and before sunset the wind began to whistle. Everything now portended a storm, and to meet it we made every preparation in our power. Throughout the whole of the night the snow fell, and the wind howled, and at daybreak on the 28th, the snow was drifted to a considerable depth. At ten o'clock A.M. on the 28th, we were relieved by new bodies of troops, and instantly bade adieu, and for ever, to the right of the allied position at Roncesvalles. In our progress back to our encampment, the snow dealt with us mercifully; but we had scarcely reached our tents when it resumed the tricks of the preceding night, and continued to fall without the slightest intermission till one or two o'clock next morning, by which time it was a foot and a half deep in the valley where not drifted, but on the hills it was, in some places, twelve feet in depth. Part of the outlying pickets were covered, and had to be dug out of the snow in a pitiable state: some of them lost the use of their limbs. In consequence of the quantity of snow which fell on my tent during the night of the 28th, the pole of it snapped in two places about four o'clock A.M. on the 29th, and without any warning, down came canvas, pole, and snow on the top of me. My bed being nine inches from the ground, the snow and canvas pinned me so completely to it, that, on awaking, I fancied myself bound hand and foot, for neither the one nor the other could I move. Respiring for some time with considerable difficulty, I began seriously to think that some persons were attempting to smother me. But recollecting at length the position of my bed, I made an effort to throw myself from it, which with difficulty I accomplished. Placing my head under the bed, I breathed more freely; and, after a great struggle, I pulled a penknife from my pocket, cut a hole in the canvas, made my escape, and after wandering fully half-an-hour, I at length got under the protection of a friend, the pillar of whose dwelling was made of sterner stuff than my own."

Lord Wellington remained in his camp on the Bidassoa until the beginning of November. Intimation having reached him of the fall of Pampeluna, and of the successes of the northern allies against Napoleon, he now made up his mind to a forward movement into France.

Perhaps not one of Wellington's measures cost him more anxiety than this resolution to invade the French territory. He was aware of the strong feeling of hostility which pervaded the hearts of the soldiers of the allied army, and he dreaded the moral effect of any disorder, induced by their vindictiveness and love of plunder, more than he feared the power of his enemy. He therefore, on the 1st of



DESCENT FROM THE PYRENEES, NEAR THE BIDASSOA. 1313

November, issued a Proclamation and an Order, both of which deserve to be engraven in letters of gold on tablets of marble :—

“HEAD-QUARTERS, 1st Nov., 1813.

“Upon entering your country, I announce to you that I have given the most positive orders (a translation of which is joined to this) to prevent those evils which are the ordinary consequences of the invasion of a hostile army (an invasion which, you know, is the result of that which your government made into Spain), and of the triumphs of the allied army under my command.

“You may be certain that I will carry these orders into execution, and I request of you to cause to be arrested and conveyed to my head-quarters, all those who, contrary to these dispositions, do you any injury. But it is required you should remain in your houses, and take no part whatever in the operations of the war, of which your country is going to become the theatre.

(Signed)

“WELLINGTON.”

ORDERS.

“Although the country which is in front of the army be an hostile one, the General-in-Chief anxiously desires that the inhabitants should be well treated, and properly respected, as has hitherto been the case.

“The officers and soldiers must remember, that their nations are at war with France, only because he who is at the head of the Government of the French nation will not permit them to be at peace, and wishes to oblige them to submit to his yoke. They must not forget that the greatest evils which the enemy has suffered, in his shameful invasion of Spain and Portugal, have proceeded from the disorders and cruelties which the soldiers, authorised and even encouraged by their chiefs, committed upon the unfortunate and peaceable inhabitants of the country.

“It would be inhuman, and unworthy of the nations to which the General-in-Chief alludes, to revenge that conduct upon the peaceable inhabitants of France; and this vengeance would, in every case, cause the army evils similar, or even greater, than the enemy has suffered in the Peninsula, and would be very opposite to the public interests.

"The same regulations must therefore be observed in the cities and villages of France, as have hitherto been practised in the requisitions and receipts for provisions, which may be drawn from the country; and the Commissaries belonging to each army of the different nations will receive, from their respective Generals-in-Chief, orders relative to the mode of payment for the provisions, and the time within which the payment must be made."

The spirit of our Henry V. spoke out in this order, and gave confidence to the French peasantry. It is honourable to England, and especially to the most chivalrous of her warlike sons, that, in the full confidence of a future success, grounded on the triumphs of the past, they are mindful of the claims of innocence upon our sense of justice. Froissart has preserved the language of Henry's Order, and Lord Wellington imitated what Shakspeare paraphrased.

"We give express charge that in our marches through the country there be nothing compelled from the villages—nothing taken but paid for; none of the French upbraided or abused in disdainful language. For, when Lenity and Cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.—HENRY V."

Nothing now remained but the capture of Pampeluna to complete the expulsion of the French from the Spanish territory.

Pampeluna, or Pamplona, as it is sometimes written, is the capital and frontier key of Navarre, and is in fact the first city of the plains. It is situated on the left of the Arga, which here forms a horse-shoe bend, and is one of the chief tributaries which, in the quaint phraseology of the Spaniards, "make a man" of the Ebro:—

"Arga Ega y Aragoa
Hacere al Ebro, Baron."

The position of Pampeluna is well adapted for a fortress, as it overawes the plains, while its own sloping eminence is not commanded itself. The Pyrenees and spurs rise in the distance. The sons of Pompey were induced by local considerations to rebuild this place in the year 68 B.C., whence it was called Pompeiopolis, which name the Moors corrupted into *Bambilonah*, whence the present name.¹ The city remained faithful to the cause of its founders, and was therefore slighted by Augustus. In the middle ages it was called Irunia, "the good town."

Bonaparte, whose policy was *ruse doublée de force en même temps*,

¹ Ford's "Hand-Book of Spain."

seized upon Pampeluna when he took possession of the Spanish frontier in 1808, and, under the guise of an alliance with Charles IV., he sent General d'Armagnac to the place. The French were quartered in the citadel, at the voluntary expense of the Spaniards, who supposed they were harbouring friends, and one day, under pretence of playing at snowball, the former secured the drawbridge and captured the town, which they held thereafter.

In the month of August, 1813, Lord Wellington caused the town to be blockaded. This duty was entrusted to the allied divisions, under Sir Thomas Picton and Sir Lowry Cole, both under the orders of the Spanish general, Don Carlos de España. After carrying the pass of Maya, Soult hurried down the mountains, in the hope of reaching Pampeluna, but Picton had forestalled him. De España enforced the blockade with great strictness during the three following months. The French, commanded by General Cassan, the governor, made some gallant sorties, and on each occasion were repulsed with serious loss. On the 19th of September they came out in considerable force, with a view, it was conjectured, of reconnoitering the force by which the blockade was maintained. They were driven in, but Carlos de España was wounded. At length the supplies of the garrison began to fail them. The horses of the officers, artillery, and carriage were killed, and their flesh, meted out in small quantities, became the only food of the beleaguered. Even this wretched apology for diet was soon exhausted, and with a stern resolution, worthy of a better cause, they began to feed upon rats, weeds, and whatever could be converted into sustenance. But nature revolted at such expedients: disease now broke out amongst the unfortunate men, and hundreds lay stretched on their pallets in the hospital. Cassan was driven to the alternative of either dying of starvation or capitulating. He adopted the latter. A flag of truce was sent to Don Carlos, with a proposal from the French commander to surrender the place on condition that they should be allowed to march to France with six pieces of cannon, with an engagement not to serve against the allies for a year and a day. Carlos de España rejected the proposal, and told them that his orders were, not to give them a capitulation on any terms excepting that they should be prisoners of war. To this General Cassan declared that they would never consent, and he then threatened to blow up the defences. Hereupon Lord Wellington, who was at hand, authorised De España, in case of Cassan acting in a manner so opposed to the laws of war, to shoot him and all the officers, and decimate the garrison. This led Cassan to alter his tone. He at once surrendered, and Lord Wellington who, in spite of all the

annoyances he had experienced from the Spaniards, delighted in giving way to generous emotions, congratulated Don Carlos that it had fallen to his lot to be the instrument of restoring to the Spanish monarchy so important a fortress as Pampeluna.

The terms in which the surrender was announced serve to illustrate the style of Spanish despatches, which present a powerful contrast to the simplicity of the British Field-Marshal.

"TO HIS EXCELLENCY FIELD-MARSHAL THE DUKE OF
CIUDAD RODRIGO."

"MOST EXCELLENT SIR,

"Glory be to God, and honour to the triumphs of your Excellency in this ever memorable campaign. I have the honour and the great satisfaction of congratulating your Excellency on the surrender of the important fortress of Pampeluna, the capitulation of which, having been signed by the superior officers entrusted with my powers, and by those delegated by the general commanding the place, I have, by virtue of the authority which you conferred upon me, just ratified. The garrison remain prisoners of war, as your Excellency determined from the beginning they should, and will march out to-morrow, at two in the afternoon, in order to be conducted to the port of Passages. Our troops occupy one of the gates of the citadel, and those of France the place. May God guard the precious life of your Excellency.

"Dated from the Camp in front of Pampeluna, 31st October, 1813.

"CARLOS ESPAÑA.

CAPITULATION.

"The General of Brigade Cassan, Baron of the Empire, Member of the Legion of Honour, Governor of the place and citadel of Pampeluna, on the part of his Imperial and Royal Majesty Napoleon, and the Mariscal del Campo, Don Carlos de España, Knight of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, Commander-in-Chief of the Spanish and allied troops, forming the blockade of the said citadel and place, has named to discuss and decide on the articles of capitulation, according to the terms of which the place and citadel shall be delivered over to the said troops, viz., Major-General Cassan names the Adjutant-Commander L. de Maucune, Baron of the Empire, Member of the Legion of Honour, Chief of the Staff; and Don Carlos de España

names Baron Don Francis D. Vives, Commandant-General of the third district of the line of blockade; Colonel Goldfinch, of his Britannic Majesty's service, and Colonel de Ventura Mina, Chief of the Staff of the second division of the fourth corps of the Spanish army. These officers having met between the advanced posts of the place, and those of the blockading troops, on the spot of the hospital of Saint Pierre, and having exchanged their respective powers, have this day, 30th October, 1813, agreed upon the following articles, subject to the ratifications of their respective generals:—

“Art. 1. The garrison shall march out of the place with the honours of war, for the purpose of returning to France, and shall be escorted, as far as the outposts of the French army, by a detachment of the allied army. *Answer.* The French garrison shall march out of the place with all the honours of war, shall lay down their arms, and colours, and eagles, at the distance of 300 yards from the barrier, shall surrender themselves as prisoners of war to the Spanish and allied armies, and shall march to the Port of Passages, there to embark and be conveyed to England. The officer commanding the escort of the garrison, on the march, shall take all the necessary means for insuring the fulfilment of the articles of capitulation towards all persons concerned.

“Art. 2. The subalterns and soldiers shall keep their knapsacks, and the officers their swords and baggage. *Answer.* Granted: on condition that the place and citadel shall be given up without any injury having been done to them; and that the shot, and all the ammunition remaining, shall be found not to have suffered any damage; and that there shall be left three days' provisions. If there should remain any mines in the works of the citadel, the powder with which they are charged shall be removed before the giving up of the place. Granted also, in consideration that there remains no doubt that the French garrison has behaved honourably towards the inhabitants of the town, during the blockade.

“Art. 3. The officers of health, and others, holding employments in the French army, shall be treated as the garrison, and enjoy the same advantages. *Answer.* Granted: and they may be proposed by the Marquis of Wellington, Commander-in-Chief of the allied armies, to the General-in-Chief of the French army, in exchange for Spaniards, and particularly those of Navarre, who are detained as prisoners in France.

“Art. 4. The military who have suffered amputation, and all others not in a state to serve, shall return to France, as soon as they can support the fatigue of the journey. *Answer.* They shall remain

prisoners of war till they are exchanged, and shall be treated as the rest of the garrison.

"Art. 5. The sick remaining in hospital shall be treated with all the care due to their situation; there shall remain with them a sufficient number of officers of health and attendants, and as soon as they are perfectly recovered, they and the persons remaining to take care of them, shall follow the destination of the garrison.

Answer. Granted.

"Art. 6. The allied army shall provide the number of carriages, horses, or mules, necessary for transporting the baggage, and disabled men. *Answer.* Granted: with respect to everything which can be provided by the country.

"Art. 7. Lodgings and provisions shall be furnished to the troops of the garrison, at the halting-places, according to the arrangements, and at the expense of the allied armies. *Answer.* Granted.

"Art. 8. The military of the garrison being in a very feeble state, in consequence of the privations they have endured, the halting-places on their march shall be as near to each other as possible. *Answer.* Granted.

"Art. 9. All French (non-combatants) who are at this moment in the town of Pampeluna, shall not be considered as prisoners of war, but shall have permission to return to France. *Answer.* They may be proposed in exchange against Spaniards of the civil administration, who are detained in France, and especially for inhabitants of Navarre.

"Art. 10. Passports to return to France shall be given to all old men exceeding 60 years of age, to the wives and children of the military, and others employed in the French army. *Answer.* This Article shall be referred, and particularly recommended, by the general commanding the blockade, to his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, the Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo.

"Art. 11. The Spaniards and French who have taken up their residence in Spain, prior to, and subsequent to, 1808, and who, since that time, have served in any civil capacity, shall not in anywise be molested, neither themselves nor their families, in their persons or property, on account of their opinions, or the part they may have taken. The families of such amongst them as, in the course of the month of June last, have followed the French army, shall receive protection for themselves and their property. *Answer.* These persons shall remain under the protection of the laws of the Spanish Government.

"Art. 12. Officers actually prisoners of war, on parole at Pampeluna, not being released by the present capitulation, shall not be

allowed to serve against France or her allies, until regularly exchanged.

Answer. All officers, of whatsoever rank, who shall be found upon parole, or confined in the fortress of Pampeluna, shall be delivered up unconditionally to the General commanding the blockading forces, it being matter of right that all military persons have their liberty, when found in a fortress taken possession of by an army of the nation to which they belong.

" Art. 13. Commissaries shall be named on both sides for the delivery and receipt of everything concerning the artillery, the engineers' department, and the general administration. *Answer.* Granted: all plans belonging to the fortress, as well as all other public papers, shall be faithfully delivered over to the commissary of the Spanish, by the commissary of the fortress.

" Art. 14. The General, governor of the fortress, shall have the option of sending an officer from Pampeluna by the shortest road, to his Excellency the General-in-Chief of the French armies, in order to transmit to him the present capitulation, and to explain to him the reasons of it. Such officer shall be furnished with an escort, sufficient for his personal safety, as far as the advanced posts of the French army, and shall not be considered as a prisoner of war. *Answer.* Granted, such officer not being above the rank of a captain; he must be considered as a prisoner of war on parole until his exchange, which may immediately take place, for an officer of equal rank of the Spanish army. All despatches with which he is charged must be open.

" Art. 15. As soon as the ratifications shall be exchanged, commissaries, named according to the 13th Article of the present capitulation, shall be admitted into the fortress to fulfil their mission. On the same day, and immediately after the exchange of the ratifications, detachments of the blockading troops shall occupy La Porte de Secours of the citadel, and La Porte de France of the town; and to avoid disorder and confusion, the blockading troops are not to enter the place and citadel until the French troops shall have retired. *Answer.* Granted.

" Art. 16. The garrison shall evacuate the place on the 1st of November, at two o'clock, P.M., by the Porte Neuve. *Answer.* Granted.

" Art. 17. It is to be distinctly understood, that the garrison of Pampeluna shall enjoy all advantages which might be guaranteed by any armistice, or such other arrangements as may have been concluded between his Majesty the Emperor and King and the coalesced powers, previous to the ratification of the present capitulation. *Answer.* Refused.

"Art. 18. If any discussion shall arise in the fulfilment of the articles of the present capitulation, the interpretation shall always be favourable to the garrison. *Answer.* Granted."

CONDITIONS IMPOSED UPON THE GARRISON BY COMMANDING
OFFICERS OF THE ALLIES.

"No Spaniard, without regard to sex or class, can be allowed to follow the French garrison to its destination; and all such, whether civil or military, will remain under the protection of the laws. *Answer.* On the part of the garrison, no facility to expatriate will be given to the persons here designated.

"All prisoners of war, without any exception, and all deserters, belonging to the Spanish and allied armies, shall be given up to the troops of the said armies without exchange, upon the ratification of the capitulation. *Answer.* Prisoners of war contained in this article, shall be delivered over to the allied armies, as well as deserters, if any should be found.

"The forced loan of twenty thousand duros, levied upon the inhabitants during the blockade (the funds of which have been appropriated for the payment of the troops of the garrison), not being recoverable, on account of the occupation of the country by the allied armies, shall be recognised as a credit of Spain upon the French Government, and shall be taken into account when, at a peace, the interest of the two nations shall be settled. *Answer.* It will be the more easy to settle this demand when the two nations shall treat upon their respective interests, as much is due to the French Government on account of the arrears of the contributions of Navarre; and as the town itself, as well as many of the inhabitants of Pampeluna, owned conjointly at the period of the 1st of January of the present year, the sum of three hundred and thirty thousand six hundred and fourteen realles de vellon.

"These presents done in duplicate before Pampeluna, the day, month, and year, as below, and signed Francisca Dionisio Vives; Baron L. de Maucune; W. Goldfinch, Captain of the Royal Engineers; and Lieutenant-Colonel Ventura de Mina. The present capitulation ratified in all its parts, at Pampeluna, the 31st of October, 1813.

The General, governor of the town and citadel of Pampeluna,

"BARON DE CASSAN."

"The present capitulation, approved and ratified by the undersigned Mariscal de Campo, of the National Armies of Spain, Knight of the Royal Military Order of St. Louis, and of St. John of Jerusalem, Commandant of the blockade of Pampeluna, in virtue of the authority of the Marshal-General of the Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo, General-in-Chief of the National and Allied Armies of Spain.

(A true copy.) "Camp before Pampeluna, Oct. 31st, 1813.

(Signed) "CARLOS DE ESPAÑA.
"L. WIMPFEN."

"I, Don Joseph Joachin Foncellas, President of the Municipality of Pampeluna, certify that Brigadier Don Francisco Dionisio Vives, Colonel Goldfinch, and Colonel Don Ventura Mina, officers appointed by Field-Marshal Don Carlos D'España, Commander-in-Chief of the right of the line of blockade, having appeared before me, and required that I would state what had been the conduct of the French garrison during the blockade, I explained to them, that with respect to the people, it had been conformable to good discipline, and that the arrangements made by the governor during the scarcity, which prevailed in consequence of the blockade, did not occasion the death of any inhabitant. In order that this may avail those whom it may concern, I give it in the Convent of St. Peter, this 30th day of October, 1813.

(Signed) "MARQUIS OF FONCELLAS.
(True copy.) "A. WIMPFEN."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Battle of the Nivelle—Proclamation of Louis XVIII.—Lord Wellington's view of the French feeling in respect to a successor to Napoleon—The War in Germany—The Battle of Leipsic—Advance of the Northern Allies to Frankfort—Declaration of the Allies.



USED to a pitch of vengeance incomprehensible to an Englishman, the Spaniards hovered upon the flanks of the unfortunate garrison of Pampeluna, and, as they passed through the Spanish lines, on their way to Passages, several of them were massacred by the Navarresc. All efforts to check these sanguinary tendencies were futile. So unquenchable was the thirst for blood and plunder, that Lord Wellington at length found it necessary to choose between sending back a large portion of the allies to their own country, and of thus reducing

his force, or of allowing his army to blacken its reputation, and inflict grievous wrong by pillage and other enormities. He preferred the former course.

The surrender of Pampeluna having placed the right of his army, under Sir R. Hill, at Lord Wellington's disposal, a further stride into the French territory became practicable. Since the passage of the Bidassoa, Marshal Soult, remembering the effect of the Lines of Torres Vedras, had tried to imitate them, by raising works across the frontier, from the coast to the mountains beyond the right of the British line. These works may be described as an entrenched camp, occupied by three divisions, stretched inland along the summit of a series of detached heights, towards the foot of the Petite La Rhune, covering the great road to Bayonne, in advance of the river Nivelle. To the

left of this camp was another, on the two banks of the river, occupied by a division, and protected by field-works like the preceding. The heights behind Sarre were occupied by three divisions, under General Clauzel, covering the road from Vera to Bayonne by Echalar. This camp was also defended by redoubts, entrenchments, and abattis;¹ and was covered on the right by the Petite La Rhune, on which a brigade was stationed.

This position, strong in detail, wanted the great advantage of connection. Taken collectively, it was feeble, because the intervals were frequent, and the whole was commanded by the position of the allies.

The heavy falls of rain and snow which distinguish a winter in the Pyrenees seriously obstructed Lord Wellington's plans for some days. It was not until the 10th of November that he was in a condition to make an attack upon the enemy's position. On that day he assumed the offensive, and "completely succeeded in carrying all the positions on the enemy's left and centre, separating the former from the latter, and thus turning the enemy's strong position, occupied by their right on the Lower Nivelle, which they were obliged to evacuate during the night." Lord Wellington took 51 pieces of cannon and 1400 prisoners from the enemy. Soult had also 4265 men and officers killed in the battle. The loss of the allies amounted to 2694 men and officers, killed and wounded; and among the officers wounded were two generals,—James Kempt and John Byng. The casualties show that the contest must have been severe; and no wonder, either. The French were bent upon protecting their loved land from invasion. The allies were eager for victory on the soil of the people who had for so long a period been seriously aggressive to the south of the Pyrenees; and to say the truth, the English were heartily tired of their quarters in the latter.

Lord Wellington received material assistance in the battle of the Nivelle from the generals at the head of divisions. Marshal Beresford, Sir John Hope, Sir Rowland Hill, Sir W. Stewart,² Sir H. Clinton,

¹ Young trees, stripped of their leaves, and placed with their trunks in the ground nearly horizontally. The ends of the branches being pointed, offered an obstruction like a *chevaux de frise*, and the trees being young, and full of sap, could not easily be burnt or cut.

² Sir William Stewart was an enthusiast in his profession. On service, his military duties engrossed his whole attention. Late and early he was to be seen visiting the outposts—reconnoitring the approaches towards his posts and encampment, from the advanced posts and encampment of the enemy—or in making observations, which, in case of an attack from or upon the enemy, might be of service to him in making the necessary disposition of his troops. And in regard to the comfort, &c., of the men, he trod as nearly as possible in the footsteps of his gallant superior, Sir R. Hill. "Sir William being wounded in the leg on the

General Alten, and Sir J. Hamilton, had all bought their experience in the Peninsula. They knew the enemy; they knew their own men; and they also knew what was expected of them by Wellington and England; and they took care not to disappoint expectation. Urging forward their hardy soldiers, to whom victory had become familiar, they dashed up the heights, extending over several miles of ground, and, in the face of the enemy's artillery, carried redoubt after redoubt, until night covering the earth with her mantle, enabled the enemy to retire discomfited in front of Bidart.

Early the next morning, the corps under Marshal Beresford and Sir John Hope were pushed forward in pursuit of the enemy. The



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weather was unpropitious; the rain came down in torrents; the rivers swelled and overflowed their banks; the roads became impassable;

25th of July, was reluctantly forced to leave his Division on the 27th. But, on hearing of the battle of the 30th, he caused his leg to be properly bandaged, and, with a pillow fastened so as to keep the leg from coming in contact with the stirrup, or the sides of the horse, mounted, and rejoined us a little before we came up with the French, on the 31st. The loud and enthusiastic cheers of the soldiers welcomed him back." But their joy was soon turned into mourning; for in less than three hours a musket-ball passed through the General's arm, a little above the elbow, and compelled him once more to go to the rear. On rejoining the Division a few weeks afterwards, a party of the private soldiers of the 92nd Highlanders placed themselves near to the road by which Sir William had to pass to their corps, and on his arrival one of them stepped forward, and said, "Oh, General, you maun drink wi' us!" to which unexpected request the latter replied, "With all my heart, my man,"—a strong proof of the *bonhomie* of the General and the affection of the Highland soldiers.

and the enemy, as he retired, destroyed all the bridges. To overtake the enemy was impossible. Baffled in their energetic endeavours, Hope and Beresford halted, while Marshal Soult, reaching an entrenched camp on the Nive, and in front of Bayonne, which had long previously been prepared, took up a sheltered position, and for some time bid defiance to the English commander.

From this period—the 11th of November, 1813, until the 7th of December—the sound of cannon was rarely heard. Lord Wellington fixed his head quarters at St. Jean de Luz, and, having purged his army of a large proportion of his Spanish plunderers, set himself to work to probe the feelings of the French people in respect to a successor to Napoleon supposing that the French Emperor should either be forcibly driven from the throne, or make a virtue of necessity, and abdicate.

The question which Lord Wellington was invited by Lord Bathurst, the Foreign Secretary, to consider and investigate was, the expediency of superseding the authority of Napoleon by that of the Bourbon dynasty, in the person of Louis XVIII., who, since the period of the French Revolution, had been a resident in England under the protection awarded to all *émigrés*.

From the moment of the secession of Prussia from the French alliance, after Napoleon's retreat from Russia, it became evident that the feeling of the French people towards Napoleon had undergone a material change. The additional levy that was granted to carry on the war in Germany was founded upon considerations purely national, in which respect for the Emperor had no share whatever. Louis XVIII. perceived that the tide had turned, and immediately availed himself of the circumstance to issue a proclamation to the people of France. This was early in 1813. The proclamation ran thus:—

“The moment has at length arrived when Divine Providence appears ready to break in pieces the instrument of its wrath. The usurper of the throne of St. Louis, the devastator of Europe, experiences reverses in his turn. Shall they have no other effect but that of aggravating the calamities of France? and will she not dare to overturn an odious power, no longer protected by the illusions of victory? What prejudices, or what fears, can now prevent her from throwing herself into the arms of her king; and from recognising, in the establishment of his legitimate authority, the only pledge of union, peace, and happiness, which his promises have so often guaranteed to his oppressed subjects?

"Being neither able nor inclined to obtain, but by their efforts, that throne which his rights and their affection can alone confirm, what wishes should he advance but those which he has invariably entertained? What doubt can be started with regard to his paternal intention?

"The King has said in his preceding declarations, and he reiterates the assurance, that the administrative and judicial bodies shall be maintained in the plenitude of their powers; that he will preserve their places to those who at present hold them, and who shall take the oath of fidelity to him; that the tribunals, depositaries of the laws, shall prohibit all prosecutions having relation to those unhappy times, of which his return will have for ever sealed the oblivion; that, in fine, the code polluted by the name of Napoleon, but which, for the most part, contains only the ancient ordinances and customs of the realm, shall remain in force, with the exception of enactments contrary to the doctrines of religion, which, as well as the liberty of the people, has long been subjected to the caprice of the tyrant.

"The senate, in which are seated some men so justly distinguished for their talents, and whom so many services may render illustrious in the eyes of France and of posterity—that corps whose utility and importance can never be duly appreciated till after the restoration—can it fail to perceive the glorious destiny which summons it to become the first instrument of that great benefaction, which will prove the most solid, as well as the most honourable guarantee of its existence and its prerogatives?

"On the subject of property, the King, who has already announced his intention to employ the most proper means for conciliating the interests of all, perceives, in the numerous settlements which have taken place between the old and the new landholders, the means of rendering those cases almost superfluous. He engages, however, to interdict all proceedings by the tribunals, contrary to such settlements, to encourage voluntary arrangements, and, on the part of himself and family, to set the example of all those sacrifices which may contribute to the repose of France, and the sincere union of all Frenchmen.

"The King has guaranteed to the army the maintenance of the ranks, employment, pay, and appointments which it at present enjoys. He promises also to the generals, officers, and soldiers, who shall signalise themselves in support of his cause, rewards more substantial, distinctions more honourable, than any they can receive from an usurper,—always ready to disown or even to dread their services. The King binds himself anew to abolish that pernicious conscription,

which destroys the happiness of families and the hope of the country.

"Such always have been, such still are, the intentions of the King. His re-establishment on the throne of his ancestors will be for France only the happy transition from the calamities of a war which tyranny perpetuates, to the blessings of a solid peace, for which foreign powers can never find any security but in the word of the legitimate sovereign.

"L."

"HARTWELL, Feb. 1st, 1813."

According to Lord Wellington, the sentiments of the people of France were uniform upon one point—they desired "to get rid of Napoleon," from a conviction that, as long as he governed, they would have no peace. But it was not so clear that they desired to see him replaced by a member of the House of Bourbon. Twenty years had elapsed since the princes of that House had quitted France, and they were equally, if not more, unknown to France than the princes of any other royal house in Europe. Still, Lord Wellington was of opinion that the allies ought to agree to propose a sovereign to France instead of Napoleon, and it did not seem material whether it was from the House of Bourbon or of any other royal family. Lord Wellington continued, in a letter to Earl Bathurst,—

"I have taken measures to open correspondence with the interior, by which I hope to know what passes, and the sentiments of the people, and I will take care to keep your Lordship acquainted with all that I may learn. In the mean time, I am convinced more than ever that Napoleon's power stands upon corruption, that he has no adherents in France but the principal officers of his army, and the *employés civils* of the Government, and possibly some of the new proprietors; but even these last, I consider doubtful.

"Notwithstanding this state of things, I recommend to your Lordship to make peace with him, if you can acquire all the objects which you have a right to expect. All the powers of Europe require peace, possibly more than France; and it would not do to found a new system of war upon the speculations of any individual in what he sees and learns in one corner of France. If Bonaparte becomes moderate he is probably as good a sovereign as we can desire in France; if he does not, we shall have another war in a few years; but if my speculations are well founded, we shall have all France against him; time will have been given for the supposed disaffection

to his government to produce its effect; his diminished resources will have decreased his means of corruption, and it may be hoped that he will be engaged single-handed against insurgent France and all Europe.

"There is another view of this subject, however, and that is, the continuance of the existing war, and the line to be adopted in that case. At the present moment it is quite impossible for me to move at all. Although the army was never in such health, heart, and condition as at present, and it is probable the most complete machine for its numbers now existing in Europe, the rain has so completely destroyed the roads, that I cannot move; and, at all events, it is desirable, before I go farther forward, that I should know what the allies propose to do in the winter, which, I conclude, I shall have from your Lordship as soon as the King's Government shall be made acquainted with their intentions, by the King's diplomatic servants abroad. As I shall move forward, whether in the winter or the spring, I can inquire and ascertain more fully the sentiments of the people, and the Government can either empower me to decide to raise the Bourbon standard, or can decide the question hereafter themselves, after they shall have all the information before them which I can send them of the sentiments and wishes of the people.

"I can only tell you that, if I were a Prince of the House of Bourbon, nothing should prevent me from now coming forward, not in a good house in London, but in the field in France; and if Great Britain should stand by him, I am certain he would succeed. The success would be much more certain in a month or more hence, when Napoleon commences to carry into execution the oppressive measures which he must adopt in order to try to retrieve his fortunes."

That the position of Napoleon at this juncture may be clearly understood, we must recur to the operations in Germany, of which nothing has been said since the close of the negotiations at Prague.

When the league was formed to effect the speedy deliverance of Europe, General Moreau,¹ a soldier of the Revolution, who had been residing in America, was recalled at the instance of the Emperor

¹ Moreau, an admirable military tactician, commanded a volunteer legion at the breaking out of the Revolution. Attracting the notice of Pichegru, he was soon promoted to the rank of General of Division, and in 1792 distinguished himself at the head of 25,000 men, by the reduction of several strong places in Flanders. He next commanded the armies of the Rhine and Moselle, and in 1796 defeated the Austrian General Wurmser. Supposed to be implicated in Pichegru's plot for the restoration of the Bourbon princes, he retired from the army. When, however, Napoleon returned from Egypt, he accepted the tender of Moreau's services

Alexander, to aid the emancipation of France; Jomini, a Swiss, better known afterwards by his military writings, likewise passed over to the allies. The Emperor of Russia was by his position, courage, and energy, the fittest man to command the allies, but the circumstance of his having called these two distinguished soldiers to his councils, excited the jealousy of Austria; and the Emperor, rather than that any disagreement should arise, assented to the chief command being placed in the hands of Prince Schwartzberg.

The first movement of the allies was directed upon Dresden. They approached the town with an immense force, and after a very heavy conflict with the French, under Napoleon in person, were driven back with severe loss. General Moreau was among the killed!¹ He was conversing with the Emperor Alexander when a cannon shot shattered both his legs. Amputation was tried: it was of no avail. Mortification ensued, and Moreau died five days afterwards.² Contemporary

to effect the revolution of the 18th Brumaire, and procured him the command of the armies of the Danube and the Rhine. At their head, he defeated the Austrians at Hohenlinden, in 1800—

“When shook the hills, with thunder riven,
When rushed the steed to battle driven,
And, louder than the bolts of Heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery!”

Napoleon admired, but was jealous of Moreau, and a charge was established against him in 1804, that he had intrigued with the Royalists. He was tried, and sentenced to imprisonment. The sentence was commuted into banishment, and he went to America.

¹ An anecdote here occurs to us appositely distinctive of the characters of the two great warriors of modern times. At the battle of Dresden, Napoleon perceived a group of distinguished officers ride up to a conspicuous point, where they paused, and appeared to be making a reconnaissance. Pointing to the place, he called out to the officer directing a battery of artillery close at hand, “*Jetez-moi une douzaine de boulets, là, à la fois! Il y a peut-être quelques petits généraux!*” “Throw a dozen of bullets, yonder, all at once. There are, perhaps, some little generals among them!” He was obeyed, and Moreau was killed. At Waterloo, the colonel commanding the British artillery observed to the Duke, “I have got the exact range of the spot where Bonaparte and his staff are standing. If your Grace will allow me, I think I can pick some of them off.” “No, no,” replied he, “generals-in-chief have something else to do in a great battle besides firing at each other.”—*Dublin University Magazine*.

² Moreau's body was embalmed, and subsequently buried in the Catholic Church of St. Petersburg, by order of the Emperor Alexander, who announced the death of the General to his widow, and presented her with 500,000 roubles (20,000*l.*), in addition to a pension of 3000 roubles. The letter of Alexander communicating the tidings of Moreau's death, was eloquent and generous. He was evidently a great admirer of Moreau's talents:—

“He died as he lived, in the full vigour of a strong and steady mind. There is but one remedy for the great miseries of life—that of seeing them participated. In Russia, Madam, you will find these sentiments everywhere; and if it suit you to fix your residence there, I will do all in my power to embellish the existence of a personage of whom I make it my sacred duty to be the consoler and the support. I entreat you, Madam, to rely upon it irrevocably, never to let me be in ignorance of any circumstance in which I can be of any use to you, and to

with these transactions, General Vandamme was defeated by the Russians and Prussians at Culm; Marshal Macdonald, in Silesia, was overthrown at Katzbach by the Prussians, under Marshal Blücher, and Oudinot was repulsed by Bernadotte, the Crown Prince of Sweden and General Bülow, in an attempt upon Berlin, the Prussian capital. The French lost nearly 30,000 men in these three unsuccessful encounters, besides many guns, trophies, and warlike stores. The triumph at Dresden was entirely neutralised by such disasters. And they were followed by misfortunes to Napoleon's arms of still greater moment. In a severe battle fought at Dennewitz, Marshal Ney, who had superseded Oudinot, was beaten with very heavy loss by Bernadotte, and a serious partisan warfare having sprung up in Leipsic and in Westphalia, and Russian reserves being on their way from Poland under General Benningsen, Bonaparte began to lose something of that decision which had hitherto been his leading characteristic, and one of the keys to his fortune. In ignorance of the movements and strength of the enemy—uncertain where to deliver or to receive battle—he oscillated in purpose, and marched and countermarched his troops continually, until, thinned by fatigue, sickness, and the sword, their spirits began to sink, and their generals to avow their inability to undertake the offensive with any prospect of success.

The good fortune which had attended the northern allies, and the indecision which was evident at the French head quarters, gave the former an opportunity of settling a course of action which seemed calculated to bring matters to an issue. The invasion of Saxony was resolved upon. The forces assembled in Bohemia, after the junction of the Russian reserves, amounted to 150,000 men. With these the invasion was to be effected, while Marshal Blücher and Bernadotte occupied the northern part of Germany with an equal amount of Prussians and Swedes.

Napoleon, aroused from his mental paralysis, now resolved upon attacking Berlin, while Murat was detached to check the allies in Bohemia, and upon the 7th of October, the French Emperor commenced his march in the prosecution of his plan. But he was again fated to disappointment. Bavaria, menaced by Austria, found herself compelled to join the Grand Alliance, and the lesser German States were gradually withdrawing their confidence and friendship. Napoleon

write directly to me always. To anticipate your wishes will be a pleasure to me. The friendship I vowed to your husband exists beyond the grave; and I have no other means of showing it, at least in part, towards him, than by doing everything in my power to ensure the welfare of his family."

instantly retraced his steps to the Rhine, and reached the city of Leipsic, where Murat and Augereau and Marmont joined him with 80,000 men. This accession raised his force to 140,000 infantry, 35,000 cavalry, and 720 guns. They were spread for many miles over the country around Leipsic, and occupied advantageous positions. Yet were the allies in far greater strength. Not less than 230,000 men and 1300 pieces of artillery constituted the army of the confederacy, and even this force was augmented when Bernadotte, who was always tardily moving in the rear of Blucher, came up.

On the 15th of October, a signal of two rockets announced to the allied armies, respectively under the command of Prince Schwartzburg and Marshal Blucher, that everything was in readiness for an attack, and on the 16th the battle began. To say that the French fought with determined bravery, only giving ground before superior numbers, and often, by their intrepid charges, placing large bodies of the allies in peril, is only to repeat what has often been recorded of Napoleon's splendid legions. From nine A.M. until night-fall they confronted the northern batteries with heroic courage and devotion. At length, overpowered by the enemy's artillery, they fell back behind the Partha with the loss of 20 guns, and 4000 killed and wounded, besides losing 2000 prisoners. Stunned with the disaster, Napoleon sent proposals for an armistice, engaging to evacuate Germany, and retire behind the Rhine. The proposal was not entertained for one moment. Napoleon then contracted the line of defence, and arrayed his troops in front of Leipsic, with the defect of having only a single issue in his rear.

On the morning of the 18th of October, the allies attacked Napoleon in his new position. Never, perhaps, had so many troops been brought into the field in one and the same engagement. The French, reduced to 160,000 men, were assailed by nearly 280,000, and 1400 pieces of artillery. Against such odds the most distinguished valour was unavailing. Poniatowski was driven back by the allied left under the Prince of Hesse-Homburg; three times was the centre of the French dislodged back from its position, and three times did it regain its ground. The Prussian Zeithen with his Hussars, and some thousands of the Cossacks of the Don, under their Hetman Platoff, furiously attacked the French left, and Schwartzburg from the heights around Leipsic poured an iron hail from 800 guns of large calibre upon the massed bodies of French infantry. Elsewhere, Ney and Marmont were vainly endeavouring to stem the torrent of war urged by Blucher and Bernadotte. The world has never seen so dreadful a battle as that of Leipsic. Before nightfall Napoleon's army had

been driven close to the town with terrible loss. The city was filled with the wounded, and thousands struggled along the road leading to Lindenau. It was an awful moment for Napoleon. Holding a council of war by a bivouac fire on the field, he decided to retreat, and the next morning issued from the town, after taking a farewell of the King of Saxony. Lauriston, Macdonald, and Poniatowski remained to resist the allies, who now, intoxicated with joy, poured into the town, overcoming all barriers, and driving out every Frenchman upon the river Elster. Unfortunately, the stone bridge leading to Lindenau had been prematurely blown up. Poniatowski perished in the stream. Lauriston and Regnier, with 28,000 men, were made prisoners. The loss of the French at the battle of Leipsic was 60,000 men and officers, killed, wounded, and prisoners.

Blucher pursued the retiring French army to the Rhine. Napoleon halted at Erfurth, and reorganised his army now reduced to 90,000 soldiers. The enemy pressed upon him. In two days the French were on their hasty march to the Maine. The Cossacks, who had tasted the blood of France in Russia, harassed them vigorously, and before the retiring force had got through the Thuringian forest, it was reduced to 50,000. As it advanced towards Mayence a new trouble arose. The Bavarians, united with the Austrians, occupied the oak forest near Hanau, and blocked up the line of retreat. The danger of the French positions animated them to renewed exertions. Fighting their way through the forest, they overthrew the allied force, 45,000 strong, and made their way to Hanau, killing and taking prisoners some 10,000 Austro-Bavarians. The French were well commanded. Victor, Mortier, Macdonald, Marmont, and Sebastiani, headed their columns. Marshal Wrede, who led the allies, was their inferior in military skill. But there was no advantage to be taken of the battle of Hanau; it only simplified the retreat, which was then continued without interruption. At Mayence, Napoleon quitted his army, and proceeded to Paris on the 9th of November. Immediately upon his arrival, he summoned his council, and urged the importance of vigorous measures and vast sacrifices to avoid further calamity. The vaults of the Tuileries were filled with gold. Extracting thirty millions of francs from this invaluable mine, and imposing new taxes, he procured the vote of a conscription of 300,000 more, declaring to the country that peace could not be established until the allies were driven back, and Munich laid in ashes.

From Leipsic the allied sovereigns proceeded triumphantly to Frankfort, and after communicating to Napoleon the basis on which

they were prepared to listen to negotiations for peace, they thus addressed the French nation:—

“The French Government has ordered a new levy of 300,000 conscripts. The motives of the *senatus consultum* to that effect contain an appeal to the allied powers. They therefore, find themselves called upon to promulgate anew, in the face of the world, the views which guide them in the present war, the principles which form the basis of their conduct, their wishes, and their determinations.

“The allied powers do not make war upon France, but against that preponderance, haughtily announced,—against that preponderance, which, to the misfortune of Europe, and of France, the Emperor Napoleon has too long exercised beyond the limits of his empire.

“Victory has conducted the allied armies to the banks of the Rhine. The first use which their imperial and royal Majesties have made of victory, has been to offer peace to his Majesty the Emperor of the French. An attitude strengthened by the accession of all the sovereigns and princes of Germany, has had no influence on the conditions of that peace. These conditions are founded on the independence of the French empire, as well as on the independence of the other states of Europe. The views of the powers are just in their object, generous and liberal in their application, giving security to all, honourable to each.

“The allied sovereigns desire that France may be great, powerful, and happy; because the French power, in a state of greatness and strength, is one of the foundations of the social edifice of Europe. They wish that France may be happy,—that French commerce may revive,—that the arts, those blessings of peace, may again flourish; because a great people can only be tranquil in proportion as it is happy. The powers confirm to the French empire an extent of territory which France under her kings never knew; because a valiant nation does not fall from its rank, by having in its turn experienced reverses in an obstinate and sanguinary contest, in which it has fought with its accustomed bravery.

“But the allied powers also wish to be free, tranquil, and happy themselves. They desire a state of peace which, by a wise partition of strength, by a just equilibrium, may henceforward preserve their people from the numberless calamities which have overwhelmed Europe for the last twenty years.

“The allied powers will not lay down their arms until they have attained this great and beneficial result, this noble object of their efforts. They will not lay down their arms until the political state of Europe be re-established anew,—until immoveable principles have

resumed their rights over vain pretensions,—until the sanctity of treaties shall have at last secured a real peace to Europe.”

Napoleon hesitated to reply to the allies—he wished to gain time. The allies had placed a limit to the period when a reply was expected, and the time passing before the French Emperor came to any decision, the Rhine was passed. From this moment Napoleon no longer found willing, servile, and terrified agents in the Chamber of Deputies. They raised their voices against the conscriptions, denounced the occupation of Germany and Holland, and excited Napoleon's wrath to so great a pitch, that he dissolved the Chamber on the 1st of January, 1814.



CHAPTER XIX.

The feeling in England—Canning's Speech—Passage of the Nive—Combats of Barrouilh, Arcangues, and St. Pierre—Battle of Orthes—Declaration for the Bourbons—Remonstrance with the Duc D'Angoulême.



THE feelings of the people of England had undergone a very great change since the meeting of Parliament in the winter of 1812. Materially influenced by the successes of Lord Wellington, they had, as has been shown, viewed with dismay and sorrow the retreat from Burgos. They had begun to believe the cause of Spain quite hopeless, and to regard with indifference the operations of

the allies. The determination shown by Ministers and the Parliament to uphold Lord Wellington changed the current of sentiment. As reinforcement after reinforcement quitted England to join the army on the Douro, the people began to cherish an expectation of a triumphant termination of the war, and their desire to forward the great objects in view augmented with the successful progress of the arms of Russia and Prussia in another part of the continent. Many millions of public treasure had been expended since war was declared against France in 1794, and taxation had reached an oppressive height. The vast wealth and energies of the country were, however, neither exhausted nor paralysed. When occasion appeared to demand it, money was always forthcoming. Private subscriptions were poured forth freely and largely in aid of public expenditure, and whether the outlay was to give immediate

aid to Englishmen or to foreigners, the assistance was equally prompt and munificent, so long as the supplies were to be devoted to the prostration of Napoleon's power. Thus, when the Spanish deputies came over in 1808 to seek assistance in repelling French invasion, the arsenals, fleets, and squadrons of the country were at once placed at the disposal of the Peninsula. All that Spain could demand, or England afford, was granted without hesitation. The Ministry found that to be alert and profuse, was to be universally popular. From the King on the throne to the pauper in the streets the enthusiasm was universal. The Asturian deputies had not been in London many days before 800,000*l.* had been subscribed, and thousands of muskets, pikes, and a large supply of ammunition put on board vessels for despatch to the Bay of Biscay. What followed is sufficiently described in the foregoing pages. Again, when Russia had commenced her patriotic struggle with France, 50,000 stands of arms were presented to her as tokens of British sympathy; and as soon as the alliance had been formed between Russia, Prussia, and Sweden, a subsidy of two millions sterling was granted to the latter country, and a like sum to the two former conjointly, while the issue of Prussian paper to the value of 5,000,000*l.* was guaranteed by Great Britain, and, thus secured, immediately passed at par with specie throughout Northern Europe—a memorable instance of the effect of national credit, and of the inexhaustible resources of this country.

England had her first instalment of recompense for this generous co-operation in the results of the battle of Vittoria, and the operations in the Pyrenees; and the battle of Leipsic came opportunely to confirm her impression of the wisdom of her prodigality. The meeting of Parliament in 1813 afforded a fine opportunity for the eloquent expression of public satisfaction and public approbation. The brilliant oratory of Grenville, Wellesley, Grant, and Canning, happily embodied the national sentiment. All party conflicts were for the moment swallowed up and lost. Those persons who had, on previous occasions, during the course of the protracted struggle, called upon Parliament to pause—to retard its too rapid and too rash advance—manfully and honestly stepped forward to join their congratulations to the joyful intonations of the people; while the staunch friends of opposition to Napoleon, and the advocates of a common cause with all Europe, were still more grateful. Canning, glowing with generous delight, rose above himself. He, the most constant and manful of the champions of resistance, felt the true importance of the position that had been attained by the courageous, and steady and skilful efforts of Wellington and the allied armies, and gave utterance to

his sentiments in burning soul-breathing words, which found a prompt echo throughout the length and breadth of the kingdom.

"Peace," said Canning, "is safe now, because it is not dictated; peace is safe now, for it is the fruit of exertion—the child of victory; peace is safe now, because it will not be purchased at the expense of the interest and of the honour of the empire: it is not the ransom to buy off danger, but the fruit of the mighty means which we have employed to drive danger from our shores. I must, with heartfelt delight, congratulate my country, that, groaning as she has done at former periods under the heavy pressure of adverse men, still, peace was despaired of; for who would think of submission? Her strength—her endurance—had been tried and proved by every mode of assault that the most refined system of hostility could invent; not only by open military attacks, but by low attempts to destroy her commercial prosperity. The experiment has been made; the experiment has failed; and we are now triumphantly, but not arrogantly, to consider what measures of security should be adopted, or on what terms a peace should be concluded.

"But has this country gained nothing by the glorious contest, even supposing peace should be far distant? Is it nothing to Great Britain, even purchased at so large a price, that her military character has been exalted? Is it no satisfaction—no compensation to her—to reflect that the splendid scenes displayed on the Continent are owing to her efforts?—that the victories of Germany are to be attributed to our victories in the Peninsula? That spark, often feeble, and some times so nearly extinguished as to excite despair in all hearts that were not above it,—that spark which was lighted in Portugal—which was fed and nourished there—has at length burst into a flame that has dazzled and illuminated Europe. At the commencement of this war, our empire rested upon one majestic column—our naval power. In the prosecution of the war, a hero has raised another stupendous pillar of strength to support our monarchy—our military pre-eminence. It is now, that we may boast not only of superiority at sea, but on shore; the same energy and heroism exist in both the arms of Great Britain; they are rivals in strength, but inseparable in glory. Out of the calamities of war has arisen a principle of safety, that, superior to all attacks, shall survive through ages, and to which our posterity shall look forward. Compare the situation of England with her condition at the renewal of the war! Were we not then threatened by the aggressions of an enemy even upon our own shores—were we not then trembling for the safety and sanctity even of our homes? Now, contemplate Wellington encamped

on the Bidassoa! I know that a sickly sensibility leads some to doubt whether the advance of Lord Wellington was not rash and precipitate. I cannot enter into that refinement which induces those who affect to know much to hesitate upon this subject. I cannot look with regret upon a British army encamped upon the fertile plains of France. I cannot believe that any new grounds for apprehension are raised by an additional excitement being afforded to the irritability of the French people. I foresee no disadvantage from entering the territories of an enemy, not as the conquered but as the conquerors! I cannot regret that the Portuguese are now looking upon the walls of Bayonne, that circle in those invaders which would have devastated their capital,—that the Portuguese now behold, planted on the towers of Bayonne, the standard which their enemy would have made to float upon the walls of Lisbon. I cannot think it a matter of regret that the Spaniards are now recovering from the grasp of an enemy on his own shores, that diadem which was stripped from the brow of the Bourbons, to be pocketed by an usurper! I cannot think it a matter of regret that England, formerly threatened with an invasion, is now the invader,—that France instead of England is the scene of conflict! I cannot think all this matter of regret; and of those who believe that the nation or myself are blinded by our successes, I entreat that they will leave me to my delusion, and keep their philosophy to themselves.

“That enemy, who enslaved the press, and made it contribute so importantly to his own purposes of ambition, endeavoured to impress upon other nations a belief that Great Britain fought only to secure her own interests, and that her views were completely selfish. That illusion is now destroyed, and the designs of this country are vindicated. We call on all the powers with whom we have been and are at war, to do us justice in this respect; above all we claim it of America! I ask her to review her own and the policy of this country! Let her turn from scenes of bloodshed and horror, and compare with them the effect of British interference! She will see that wherever this country has exerted herself, it has been to raise the fallen and support the falling; to raise, not to degrade the national character; to rouse the sentiments of patriotism which tyranny had silenced; to enlighten, to reanimate, to liberate. Great Britain has resuscitated Spain, and recreated Portugal; Germany is now a nation as well as a name; and all these glorious effects have been produced by the efforts and by the example of our country. If to be the deliverers of Europe; if to have raised our own national character, not upon the ruins of other kingdoms; if to meet dangers without shrinking, and to possess courage

rising with difficulties, be admirable, surely we may not unreasonably hope for the applause of the world. If we have founded our strength upon a rock, and possess the implicit confidence of those allies whom we have succoured when they seemed beyond relief, then I say that our exertions during the last year, and all our efforts during the war, are cheaply purchased; if we have burdened ourselves, we have relieved others; and we have the reward, the soul-felt, the proud satisfaction of knowing that a selfish charge is that which, with the faintest shadow of justice, cannot be brought against us."

The thanks of Parliament were voted by acclamation to the Marquis of Wellington, his generals, officers, and troops, and the people rejoiced as much as if the despatches had actually conveyed the news of Napoleon's fall.

While the army occupied its various and hurried positions on the Nivelle—the head quarters being at St. Jean de Luz (the "City of Light," or, as Ford calls it, "the City of *Mud*"), Lord Wellington occasionally varied the strict duties of his command with private correspondence. To none does he seem to have more freely imparted his sentiments on the war than to General Dumourier, with whom he corresponded in excellent French, the result of his residence at Angiers. He commented on the affairs of Germany and Catalonia, and spoke of the probable result of the operations in those quarters with an almost prophetic spirit. A spirit of sly humour pervaded his letters to the old republican. Catalonia had given Lord Wellington many "*mauvais momens*," and he often thought of going there. "Perhaps," he wrote, "if I only considered Spain I ought to have gone there because Bonaparte holds, and will continue to hold, in Catalonia certain facilities of re-entering Spain. I say, *perhaps*, because in this devil of a country, where I have carried on war for five years, I have always found, like your Henri IV. 'that with little armies we accomplished nothing, and with great ones we die of hunger;' and I feel that, with the means at my disposal, and the time I could give to the task, I should not be able to place things in Catalonia upon the footing on which they should be to enable us to keep in the field the force that we have there, and that we ought to introduce into the country. Besides, purely military views must give way to political considerations. I have watched the progress of affairs in Germany, and notwithstanding the grave reverses that have been experienced, I thought I perceived the germs of that considerable success which has since been attained."

With these views Lord Wellington tells Dumourier he had intended

to carry the war into France, and he felt that he had it in his power to do so with vigour.

"I think," concluded he, "that we are approaching the termination of the most atrocious and disgusting tyranny that ever afflicted mankind."

To consummate the extinction of the tyranny, and at the same time to give himself more elbow-room, Lord Wellington, on the 8th of December, moved the troops out of their cantonments. The weather had improved. The materials for forming pontoon bridges had been collected, and the swelling of the rivers had subsided.

Bayonne, the possession of which place was Wellington's primary object, was occupied by the French. Since the battle of Vittoria, the town had been entrenched, with great labour; and Marshal Soult's position was now both strong and well chosen. It was in front of Bayonne, its right resting upon the Adour; a morass covered the space between the town and St. Jean de Luz. Lord Wellington felt it impossible to attack the enemy thus placed, without the certainty of great loss, and even then he was far from confident of success, for the entrenched camp was further protected by the guns of Bayonne. It therefore occurred to him to pass the river Nive, so as to bring the right of his own position upon the Adour, by which operation the enemy, already distressed for provisions, would, he supposed, have lost the means of communicating with the interior, afforded by that river, and would thus become still more distressed. Another advantage which this measure promised was, that it would enable the British commander to open a communication with the interior of France for intelligence, &c., and thus to draw some supplies from the country.

The passage of the Nive was entrusted to Sir Rowland Hill, supported by Marshal Beresford and Sir H. Clinton. To Sir John Hope and General Alten was committed the task of driving back all the French advanced posts in front of their camp between the Nive and the sea. The French troops were posted opposite Ustaritz, and from Halzou in front of Laressore to the fords above Cambo, and on some heights in advance of Mousserolls, and were severally commanded by Generals D'Armagnac, Foy, Paris, and D'Erlon, the cavalry under

¹ The Basque *Bay-o-na*, "the good port," standing on the Nive and Adour. Here the bayonet was first used. Some Basques stuck their knives in the muzzles of their muskets. The Flemings and French improved upon this system. They placed the bayonet on a cylindrical socket, which left the muzzle of the musket clear. It was at a battle in Flanders, 1 William the Third's time, that the English troops first became acquainted with the new method. They were rather astonished to find the enemy *fire*, and then charge home.

Marshal Soult's brother, Pierre. The pontoon bridges having been laid down over night, the passage of the Nive was effected without much opposition at an early hour of the 9th December. At mid-day Marshal Soult himself appeared and offered battle, but no general fight took place, because the deep roads retarded the rear of General Hill's columns. A good deal of irregular skirmishing and isolated fighting marked the remainder of the day, which terminated with the loss of 800 of the allies.

For five successive days the vicinity of the Nive and the Adour was the scene of conflicts of a very sharp character. At Arcangues, the Light Division commanded by General Kempt, maintained an irregular fight with Clausel's troops,—Colonel Colborne of the 52nd distinguishing himself as he had always done. At Barrouilhet, three distinct combats came off. Seldom had the French fought with so much obstinacy. The 9th Regiment was placed in imminent danger through the rash directions of a Staff officer.¹ The 84th got into a perilous position, and a number of the Portuguese were cut off. The French had actually at one time got possession of Barrouilhet, but they were driven out through the bravery and perseverance of Sir John Hope. "Conspicuous from his gigantic stature and heroic courage, he was seen wherever danger pressed, encouraging the troops; at one time he was in the midst of the enemy, his clothes were pierced with bullets, and he was severely wounded in the ankle, yet he would not quit the field, and thus, by his calm intrepidity restored the

¹ Lord Wellington does not appear to have been fortunate in the selection of the subordinate officers of his Staff. He had good Aides-de-Camp, and an excellent Adjutant-General and Quartermaster General, in Generals Pakenham and George Murray, but, to judge from the following letter, the minor offices were not satisfactorily filled:—

"I have to animadvert on the negligent conduct of the Staff officers. It is a fact, that some Divisions, after being on their feet from four o'clock in the morning, and having marched, over swamps and through rivers, until seven o'clock in the evening, under a heavy shower of rain, were kept waiting for the officer of the Staff whose business it was to show Divisions where to bivouac for the night. I have heard many old and experienced officers condemn, in strong terms, the negligent conduct of the Staff officers, particularly those educated at High Wycombe. The remark is just, that those gentlemen are generally too high-minded for their situation; they all aim at being chiefs of departments, instead of being, as they are, subordinate; always occupying themselves in observations on positions. And the observation is correct, that if active, intelligent officers were selected from the line to fill the departments of Quartermaster General and Adjutant-General, the business would be well and correctly done. These High Wycombe pedants may be well versed in the theory, but many of them are incompetent to the practical part, either in respect to ability or activity: you may depend upon it, this is the general sentiment on that subject; in short, I believe it is a fact well established, that a youthful Staff is the ruin of an army. Taking, therefore, the various retreats we have made, the distressing manner in which they have been conducted, our tardy method of pursuit, our mode of assaulting fortified places, it will amount to this—that we have evinced a greater ability in hard fighting than any other points of war."

battle.”¹ Lord Wellington could not help noticing the indifference to personal danger on Hope’s part, and in a kindly spirit wrote to the Adjutant-General:—

“I have long entertained the highest opinion of Sir John Hope, in common, I believe, with the whole world, but every day’s experience convinces me of his worth. We shall lose him, however, if he continues to expose himself in fire as he did in the last three days: indeed his escape was then most wonderful. His hat and coat were shot through in many places, besides the wound in his leg. He places himself among the sharpshooters, without, as they do, sheltering himself from the enemy’s fire. This will not answer; and I hope that his friends will give him a hint on the subject.”

Perhaps the finest of the five days’ encounters was that which has been called the battle of St. Pierre. Generals Stewart, Barry, and Ashworth, immortalised themselves by their valour. General Abbé, a “man noted for vigour,” at the head of heavy columns of infantry, supported by guns, furiously assailed Hill’s Divisions, and in spite of the determined attitude of the 50th and the 92nd Regiments, and the gallantry of the 3rd and 71st, and the Portuguese Caçadores, would have defeated the British, had not the Highlanders, suddenly returning to the attack, with colours flying, and band playing, raised some doubts in the minds of the French commander as to the amount of the reserves he now believed to be coming to the attack. Waving his sword, he commanded a retreat at the very moment when victory was within his grasp!

While the left of the British army was engaged before Bayonne, the centre and right under the personal command of Lord Wellington, effected the passage of the Gave d’Oleron, on the 24th February, 1814, while Soult leaving Bayonne, drew back his whole force to the heights of Orthes, behind the Gave de Pau, and here awaited the approach of Wellington. At day-break, on the 27th of the month, the British Field Marshal was in his presence, with 37,000 men, including 4000 cavalry and 48 guns. Lord Wellington decided upon an immediate attack. The left wing under Marshal Beresford, attacked the enemy’s right at St. Boes, while the 3rd and 6th Divisions under Sir Rowland Hill, with Lord Edward Somerset’s light cavalry, were directed against Soult’s left and centre. The British movements were ably executed. Hill crossed the river in front of the French left and turned their flank, the enemy holding their ground with great obstinacy; while the allied attack was as remarkable for its impetuosity. A final and protracted struggle ensued;

¹ Napier.

but the French unable to sustain the combined assault of the allies, commenced retreating by divisions, and contesting every inch of ground as they abandoned it. Hill's parallel march was speedily discovered, and as that movement threatened their rear, the order of the retreat was accelerated, and gradually assumed the character of a flight. The British pressed rapidly forward—the French as quickly fell back—both strove to gain Sault de Navailles—and though charged by the English cavalry, the enemy crossed the Luy de Bearn before Hill could succeed in coming up.¹

The defeat of the French was decisive, and their loss in killed and wounded immense. Six guns and a number of prisoners fell into the hands of the British. The fugitive foe threw away their arms, and many deserted altogether. Few defeats were marked by more injurious results to the vanquished than those attendant upon that of Orthes.

In this battle Lord Wellington received a wound from a spent ball in the left thigh. It had penetrated the holster, and did him sufficient injury to confine him for a few days afterwards, though he did not at the moment dismount from his horse.

At the time that these operations were going on at Orthes, Sir John Hope invested Bayonne more closely than he had hitherto done, and attacking the village of St. Etienne (capturing a gun and some prisoners from the enemy), he established his posts within 900 yards of the outworks of the place.

The result of all the successful movements was that, by the 1st of March, the army having passed the Adour, was in possession of all the great communications across the river. Even the direct road to Bordeaux was open, and by this Marshal Beresford and Lord Dalhousie, with their respective divisions, advanced.

Symptoms of a decided change in the feelings of the French people in regard to the Napoleon dynasty, now began to manifest themselves. The white cockade, the Bourbon emblem, was openly worn, in supersession of the tri-color, and nothing seemed to be wanting but some specific declaration by the allies of their espousal of the Bourbon cause to induce the populace to pronounce emphatically for the Restoration. Lord Wellington saw this, and urged the point upon the British Ministry. "Any declaration from us, would," said he to Lord Liverpool, "I am convinced, raise such a flame in the country as would soon spread from one end of it to the other, and would infallibly overturn Napoleon." And then came one of those pointed paragraphs which disclosed the decided character of the man. He

¹ "Victories of the British Armies," by Maxwell.

despised the idea of temporising with an unscrupulous enemy. *Divide et impera* was his ruling maxim in the contest with Napoleon:—

“I cannot discover the policy of not hitting one’s enemy as hard as one can, and in the most vulnerable place. I am certain that he would not so act by us if he had the opportunity. He would certainly overturn the British authority in Ireland if it was in his power.”

The Duc d’Angoulême had, previous to this time, joined Lord Wellington’s head quarters *incog.*, with the view of taking advantage of the advance of the allies to proclaim Louis XVIII., under cover of their arms. He now proceeded with the divisions of Beresford and Dalhousie, and as soon as he reached Bordeaux Louis XVIII. was proclaimed by the Mayor, in terms which left it to be inferred that the restoration of that monarch was the direct object of the allies.

Considering that a treaty of peace was negotiating at Chatillon with Napoleon Bonaparte, this proclamation annoyed Lord Wellington exceedingly. It was an evil he contemplated, and had taken great care to prevent. The thing was badly timed, and it involved an offensive usurpation of his prerogative as commander-in-chief, and a misapprehension, if not a wilful disregard, of his sentiments. No doubt he wished for peace; it was with the view of attaining that great desideratum he had entered France, and he was above all anxious to see the hateful tyranny of Napoleon exchanged for a more moderate rule. Yet he did not feel himself at liberty to give the countenance of his name and the services of his soldiers, at that particular juncture, to compel a submission to the authority of the Bourbons. His instructions to Marshal Beresford and Lord Dalhousie are very explicit on this head, and those generals, faithful to their charge, had obeyed his orders to the letter. They kept the troops compactly together in the neighbourhood of Bordeaux, so that they should be free to act as circumstances might render necessary, without being involved in the contests of opposite parties for civic supremacy. It was by no means certain, while Napoleon was yet strong enough to negotiate on equal terms with the allies, that a counter-revolution might not take place in Bordeaux if peace should be proclaimed, and his position as Emperor remain undisturbed.

In spite, however, of all Lord Wellington’s care, the Duc d’Angoulême persevered in encouraging a belief among the French people that the allies had assembled in France “*pour remplacer le fléau des nations par un monarque, père du peuple* ;”¹ that they had

¹ “To replace the scourge of nations by a monarch who was the father of his people.”

conducted the Bourbons into France, and that it was only through Louis XVIII. that the French could hope to appease the resentment of a neighbouring nation from letting loose upon it the most perfidious of despotisms. Lord Wellington indignant at these statements, addressed a powerful remonstrance to the Duc d'Angoulême, which, if it has not the merit of conciseness, left, in the iteration of his sentiments, no ground of misconception:—

“I am much concerned to find that the statement which I had repeatedly the honour of making to your Royal Highness of the principles on which I was determined to act in regard to the cause of your Royal Highness' family in France, had made so little impression on your Royal Highness' mind, as that your Royal Highness did not perceive, till you had read my letter of the 16th, that the proclamation of the Mayor of Bordeaux was not consistent with what I had declared to your Royal Highness. This circumstance renders caution on my part more than ever necessary. I am not acting as an individual; I am at the head of the army, and the confidential agent of three independent nations; and supposing that, as an individual, I could submit to have my views and intentions in such a case misrepresented, as the General of the allied army, I cannot.

“I enclose to your Royal Highness the copy of a paper given, I believe, by your Royal Highness to Lieutenant-General the Earl of Dalhousie, which shows the consequences of these misrepresentations. I occupied Bordeaux with a detachment of the army in the course of my operations, and certain persons in the city of Bordeaux, contrary to my advice and opinion, thought proper to proclaim King Louis XVIII. These persons have made no exertion whatever; they have not subscribed a shilling for the support of the cause, and they have not raised a single soldier; and then, because I do not extend the posts of the army under my command beyond what I think proper and convenient, and their properties and families are exposed, not on account of their exertions in the cause (for they have made none), but on account of their premature declaration contrary to my advice, such persons are to be blamed, and, in a manner, called to account.

“My experience of revolutionary wars taught me what I had to expect, and induced me to warn your Royal Highness not to be in a hurry. I beg your Royal Highness to tell the writer of this paper, and all such persons, that no power on earth shall induce me to depart from what I conceive to be my duty towards the Sovereigns whom I am serving; and that I will not risk even a company of

infantry to save properties and families placed in a state of danger, contrary to my advice and opinion.

"In reply to your Royal Highness' letter of the 24th inst., and upon the whole of the subject, I have to state, that I hope your Royal Highness will shape your conduct, and your Royal Highness' counsellors will advise you to draw your proclamations and declarations, in such manner, as that I may not be under the necessity of declaring by proclamation, what my opinions and principles have invariably been, and what I have repeatedly declared to your Royal Highness.

"1st. I consider your Royal Highness free to act exactly as your Royal Highness may think proper, without consulting my opinion in any manner. All that I ask is, that neither my name, nor the name, nor the authority of the allied governments, may be adduced, more particularly when I am not consulted; or, if consulted, when I have given my opinion against the measure adopted.

"2ndly. I told you Royal Highness that, if any great town or extensive district should declare itself in favour of your Royal Highness' family, I would interfere in no manner with the government of that town or district; and that if there was a general declaration throughout the country in favour of your house, I should deliver into your hands the government of the whole country which should have been over-run by our armies. The fact is, that the declaration, even at Bordeaux, is not unanimous; that the spirit has not spread elsewhere, not even in La Vendée, nor in any part that I know of occupied by the army. The events in my contemplation, therefore, have not occurred; and I should be guilty of a gross breach of my duty to the allied sovereigns, and of cruelty to the inhabitants of the country, if I were to deliver them over to your Royal Highness prematurely, or contrary to their inclinations.

* * * * *

"3rdly. I entertain no doubt whatever, that when once there is any declaration in favour of the cause of your Royal Highness' family, it is important that it should be general; and I sincerely wish it was so. But I can interfere in no manner to produce this general declaration; nay, more, I must, as an honest man, acquaint all those who shall talk to me upon the subject with the state of affairs between the allies and the existing government of France, as I have done to this moment.

* * * * *

"It is not in my power, under existing circumstances, to make your Royal Highness the advance of money you desire; and, indeed,

after what has passed, I doubt whether I do not exceed the line of my duty in affording your cause any countenance or support whatever.

"In answer to the note enclosed by your Royal Highness, drawn by your Royal Highness' council in the name of your Royal Highness, it appears to me to be written in the same erroneous view with the proclamation of the Mayor of Bordeaux.

"The object of the note is to show that I am bound to support the operations of your Royal Highness' Government by the military power of the army, because your Royal Highness entered the country with the army, and I have been the passive spectator of the declaration of a part of the city of Bordeaux in favour of your Royal Highness' family. If I am to be bound by such means to employ the army in this manner, it is still more incumbent upon me, than it was before, to be cautious as to the degree of encouragement (and, to speak plainly, permission), I shall give to the measures taken by your Royal Highness' adherents, to induce the people in any district, occupied by the army, to declare in your Royal Highness' favour.

"I must say, also, that it is a curious demand to make upon me, who, in any light, can only be considered as an ally, to permit troops to support the operations of your Royal Highness' civil government; when I ought to have a right to expect military assistance from your Royal Highness against the common enemy.

"In answer to this note, I must tell your Royal Highness that, until I shall see a general and free declaration of the people in favour of your Royal Highness' family, such as I know they are disposed, and pant for an opportunity, to make, I will not give the assistance of the troops under my command to support any system of taxation, or of civil government, which your Royal Highness may attempt to establish; and I hope your Royal Highness will not attempt to establish such a system beyond Bordeaux."

The divisions of Dalhousie and Beresford had moved towards Bordeaux on the 8th of March. Simultaneously with their advance Lord Wellington penetrated further into France, still observing the greatest caution and enjoining the kindest treatment of the people. Upon the minds of the Spanish leaders he strongly impressed the policy of conciliation. However France might have been reduced, there was no doubt that the allies were not sufficiently strong to make any progress, if the inhabitants should have taken part in the war against them. What had occurred in the previous six years in the Peninsula was an example to all military men on that point, and provided a motive for endeavouring to conciliate the country, which

was the seat of war, by "preserving the most strict discipline among the troops, by mitigating as much as possible the evils which were inseparable from war, and by that demeanour in the officers, in particular towards the inhabitants, which would show them that they, at least, did not encourage the evils which might be suffered from the soldiers."

The march into France offered much gratification to the troops. Their footsteps, like their spirits, acquired an elasticity from the novel circumstances of their situation. They were on the "sacred soil" so much valued by their enemies—they had brought the British standard triumphantly from the Tagus and the Douro to the vicinity of the Garonne—they were in a land of comparative plenty—the spring was advancing, and every day seemed to promise a consummation of the object with which they had toiled and fought and bled, and suffered privations, since 1808. Every step forward brought them change of scene, though the change was not invariably for the better¹—but there was a charm even in the variety.

¹ "Nothing more exemplifies the vicissitudes of a soldier's life, than the different roofs that cover our heads within a week. One day we have all the advantages of a palace, and the next the dirt and misery of the worst *chaumière*; sometimes even in the same day. A fortnight ago, just after the battle of Orthès, opposite Aire, our regiment being in the advance, we established ourselves in a magnificent château, certainly the best furnished house I have seen since I left England, decorated with a profusion of fine or-molu clocks. Just as we had congratulated ourselves on our good luck and prospect of comfort, and I had chosen for myself a red damask bed, an awful bustle was heard, indicative of no good, as was speedily proved to our discomfiture. Whether it was a judgment upon us for looking so high as a château, on the principle of those who exalt themselves being abased, I leave to divines to decide; but we quickly learned that, in consequence of the 4th Division treading on our heels, and Sir Lowry Cole having as sharp an eye for an eligible château as ourselves, he had ordered his Aide-de-Camp to oust all its inmates, under the rank of a Major-General.

"It is astonishing how very soon, as if by intuition, one discovers what tends to personal comfort and gratification, without consulting the reason. I found, very soon after I had arrived in the Peninsula, that I had a remarkable preference and predilection for a domicile in a *padre's* house. This is not so powerful since we have crossed the frontier; as, perhaps (I only hazard the suspicion), the Revolution may not have left the houses of these gentlemen of the same cloth equally desirable in France. But, to the south of the Pyrenees, the houses of the *clerigos* are almost invariably the best; and not only recommended by good fare and accommodation, but are desirable from their having, generally, should the divine celebs or celibite (for our institutions render coining a word necessary) not have passed the prime of life, a pretty girl, yeleft a *sobrina* (niece), as an inmate, who does the honours admirably."—*Journal of an Officer in Hill's Division.*

CHAPTER XX.

Dissolution of the Congress at Chatillon—Napoleon resists the Allies at Craone, Laon, and Soissons—Revolution in Holland—Failure of Graham at Bergen-op-Zoom—The affair at Aire—The Battle of Toulouse, and investment of Bayonne.



THE same time with the battle of Orthes, events were taking place on the banks of the Rhine which brought the affairs of Napoleon nearer to a crisis. It has been said that a congress had been opened at Chatillon, with a view of coming to a pacific termination of the war with the Emperor, and had the decision of the questions at issue rested only with Austria and Prussia, Napoleon might have continued master of the destinies of France for some time longer. Happily, however, for the interests of mankind, two master-minds

represented England and Russia,—Lord Castlereagh, the British minister for foreign affairs, came in person to assist at the negotiations, which until then were carried on, as far as England was concerned, by Lords Aberdeen and Cathcart and Sir Charles Stewart; and the Emperor Alexander was the representative of his own empire. The principal obstruction to the continuance of hostile operations against France was Bernadotte, the Crown Prince of Sweden. To force him to an assent to the invasion of France, Lord Castlereagh threatened

to withhold the monthly subsidies which England had granted. This altered Bernadotte's tone, and he became a party forthwith to a compact among the allied powers, signed at Chaumont on the 1st of March, in which they bound themselves to maintain an army of 600,000 men (150,000 each, Great Britain at the same time contributing an annual subsidy of 5,000,000*l.*) until Napoleon should agree to the reduction of France within her ancient limits—the formation of a federative union in Germany—the independence of Holland, Switzerland, and the lesser States of Italy—and the restoration of Spain and Portugal under their ancient sovereigns. With regard to the restoration of the Bourbons the Congress determined to leave the French people unconstrained. The treaty of Chaumont led to the dissolution of the Congress at Chatillon, for all hopes of peace were extinguished by Napoleon's determination to hold out for the frontier of the Rhine.

Hostilities were now resumed. Marshal Blücher pushed his forces to Meaux in the direction of Paris, and General Sacken attacking Meaux, the trembling inhabitants of the French capital distinctly heard the Prussian cannon thundering in their neighbourhood. Blücher, however, could not maintain his ground, for Napoleon was moving on his rear. He therefore drew off his army to Soissons to form a junction with Generals Winzingerode and Woronzow. Marshal Oudinot, at the head of the French, came up with the troops of the latter generals at Bas-sur-Aube, and a battle ensued on the 27th of February, in which the French were compelled to give way before superior numbers. Three days later, Oudinot being joined by Marshal Macdonald, again offered battle to the allies, and with a heavy loss was driven out of Troyes after a most gallant resistance. On the 4th of March, Marshal Blücher formed a junction with Winzingerode (who also had Bulow with him), after breaking down all the bridges on the Marne, and escaping Napoleon through the capitulation of Soissons, which event made the passage clear between the allied troops.

Napoleon endeavoured to retake Soissons by storm. In this he failed. He next attacked the Prussians on the plateau of Craonne, and after a bloody encounter, only to be paralleled by Albuera and Culm, the Russian and Prussian forces fell back towards Laon. This victory, if it merits the name, cost the French 8000 men. A brief respite, and then Napoleon advanced upon Laon and attacked the allied forces posted there and in the vicinity, on the 10th of March. He depended for a successful issue to the encounter on the arrival of Marshal Marmont, but Marmont was surprised in his

bivouac by the Prussian corps of Zeithen and Prince William of Prussia, and routed with the loss of 40 guns and 2500 prisoners. Napoleon then drew off towards Soissons, after losing 6000 men and 46 guns; and had hardly reached the place when the news arrived that Rheims had been captured by General St. Priest. With lightning speed he darted off to Rheims—assaulted and retook the town with heavy loss to the allies—and then, on the 15th of March, held his last review. The pitiable aspect of the troops—the broken appearance of the regiments—and the disordered state of the equipment, conveyed to his mind in language not to be misinterpreted that his sun was rapidly setting.¹

Mention has been made of the disinclination of Lord Wellington, to see the troops withdrawn from the south of France to operate in Holland; but the grounds of the wish of the British minister to assemble an army in the Low Countries are yet to be stated.

Down to the 15th of November, 1813, the United Dutch Provinces had remained under the dominion of Napoleon Bonaparte. On that day a counter-revolution broke out in part of the provinces; the people of Amsterdam rose in a body—proclaimed the House of Orange with the old cry of *Orange boven*, and universally hoisted the Orange colours. This example was immediately followed by the other towns of the provinces of Holland and Utrecht, as Haulbern, Leyden, the Hague, Rotterdam, &c. The French authorities were dismissed and a temporary government established and proclaimed in the name of the Prince of Orange, until the Prince, whose son was then acting as aide-de-camp to Lord Wellington, should arrive. The English were immediately invited to assist in placing the Prince upon the throne, and the invitation being accepted, in the month of January, Sir Thomas Graham, who had recently arrived in England from the capture of San Sebastian, was despatched with 6000 men, to give countenance to the new revolution. But the expedition was of little avail. In proportion as the cause of Napoleon waned

¹ The tribute paid by Lockhart (Scott's Life) to Napoleon's amazing activity of mind and body, was not unmerited. "Throughout this crisis of his history, it is impossible to survey the rapid energy of Napoleon—his alert transitions from enemy to enemy; his fearless assaults on vastly superior numbers; his unwearied resolution, and exhaustless invention—without the highest admiration which can attend on a master of warfare. . . . To complete our notions of his energies—he had, through this, the most extraordinary of his campaigns, continued to conduct, from his perpetually changing head-quarters, the civil business of his empire. He occupied himself largely with such matters, during his stay at Rheims; but it was there that the last despatches from the Home Department at Paris were destined to reach him; and before he could return answers, there came courier upon courier with tidings which would have unnerved any other mind, and which filled even his with perplexity."

the French armies augmented the stubbornness of their resistance. General Bizarret defeated Sir Thomas Graham with considerable slaughter and the loss of many prisoners at Bergen-op-Zoom; and Carnot, the famous republican engineer, resisted all the efforts of the British to take Antwerp. Marshal Davoust, the Prince d'Eckmuhl, conducted also a resolute defence of Hamburgh, which will long be remembered for the extremities to which the city was reduced. Hamburgh, in fact, became a heap of ruins; horses, dogs, the hides of slaughtered animals, rats and offal of the most disgusting kind, were used as food both by soldiers and citizens. Davoust fared as fared his men, and resisted with heroic constancy and devotion the many tempting offers and fierce threats that were alternately held out by the enemy to induce him to surrender his trust.

After the battle of Orthes, Marshal Soult retreated towards Tarbes, in order to secure a junction, if necessary, with Suchet in Catalonia. He was followed by Beresford and Hill, the former advancing by Mont de Marsan and the latter by Aire, where a short *affair*,¹ disastrous to the French, took place. The French at Aire were well posted, but Hill saw the importance of instantly bringing them to action, and sent De Costa's Portuguese to open the ball. These were driven back in confusion, and the heavy French column was on the point of taking advantage of their *déroute*, when Sir Rowland Hill detached General Byng's brigade to their relief. This movement settled the fortune of the day—Byng gallantly charged the enemy, and drove them from the field. Soult then abandoned the town and the frontiers, and hastily crossed the Adour.

It was only two days after the affair at Aire that the Prince Regent of Great Britain, ever generously watchful of the glorious career of Wellington, granted him his permission to wear the insignia of the Grand Cross of the Imperial Order of Maria Theresa, bestowed by Austria; the Imperial Russian Military Order of St. George; the Royal Prussian Military Order of the Black Eagle, and the Royal Swedish Military Order of the Sword. It was a most unquestionable proof of the estimation in which the Northern allies held the services of the British Field-Marshal that each should have evinced *empressement* to do him honour. They felt that all the valour and perseverance displayed in the North would have been as nothing, in

¹ Three terms are used by Generals to denote the quality of a contest. A battle, a combat, and an affair, represent the three degrees of importance. An affair means altogether a minor matter, in which, though a large force may be engaged, the duration of the contest is brief, and the loss trifling.

the general attempt to crush Napoleon, had not Spain been cleared and the south of France occupied by the British.

The next measure of Lord Wellington was to invest Bayonne. The necessary *matériel* for this enterprise was speedily obtained from England through the port of Passages, and in the meanwhile Bordeaux was left to the care of Lord Dalhousie, and Marshal Beresford was recalled to the grand army with his corps.

Soult occupied positions on the right bank of the Adour, with advanced pickets on the town of Tarbes. On the 20th of March, Hill drove in these pickets, while General Clinton with the 6th Division, and General Ponsonby and Lord Edward Somerset crossed the river between Vic Bigorse and Rabasters, with the view of turning the right of the French, and so gaining Soult's rear. Soult saw his danger, and, under the cover of the night, fell back upon Toulouse, destroying the bridges as he passed them.

The city of Toulouse is surrounded on three sides by the canal of Languedoc and the river Garonne. The suburb to the left of the river (called St. Cyprien) was fortified with strong field-works in front of an ancient wall, and formed a good *tête de pont*. Each bridge of the canal was likewise supplied with a *tête de pont*, defended in some places by musketry, and in all by the artillery on the ancient wall. Beyond the canal to the eastward, and between that and the river Ers, is a height which extends as far as Montaudran, and over which pass all the approaches to the canal and town to the eastward, which it defends. This height (called Calvinet) was additionally fortified with five redoubts connected by lines of entrenchments, and to render the approach to Toulouse still more difficult, Soult destroyed all the bridges over the Ers within reach of the allied army.

In the beginning of April, Lord Wellington commenced operations against Toulouse by forcing the passage of the Garonne, and by the 10th of April he was prepared to attack the enemy in his very formidable positions.

The attack was commenced by Marshal Beresford, who, marching over some very difficult ground, carried the village of Montblanc. General Don Freyre then moved forward with the Spanish corps under his command, under a very heavy fire of both musketry and cannon, and soon gained the heights of Pugade, where his men lodged themselves under some banks close to the enemy's entrenchments. They then attempted the heights of Calvinet, but were driven back with great loss. They rallied, but as they approached a hollow road which lay in their path, the French poured upon them such a tremendous fire that they fled in the utmost panic. Lord Wellington covered

their flight with Ponsonby's cavalry and a heavy fire of reserve artillery, which, joined to a threatened movement of the light division, soon compelled their pursuers to retire. Meanwhile General Picton had been ordered to make a false attack on the bridge of Jumeau, but rashly leading his men across ground on which they were exposed to a most awful fire, to reach works which could only be taken by escalade, he suffered a loss of 400 men, and a decisive repulse. Soult had now only to improve the advantage thrown in his way, to have secured a brilliant victory. In the interim, however, Beresford having left his artillery at Montblanc, had been making with the 4th and 6th Divisions a flank movement of two miles over marshy ground, never out of cannon range, and often within musket-shot; and having now completed his dangerous and difficult march, he formed at the foot of the French position, a height crowned by 14,000 infantry. Scarcely were his preliminaries arranged when he was furiously attacked, but a shower of rockets threw the French troops into disorder: a gallant charge, and the hill was mounted, and two redoubts carried at the bayonet's point. The combat was now suspended; and, during the truce, Soult reinforced his right with his reserves, and Beresford received his artillery. About two o'clock, a Highland and a Portuguese brigade, which, on the failure of Freyre's opening attack, had maintained their ground under cover of a hill, suddenly assaulted and won the redoubts of Colombette and Calvinet, with the other defences there. The French retorted by a murderous fire and a tremendous onslaught, but though they regained Colombette, they could not drive the Highlanders from the hill. The 6th Division now advanced, and forced the enemy back, so that the whole hill was once more in the hands of the allies. Beresford had also gained the greatest part of Mont Rave, and the battle was won—for Soult the next night abandoned the town, now open to fire from the heights, and made a forced march of twenty-two miles to Ville Franche. The losses on both sides were very great. On the English 595 were killed, 4046 (including Generals Pack, Mendizabel, and Espelette) wounded, and eighteen missing. Soult's loss might be a thousand less; but he left in the hands of the allies three generals (Harispe, St. Hilaire, and Burot), 1600 prisoners, eight cannon (one of which was taken in the fight), and an immense magazine of stores of every description. He had, in all, five generals disabled.¹ Amongst the British officers killed in the desperate battle of Toulouse—the last fought during the Peninsular War—Lord Wellington especially lamented Lieutenant-

¹ "United Service Magazine."

Colonel Coghlan of the 61st, and Lieutenant-Colonel Forbes of the 45th—officers of great merit.

On the 12th of April, Lord Wellington entered Toulouse in triumph, the authorities declaring for the Bourbons, and the mob shouting *Vive notre Libérateur!* On the evening of that day, Colonels Cooke and St. Simon arrived at the allied head-quarters with intelligence that, on the 3rd of April, hostilities between France and the other Powers had ceased, and the war was virtually at an end, for Napoleon Bonaparte had abdicated the throne of France.¹

Marshal Soult was formally apprised of the abdication of Napoleon on the night of the 13th. Indeed, it has been said that he was aware of the abdication before the battle of Toulouse, and merely risked the engagement in the hope of closing the war with the *prestige* of victory. From this imputation, however, he was fully exonerated by Lord Wellington, who proved to Soult's calumniators the physical impossibility of his acquiring the information at that distance from Paris, and in so short a time. But even when the news of the abdication did come, Soult refused to give in his adhesion to the Bourbons, and merely offered a suspension of hostilities. To this Lord Wellington would by no means assent, and immediately commenced the pursuit of the beaten divisions of the Marshal; but Soult soon saw the utter folly and inutility of continuing the contest, and in five days afterwards halted his troops, and acknowledging the provisional government, agreed upon a suspension of hostilities, to which Suchet, who had joined him, became a party. The convention ran as follows:—

“Field Marshal the Marquis of Wellington, and the Marshals the Duke of Dalmatia and the Duke of Albufera, being desirous of considering a suspension of hostilities between the armies under their respective orders, and of agreeing upon a line of demarcation, have named the undermentioned officers for that purpose; viz., on the part of the Marquis of Wellington, Major-General Sir George Murray,

¹ Intermediately, after the re-capture of Rheims, Napoleon's affairs had not prospered anywhere. Augereau languidly upheld his cause in Switzerland, and then retreated upon Lyons—with, it is supposed, the treacherous intention of opening the gates of that city to the Allies. The Grand Army of the latter, forming a junction with Blücher and Bernadotte, pushed forward, beating Napoleon at Ais-sur-Aube; Marmont and Mortier, who had been left to confront the enemy on the approaches to Paris, were compelled to retire, fighting fiercely; and on the 29th of March, the Prussians and Russians bivouacked on the banks of the Seine, within sight of Paris. The Empress Maria Louisa and her son now fled, and Paris was placed in a state of defence, in spite of a thousand declarations in favour of the Bourbons, by the middle and trading classes. Marmont and Mortier, with only 23,000 men, vigorously defended the French capital, but were compelled to succumb to superior numbers. A capitulation ensued. Napoleon hastened from the field towards Paris, to resist the Allies, but before he could arrive the capital was in their possession. He then abdicated the throne.

and Major-General Don Luis Wimpffen, and on the part of the Duke of Dalmatia and of the Duke of Albufera, the General of Division Count Gazan.

"These officers having exchanged their full powers, have agreed upon the following articles:—

"Art. 1st.—From the date of the present convention there shall be a suspension of hostilities, between the allied armies under the orders of Field Marshal the Marquis of Wellington, and the armies of France, under the orders of Marshal the Duke of Dalmatia, and of Marshal the Duke of Albufera.

"Art. 2nd.—Hostilities shall not be recommenced on either part without a previous notice being given of five days.

"Art. 3rd.—The limits of the department Haute Garonne, with the departments of Arriege, Aude, and Tarn, shall be the line of demarcation between the armies, as far as the town of Buzet on the river Tarn. The line will then follow the course of the Saur to its junction with the Garonne, making a circuit, however, on the left bank of the Saur, opposite Montauban, to the distance of three quarters of a league from the bridge of Montauban. From the mouth of the river Saur, the line of demarcation will follow the right bank of the Garonne, as far as the limits of the department of the Lot and Garonne, with the department of La Gironde. It will then pass by La Reole, Sanveterre, and Rauzan, to the Dordogne, and will follow the right hand of that river, and of the Gironde, to the sea. In the event, however, of a different line of demarcation having been already determined by Lieutenant-General Dalhousie and General Decden, the line fixed upon by those officers shall be adhered to.

"Art. 4th.—Hostilities shall cease also on both sides in regard to the places of Bayonne, St. Jean de Pied de Port, Navarreins, Blaye, and the castle of Lourdes. The governors of these places shall be allowed to provide for the daily subsistence of the garrisons in the adjacent country; the garrison of Bayonne, with a circle of eight leagues from Bayonne, and the garrisons of the other places named within a circuit of three leagues round each place. Officers shall be sent to the garrisons of the above places to communicate to them the terms of the present convention.

"Art. 5th.—The town and ports of Santona shall be evacuated by the French troops, and made over to the Spanish forces. The French garrison will remove with it all the property that properly belongs to it, together with such arms, artillery, and other military effects as have not been the property originally of the Spanish government. The Marquis of Wellington will determine whether the French garrison

of Santona shall return to France by land or by sea, and, in either case, the passage of the garrison shall be secured, and it will be directed upon one of the places or ports most contiguous to the army of the Duke of Dalmatia.

"The ships of war or other vessels now in the harbour of Santona, belonging to France, shall be allowed to proceed to Rochefort with passports for that purpose. The Duke of Dalmatia will send an officer to communicate to the French General commanding in Santona the terms of the present convention, and cause them to be complied with.

"Art. 6th.—The fort of Venasque shall be made over as soon as possible to the Spanish troops, and the French garrison shall proceed by the most direct route to the head quarters of the French army; the garrison will remove with it the arms and ammunition which are originally French.

"Art. 7th.—The line of demarcation between the allied armies and the army of Marshal Suchet, shall be the line of the portion of Spain and France, from the Mediterranean to the limits of the department of the Haute Garonne.

"Art. 8th.—The garrisons of all the places which are occupied by the troops of the army of the Duke of Albufera, shall be allowed to return without delay into France. These garrisons shall remove with them all that properly belongs to them, as also the arms and artillery which are originally French.

"The garrison of Murviedro and of Peniscola shall join the garrison of Tortosa, and these troops will then proceed together by the great road, and enter France by Perpignan. The day of the arrival of these garrisons at Geuna, the fortresses of Fignuon and of Busas shall be made over to the Spanish troops, and the French garrisons of these places shall proceed to Perpignan.

"As soon as information is received of the French garrisons of Murviedro, Peniscola, and Tortosa having passed the French frontier, the place and ports of Barcelona shall be made over to the Spanish troops, and the French garrisons shall march immediately for Perpignan. The Spanish authorities will provide for the necessary means of transport being supplied to the French garrisons on their march to the frontier. The sick or wounded of any of the French garrisons, who are not in a state to move with the troops, shall remain, and be cured in the hospitals where they are, and will be sent into France as soon as they have recovered.

"Art. 9th.—From the date of the ratifications of the present convention, there shall not be removed from Peniscola, Murviedro,

Tortosa, Barcelona, or any of the other places, any artillery, arms, ammunition, or any other military effects belonging to the Spanish government, and the provisions remaining at the evacuation of these places shall be made over to the Spanish authorities.

"Art. 10th.—The roads shall be free for the passage of the couriers through the cantonments of both armies, provided they are furnished with regular passports.

"Art. 11th.—During the continuance of the present convention deserters from either army shall be arrested, and shall be delivered up if demanded.

"Art. 12th.—The navigation of the Garonne shall be free from Toulouse to the sea, and all boats in the service of either army employed on the river, shall be allowed to pass unmolested.

"Art. 13th.—The cantonments of the troops shall be arranged, so as to leave a space of two leagues at least between the quarters of the different armies.

"Art. 14th.—The movements of troops for the establishment of their cantonments shall commence immediately after the ratification of the present convention.

"The ratification is to take place within twenty-four hours for the army of the Duke of Dalmatia, and within forty-eight hours for the army of the Duke of Albufera.

"Done in triplicate at Toulouse, on the eighteenth of April, 1814."

(Signed) G. MURRAY, M.-G., &c., Q.-M.-G.	(Signed) LUIS WIMPFEN, Xefe de E.-M.-G. de Campana de los exercitos Espanoles.	(Signed) DE GAZAN, Le Lt.-Général.
(Approuvé) LE M. DUC D'- ALBUFERA	(Confirmed) WELLINGTON.	(Approuvé) M. DUC DE DAL- MATIE.

In publishing the foregoing convention to the army, the British Field-Marshal took the opportunity of congratulating the troops upon the prospect of an honourable termination to their labours. He thanked the generals, the officers, and soldiers for their uniform gallantry and discipline in the field, and for their conciliatory conduct towards the inhabitants, adding his hope that they would continue the same good conduct while it might be necessary to detain them in France, that they might leave the country with a lasting reputation, not less creditable to their gallantry and spirit in the field than to their regularity and good conduct in quarters and in camp.

The same ignorance of what was passing in Paris, and caused the battle of Toulouse, prevailed at Bayonne, and led on the 14th of April to a needless waste of blood, which filled Lord Wellington

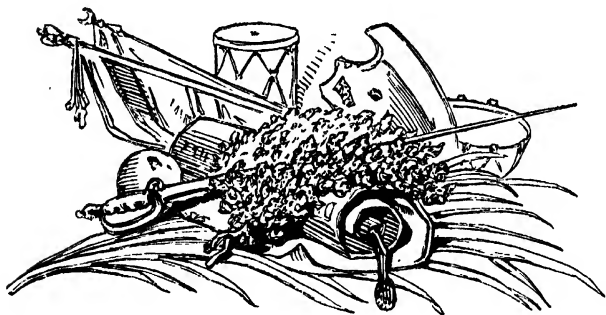
with poignant regret. While Lieutenant-General Sir John Hope was blockading the town, the garrison made a dashing sortie, and, breaking through the allied line of investment, carried the village of St. Etienne. The advanced pickets were promptly supported, and the besiegers immediately recovered all their positions; but not until 900 of the French had been placed *hors de combat*, and 600 of the allies killed and wounded. The latter also lost 236 prisoners, among whom was the brave Sir John Hope, the commander. Whilst bringing up reinforcements to the deforced pickets, his horse was killed under him, and he himself was wounded. Before he could extricate himself, he was seized by a party of the enemy and carried away a prisoner.

It will surprise the English reader, not already versed in the history of the Peninsular War, to learn that the battle of Toulouse was claimed as a victory by the French, and that in long after years the vanity of the nation was gratified by the grant of a sum of money by the legislature in aid of a monument to be raised in honour of the battle! The grounds on which the claims rested were, the repulse of Picton and the failure of Sir Rowland Hill to carry the suburb. These, however, were only partial reverses, which, more or less, distinguish every action. It is the upshot which determines where the victory lies, and as Lord Wellington occupied Toulouse within six-and-thirty hours after the battle, the French Marshal was to all intents and purposes defeated.

The subject of the claims of the French to a "victory" at Toulouse was ably discussed and disposed of in the *Quarterly Review* of 1838. The astute reviewer showed that, although accidents certainly did happen to the British army, such as the carrying away a bridge on the Garonne after Beresford had passed it, Marshal Soult did not take advantage of them; and that if he had attempted to do so, the Duke of Wellington was in a position to have thwarted him. "It was like a game of chess—Soult, perhaps, might have taken Wellington's knight, but Wellington, at the next move, would have taken his queen, and checkmated him altogether." The reviewer further established on the evidence of French writers, General de Vaudancourt, a critic in the *Revue du Midi*, Marshal Suchet, Colonel La Peña, and General de St. Denys, that the battle was, "beyond contradiction, lost by Soult;" that, after the loss of Fort Sypière, the "prospect of victory was abandoned by the French;" that Soult himself admitted in letters that the communication with Montauban, from which Lord Wellington "cut him off," was of the greatest importance to him; that he was resolved to defend Toulouse "at all risks," because the *preservation* of the city was *of the greatest*

importance to him; and yet that the enemy had *succeeded in establishing themselves* on the frontier he had occupied; and that at last he found himself under *the necessity* of retiring from Toulouse before the enemy, and did retire at a very rapid rate, full of apprehension of being forced to fight for a passage to Ville Franche! Finally, Marshal Suchet speaks of the army under Soult as having been *ecrasée* (destroyed) in a chapter of his Memoirs, written to defend Soult.

But, after all, the proof of the victory lay in the result. If Lord Wellington did not, by the valour and determination of his troops, drive Soult out of Toulouse, why did the Marshal quit the town?



CHAPTER XXI.

Lord Wellington created a Duke—Honours to his Generals, Lords Combermere and Hill—The Duke visits Paris and Madrid—Fresh Parliamentary grants—The Allied Sovereigns and their Generals visit England—The Duke of Wellington also returns to England.



HE conclusion of the war in a manner so honourable to the British and allied arms, and with such apparent definite results as the removal of Napoleon Bonaparte to a little island in the Mediterranean, diffused universal happiness. Every one concerned had done his part nobly, and it was fully believed that the restoration of the Bourbons, wrought by foreign arms, was perfectly acceptable to the French people.

To complete the honours which the Prince Regent had delighted to bestow upon the man who had led armies victoriously from the Tagus and the Douro to the Garonne, in the presence of ten thousand difficulties, his Royal Highness now advanced the Marquis of Wellington to the peerage by the title of Marquis of Douro and DUKE of WELLINGTON. And to impart all possible grace to this magnificence of reward, the Prince at the same time conferred peerages on Sir John Hope, Sir Thomas Graham, Sir Stapleton Cotton, Sir Rowland Hill, and Sir W. Carr Beresford, who thus severally became Lords Niddry, Lynedoch, Combermere, Hill, and Beresford. The Prince had previously shown some kindness to the Dowager Lady Mornington, the mother of the Duke of Wellington, upon the occasion of the battle of Vittoria.

The Duke of Wellington was sensibly touched by the generosity of the Prince—the rather that he had always abstained from asking for any favours for himself. Excepting upon one occasion, when we find him protesting against the low salary of a Commander-in-Chief, who, with 10*l.* per diem (reduced by income-tax and other charges to eight guineas), was expected to keep up a good table, and dispense money in charities, &c., he never complained of an inadequacy of compensation. On the contrary, he allowed things to take their course, and save when he bespoke distinctions for Sir R. Hill and Sir Stapleton Cotton, he did not even venture to point out who should be recompensed by the Sovereign for the services rendered under his command. This did not spring from any want of generosity towards his lieutenants, but from a deference to the supreme power of the Monarch or his immediate *locum tenens*. It was when asked by some one of high rank to solicit an honorary distinction for him, that he wrote :—

“ I have never interfered directly to procure for any officer, serving under my command, those marks of his Majesty’s favour by which many have been honoured; nor do I believe that any have ever applied for them, or have hinted through any other quarter their desire to obtain them. They have been conferred, as far as I have any knowledge, spontaneously, in the only mode in my opinion in which favours can be acceptable, or honours and distinction can be received with satisfaction. The only share which I have had in these transactions has been by bringing the merits and services of the several officers of the army distinctly under the view of the Sovereign and the public, in my reports to the Secretary of State; and I am happy to state, that no General in this army has more frequently than yourself deserved and obtained this favourable report of your services and conduct.

“ It is impossible for me even to guess what are the shades of distinction by which those are guided who advise the Prince Regent in the bestowing those honourable marks of distinction, and you will not expect that I should enter upon such a discussion. What I would recommend to you is, to express neither disappointment nor wishes upon the subject, even to an intimate friend, much less to the Government. Continue, as you have done hitherto, to deserve the honourable distinction to which you aspire, and you may be certain that, if the Government is wise, you will obtain it. If you should not obtain it, you may depend upon it that there is no person of whose good opinion you would be solicitous, who will think the worse of you on that account.

"The comparison between myself, who have been the most favoured of his Majesty's subjects, and you, will not be deemed quite correct; and I advert to my own situation only to tell you, that I recommend to you conduct which I have always followed. Notwithstanding the numerous favours that I have received from the Crown, I have never solicited one; and I have never hinted, nor would any one of my friends or relations venture to hint for me, a desire to receive even one; and much as I have been favoured, the consciousness that it has been given spontaneously by the King and Regent, gives me more satisfaction than anything else.

"I recommend to you the same conduct and patience; and, above all, resignation, if, after all, you should not succeed in acquiring what you wish; and I beg you to recall your letters, which you may be certain will be of no use to you."

Those who have followed the fortunes of Wellington, as detailed in



LORD COMBERMERE.

the foregoing pages, will have met with the names of the five generals, who now received peerages, often enough to be assured that they had

well earned the titles bestowed on them. Lord Combermere was particularly deserving of favour. He had led the young and inexperienced cavalry of Great Britain and the allies against the admirably-trained Dragoons and Cuirassiers of France, and was almost always successful in his charges. His previous service in Flanders and in India had given him considerable experience under the eye of Wellington and Lake; and at a very early period in the Peninsula, Wellington deemed him so deserving of advancement that he applied to have him promoted to Lieutenant-General in Portugal, and, after Salamanca, begged for a red ribbon on his behalf.

Of Lord Hill's character, mention has already been made. No General was ever more beloved. He always led his divisions to victory; always had care for his men and officers in quarters; always conducted his marches with skill, ensuring safety. And the troops recognised his interest in them by exemplary conduct, devotion to his will, and an anxiety to do him honour on all possible occasions. A story is extant that when the 28th Regiment was quartered at Galisteo, four leagues from Coria, in May 1813, they determined to celebrate the second anniversary of the battle of Albuera by giving a dinner to their beloved chief. This, in a camp on such service, was not a very easy matter; but what cannot Englishmen do when prompted by a noble enthusiasm? They had neither chairs nor tables—two very important accessories to dinners in general,—and they therefore hit upon the expedient of making Nature supply their places. The softest and most even piece of turf that could be found was selected, and on this Lieutenant Irwin, of the Engineers, marked out the length and breadth of a table required for one hundred guests, for the staff of the Second Division were invited to the banquet as well as the General. The turf was pared off, and a trench dug round outlines large enough for the company. The table was formed in the centre, and the sods and mould duly levelled and excavated to give ample room for the legs; and then the green turf was once more gently laid on, and supplied the place of the table-cloth. Each officer invited was desired to bring his own knife, fork, and plate, and not to be particular about having them changed. The cookery was of the substantial order—the heavy artillery of the field *cuisine*. There were ponderous joints roasted, and ponderous joints boiled. There was soup in abundance, in which the shreds of meat gave assurance that it was, at least, unsparingly concocted. There were pies baked in camp-kettles turned upside-down, of dimensions and quality Friar Tuck would not have disdained. "Then came the cordial welcome of the chief guest—the man who never had an enemy but

on public grounds, whose bland smiles set the company at ease, while his genuine dignity prevented in his presence every word and every act that did not perfectly become it."¹

Lord Hill had a very narrow escape of being killed at the close of the war. While engaged in a reconnoissance at St. Palais, in company with Lord Wellington, a shot from a French battery killed the horse on which Lord Hill was mounted. Both horse and rider fell, the latter quite stunned, but sustaining no serious injury. The escape was wonderful; for the ball struck the horse's shoulder, passed through his body, and between the knees of Lord (then Sir Rowland) Hill.

The new relations with France rendered the despatch of a British Ambassador to the French Court indispensable, and Lord Castlereagh, who justly estimated the worth and talents of the Duke of Wellington, offered him the appointment. Preparatory to accepting it, the Duke wished to pay a visit to Paris. There were of course some considerations of delicacy influencing the mind of the illustrious warrior. Would the presence of the conqueror of the French legions be acceptable to the French people, whose minds had for years been prejudiced against him by the lying newspapers of Paris—by the published sneers of Napoleon—and the efforts of the caricaturist? Would he not be an eye-sore to those who identified him only as the author of their own humiliation? These were grave matters of reflection, and to the generous mind of Wellington they addressed themselves forcibly. On the other hand, would not the presence, in a friendly capacity, of the recent enemy of France—as *represented by Napoleon's tyranny*, and *by that alone*—offer a guarantee of the perfect amity which had now been established between the thrones of France and England, and offer a proof of the confidence of the Ambassador in the chivalry of the nation whose armies he had so long and so successfully opposed? Wellington could only appear in Paris either in the offensive character of a conqueror, or in the agreeable position of the representative of a Monarch whose soldiers had contributed to restore peace to the land which Napoleon's aggressions and thirst of conquest had drained of its resources. He would not go in the former capacity—he did not think that he would be obnoxious in the latter. Thus reasoning, and influenced by his duty to the Prince Regent, he decided to accept the embassy, and accordingly set out to pay his respects to the King, Louis XVIII. He was very graciously received, and became an object of much curiosity among the Parisians. The allied sovereigns were also marked in

¹ "Life of Lord Hill."

their attentions to him. His stay, however, was very brief, for his services were required for a short period at Madrid.

Restored to his throne unshackled by the conditions Napoleon sought to impose, the King, Ferdinand VII., looked for counsel, in the difficult position in which he found himself after so long an absence, from the mighty soldier who had paved the way for his restoration; and the Duke of Wellington, believing it to be his duty, while yet holding office under the Spanish government, to afford all the aid that might be required of him, did not delay to join the King. Much anarchy and confusion prevailed in the Spanish councils. Split into parties, the Cortes distracted themselves with a multitude of amateur "constitutions," and none of these crotchets seemed to promise a continuance of peace, or to promote the happiness of the nation. This division was not to be wondered at. The nation had been engaged in one of the most terrible and disastrous contests by which any country was ever afflicted; its territory had been occupied by the enemy, society torn to pieces by internal dissensions, its ancient constitution destroyed, without being replaced; its marine, its commerce, and revenue utterly annihilated; its colonies cast into a state of rebellion, and its credit with other countries shaken to the brink. To devise a plan for restoring the country to its pristine tranquillity, and to reduce the political agitators and antagonists to moderation, was the task which Ferdinand committed to the Duke of Wellington. His Grace's scheme, developed in a state paper of remarkable clearness, was submitted to the King during his stay at Madrid. It was fraught with wise suggestions and marked by the candour and straight-forwardness which were alike conspicuous in his diplomatic and military passages. Ferdinand seized the first opportunity after the Duke's arrival of confirming all the honours conferred upon him by the Regency and the Cortes; but this act of grace did not deter Wellington from the frank expression of his sentiments. He advised the King to look at the geographical position and topographical peculiarities of Spain, and to be content to confine the nation within its natural limits. He showed that Spain had benefited but little by the possession of anything beyond the boundaries which Nature had prescribed. The branches of the Royal House, established in Italy and elsewhere, had only adhered to Spain when the adhesion was likely to be beneficial to themselves. It was, therefore, the true policy of the government to attend only to the internal interests of the country, especially as the then state of Europe rendered a long peace probable. Giving the King credit, then, for a desire to ameliorate the internal situation of his kingdom,

to restore its marine, its commerce, and its revenue, and the settlement of its colonies, the Duke proceeded to examine which of the two powers, France or Great Britain, would be the most desirable ally in assisting the King to restore his monarchy to its ancient splendour. He at once decided that France, from her crippled condition and the injuries she had inflicted on the Spanish people, would be both useless and unpopular. To preserve a commerce with Great Britain was obviously a measure of policy; for not only would it be the most profitable, because Great Britain consumed in a greater degree than other countries those articles in which the riches of Spain principally consisted, but because the manufactures of Great Britain, from their cheapness, would bear, on importation, larger duties than those of any other country. The Duke of Wellington always plumed himself a little on his capacity to fill the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, and in this advice he vindicated his claim to be regarded as a financier. He further urged the policy of a strict alliance with Great Britain, as the only means of settling the Spanish colonies and adjusting satisfactorily the disputes with the United States, who had unjustifiably seized some part of the Spanish colonies, and aided and abetted the others in rebellion. Glancing at the financial condition of Spain, the Duke pointed out that everything was in disorder, and the revenue unproductive, the army in arrears, and the means of maintaining a body of troops inadequate. From Great Britain alone was pecuniary aid to be expected, but the Duke honestly told the King that this would not be granted unless he adhered to the promises he had made to his subjects on his restoration, and would release the numerous innocent prisoners who had been arrested for alleged political offences, and subject the presumably guilty to judicial trials. The Duke wound up his able memorandum in these words:—

“Great Britain is materially interested in the prosperity and greatness of Spain, and a good understanding and close alliance with Spain is highly important to her, and she will make sacrifices to obtain it; and there is no act of kindness which may not be expected from such an ally. But it cannot be expected from Great Britain that she will take any steps for the firm establishment of a government which she still sees in a fair way of connecting itself with her rival, and of eventually becoming her enemy. Like other nations she must, by prudence and foresight, provide for her own interests by other modes, if circumstances should prevent his Majesty from connecting himself with Great Britain, as it appears by the reasoning in this memorandum is desirable to him.”

A few days later the Duke offered the Spanish Minister of War his advice as to the best method of organising the Spanish infantry, and then resigning his office of Commander-in-Chief of the Spanish army, he returned to France.

Peace had been signed at Paris on the 30th of May. Considering the relative positions of France and the other parties to the treaty, who occupied Paris as conquerors, the treaty was exceedingly moderate—nay, generous—in its provisions. It restored to France, with slight exceptions, the possessions which she held in 1792, and placed the boundaries of the kingdom nearly where they were. Such points as could not be readily adjusted at the moment were referred to a Congress of Sovereigns, to be thereafter held at Vienna, and the allied troops immediately began to evacuate France.

The Duke of Wellington took leave of the army at Bordeaux, on the 14th of June, publishing the following General Order on his departure :—

“The Commander of the Forces being on the point of returning to England, again takes this opportunity of congratulating the army upon the recent events, which have restored peace to their country, and to the world.

“The share which the British army have had in producing these events, and the high character with which the army will quit this country, must be equally satisfactory to every individual belonging to it as they are to the Commander of the Forces; and he trusts that the troops will continue the same good conduct to the last.

“The Commander of the Forces once more requests the army to accept his thanks.

“Although circumstances may alter the relations in which he has stood towards them for some years so much to his satisfaction, he assures them he will never cease to feel the warmest interest in their welfare and honour, and that he will be at all times happy to be of any service to those, to whose conduct, discipline and gallantry, their country is so much indebted.”

The Duke, personally bidding farewell to the principal officers, immediately embarked in H.M.'s sloop of war the *Rosario*, and, sailing for England, reached Dover on the 23rd of June. The salute fired by the sloop announced the valuable freight she bore. Immediately the yards of all the vessels in Dover harbour were manned, and the launch of the *Nymphen* frigate was sent to convey on shore the “hero of a hundred fights.” The guns along the heights and the adjoining batteries thundered their welcome to the incomparable soldier; and the news of his arrival spreading like wildfire,

thousands of persons assembled at the pier-heads and along the shore to greet him with their cheers. A carriage stood at the pier to convey him to the Ship Inn; but Wellington's foot was scarcely on the shore, when he was lifted on to the shoulders of an enthusiastic crowd and borne to his destination amidst the iterated cheers of the populace.

A fortnight previous to the arrival of the Duke, the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, the sons, brother, and nephew of the latter, the Grand Duchess of Oldenburgh, the sister of the Emperor; Marshal Blucher; the Hetman of the Cossacks, Platoff; the Prince of Orange, and a great many more princes and members of illustrious foreign Houses, had arrived in England on a visit to the Prince Regent; and numerous appropriate *fêtes* at Carlton Palace, the Guildhall, the parks, &c., had been given in their honour. Public enthusiasm was raised to a high pitch of effervescence. The Royal visitors were the objects of great curiosity. The Duchess of Oldenburgh gave a fashion to bonnets; Platoff and his attendant Cossacks were followed by crowds, and the trousers of the fierce horsemen of the Don and the Volga were universally adopted by the *petites maitres* of the day. But, perhaps, the visitor who attracted the largest share of notice was the veteran soldier, Blucher. For many months his deeds of heroism and undaunted perseverance in the war with Napoleon, had been in the mouths of thousands, and England now panted to mark her admiration by the cheers which accompanied his progress whenever he moved abroad. Marshal Prince Blucher, Commander-in-Chief of the Prussian army, was no common man. Born in 1742, at his father's country-seat in Pomerania, he served from his fifteenth year, beginning his military career in the "Seven Years' War," under the patronage and command of the celebrated Zeiten, the friend and favourite of Frederic the Great. Ardent from infancy, Blucher preferred the cavalry, and entered into the regiment of Red Hussars, which had acquired peculiar distinction for its bravery on different occasions, but particularly for defeating the French in the memorable battle of Rosbach. In this regiment he continued nearly twenty years, when he took offence at the promotion over him of a junior officer. Superior influence caused his remonstrances to be disregarded; irritated at the injustice, he challenged the favoured youngster—a duel took place; and Blucher, in disgust, demanded and received his discharge. After this he lived some years in retirement, occupying himself in the cultivation of his paternal estates, which were tolerably extensive. In this seclusion he became particularly partial to literature and the arts. Blucher did not remain

unknown to the different administrations of the Prussian government while absent from his profession; but the stern and unforgiving disposition of the sovereign caused him to repel all attempts of the friends of Blucher to procure his restoration to the service. He, however, regularly appeared as a spectator at the grand annual reviews, and at one of these, after the death of Frederic II., he was noticed by Frederic William III., who restored him to his rank. From this period, he began to ascend most rapidly to eminence. He very soon obtained a squadron in his old regiment of hussars. The



MARSHAL PRINCE BLUCHER.

Colonel not long after died, and Blucher obtained his rank. He now came into perpetual service, his regiment being under the orders of the Duke of Brunswick; whose name and deeds are familiar to this hour on the banks of the Rhine, where he distinguished himself in the revolutionary campaigns. The various attacks which he made were all similar and characteristic. It was his plan to rush upon the enemy with irresistible impetuosity, to retire on

meeting with serious opposition ; to place himself at a distance and minutely observe the enemy's movements, to take advantage of every indication of weakness and disorder by a new attack, and then to dart upon his opponents with the rapidity of lightning, cut his way into the ranks, make a few hundred prisoners, and retire again. This was the usual manœuvre of Blucher, who, by such a mode of warfare, acquired considerable reputation, particularly at Hientveller. When the French invaded Prussia, in the year 1806, Blucher was foremost in opposing their progress through Westphalia, whence he made a masterly retreat in the face of 60,000 French, his own force being only 20,000. At the battle of Auerstadt, in 1806, Blucher very highly distinguished himself; and although he differed from the Duke of Brunswick respecting the time and mode of attack, he showed the most consummate generalship and determined bravery during the whole of that memorable action. At the battle of Preutzlau, where he likewise very much signalised himself, he had the command of the cavalry, under Prince Hohenlohe Ingelfingen. He also signalised himself by a gallant charge of the French at Frankenhäusen ; but as their numbers were irresistible, Blucher was obliged to retreat, which he did in admirable order, and threw himself into Lubeck, where he was besieged by the French, who summoned him to surrender, but with his characteristic bravery he replied in these remarkable words — "*Ich werde mich nicht ergeben bis ich meinen letzten Blutstropfen verlohren habe!*" i.e. "I will not surrender till I have lost the last drop of my blood!" The French, however, with an overwhelming force, stormed the city and took it, after a most gallant resistance. Blucher was made prisoner, but shortly after exchanged for Marshal Victor, Duke of Belluno. He then returned to Königsburgh, and was soon afterwards sent by sea, at the head of a division to Swedish Pomerania, in order to assist in the defence of Stralsund, and generally to support the operations of the Swedes ; but the peace of Tilsit rendered his farther operations unnecessary, and he once more retired to Prussian Pomerania, the site of his birth.

After the unfortunate engagement near Halle, in October, 1806, in which Bernadotte commanded, and which ended in the capitulation of the Prussian army, under Prince Hohenlohe, General Blucher, by a *ruse de guerre*, succeeded in saving the 5000 men under his command. He was separated from the main body of the army by General Klein, to whom he sent a message, stating that an armistice was concluded for six months. This the general believed, and Blucher's division was

consequently saved. After the peace of Tilsit he remained in apparent inactivity, till the unexpected and important defection of General Von Yorck gave the signal for a general insurrection in the Prussian States against the French. Immediately after this event, we find the veteran availing himself of every opportunity for vengeance. By the end of the year 1812, he had raised a corps of volunteers, composed of youths of the first families in Prussia, who rushed to range themselves under his banner, and at the revival of the campaign, we find him holding the important rank of Commander-in-Chief of the Prussian army, which when united with certain divisions of Austrians and Russians, was termed, from the site of its operations, the army of Silesia. Blucher had two sons, both men of distinguished bravery and abilities. The eldest signalled himself materially in the campaign in Germany, in 1813, by destroying,—in the rear of the French army, just at the time when the armistice in September was concluded,—a large park of artillery and ammunition. Bonaparte ordered a detachment against him, by whom he was captured after a brave resistance. He was soon, however, exchanged for an officer of equal rank, but unfortunately he fell sick and died in a few days. He was colonel of a regiment of Prussian hussars. His brother was then a major in the light cavalry, under the immediate orders of his father. The sequel to Blucher's career down to this point has been described in the brief notices of the operations of the northern allies in 1812-13.

At the moment when Wellington set foot in England, the allied sovereigns were at Portsmouth with the Prince Regent, attending a grand naval review. The Duke immediately proceeded to Portsmouth to pay his respects to his Royal Highness, who, on returning to his hotel after the review, met and embraced the British chief. The instant it was known at Portsmouth that the Duke of Wellington had arrived, the royal visitors ceased to be objects of attraction. The hero of Salamanca and Vittoria, the Pyrenees and Toulouse, became the cynosure of all eyes. Every man, woman, and child sought to behold him, and to swell the sound of general welcome with their voices. At dinner that evening, the Duke enjoyed the highest post of honour; and Regent, Emperor, and King felt themselves flattered that they sat at table with one whose purity of character was on a level with his military greatness. The town was brilliantly illuminated, and for some hours after midnight the people walked the streets, congratulating each other that they had lived not merely to see peace established, but to look upon its illustrious author.

Proceeding to London, the Duke of Wellington was hailed with

enthusiastic and grateful acclamations by the myriads who poured out to line his path wherever he went. Coriolanus, after fluttering the Volscians at Corioli, did not receive a more cordial welcome.

"All tongues spake of him, and the bleared sights
Were spectacled to see him . . .
. . . Stalls, bulks, windows,
Were smothered up, leads filled, and ridges hoord
With variable complexion; all agreeing
In earnestness to see him . . .
The matrons fong their gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs
Upon him as he passed; the nobles bended
As to Jove's statue; and the commons made
A shower of thunder with their caps and shouts."

But gratifying as may have been those symptoms of popular admiration and thankfulness, it was from Parliament that the Duke was to receive the substantial reward of his great services.

The 28th of June was fixed upon for his formal reception. The Lord Chancellor having taken his seat, the Duke of Wellington, attired as a Field-Marshal, with the addition of his robes, was introduced, supported by the Dukes of Richmond and Beaufort, also in military uniform, and in their ducal robes. Having arrived in the body of the House, the Duke made the usual obeisance to the Lord Chancellor, and showed his patent and right of summons, as Baron and Viscount, Earl, Marquis, and lastly Duke, which were each read by the clerks. The oaths were then administered, and the Test Rolls having been signed by him, the Duke, accompanied by his noble supporters, took his seat on the Dukes' bench, and saluted the House in the usual manner, by rising, taking off his hat, and bowing respectfully.¹

The Lord Chancellor then rose, and pursuant to their lordships' order, addressed his Grace:—

"MY LORD DUKE OF WELLINGTON,

"I have received the commands of this House, which, I am persuaded, has witnessed with infinite satisfaction your Grace's personal introduction into this august assembly, to return your Grace the thanks and acknowledgments of this House, for your great and eminent services to your King and country."

"In the execution of these commands, I cannot forbear to call the especial attention of all who hear me to a fact in your Grace's life,

¹ "Annals of Parliament."

singular, I believe, in the history of the country, and infinitely honourable to your Grace, that you have manifested, upon your first entrance into this House, your right, under various grants, to all the dignities in the peerage of this realm which the Crown can confer. These dignities have been conferred at various periods, but in the short compass of little more than four years, for great public services, occurring in rapid succession, claiming the favour of the Crown, influenced by its sense of justice to your Grace and the country; and on no one occasion in which the Crown has thus rewarded your merits have the Houses of Parliament been inattentive to your demands upon the gratitude of the country. Upon all such occasions they have offered to your Grace their acknowledgments and thanks, the highest honours they could bestow.

"I decline all attempts to state your Grace's eminent merits in your military character; to represent those brilliant actions, those illustrious achievements, which have attached immortality to the name of Wellington, and which have given to this country a degree of glory unexampled in the annals of this kingdom. In thus acting, I believe I best consult the feelings which evince your Grace's title to the character of a truly great and illustrious man.

"My duty to this House cannot but make me most anxious not to fall short of the expectation which the House may have formed as to the execution of what may have been committed to me on this great occasion; but the most anxious consideration which I have given to the nature of that duty has convinced me that I cannot more effectually do justice to the judgment of the House, than by referring your Grace to the terms and language in which the House has so repeatedly expressed its own sense of the distinguished and consummate wisdom and judgment, the skill and ability, the prompt energy, the indefatigable exertion, the perseverance, the fortitude, and the valour, by which the victories of Vimiero, Talavera, Salamanca, and Vittoria were achieved; by which the deliverance of Portugal was effectuated; by which the ever memorable establishment of the allied armies on the frontiers of France was accomplished; armies pushing forward, in the glory of victory at Orthes, to the occupation of Bordeaux.

"These achievements, in their immediate consequences infinitely beneficial to the common cause, have, in their final results, secured the peace, prosperity, and glory of this country; whilst your Grace's example has animated to great exertions the other nations of Europe, exertions rescuing them from tyranny, and restoring them to independence, by which there has been ultimately established among all

the nations of Europe that balance of power which, giving sufficient strength to every nation, provides that no nation shall be too strong.

"I presume not to trespass upon the House by representing the personal satisfaction which I have derived from being the honoured instrument of conveying to your Grace the acknowledgments and thanks of this House upon every occasion upon which they have been offered to your Grace, or by endeavouring to represent the infinite gratification which I enjoy in thus offering, on the behalf of the House, on this day, to your Grace in person, those acknowledgments and those thanks. Your Grace is now called to aid hereafter, by your wisdom and judgment, the great council of that nation, to the peace, prosperity, and glory of which your Grace has already so essentially contributed; and I tender your Grace, now taking your seat in this House, in obedience to its commands, the thanks of the House in the words of its resolution:—

"That the thanks of this House be given to Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington, on his return from his command abroad, for his eminent and unremitting service to his Majesty and to the public."

The Duke answered the address to the following effect:—

"My Lords,—I have to perform a duty to which I feel myself very inadequate, to return your lordships my thanks for the fresh mark of your approbation of my conduct, and of your favour.

"I assure your lordships that I am entirely overcome by the honours which have been conferred upon me, and by the favour with which I have been received in this country by the Prince Regent, by your lordships, and by the public.

"In truth, my lords, when I reflect upon the advantages which I enjoyed in the confidence reposed in me, and the support afforded by the Government, and by H. R. H. the Commander-in-Chief, in the cordial assistance which I invariably received upon all occasions from my gallant friends, the general officers of the army, who are an honour to the country—the gallantry and discipline of the troops, and in the manner in which I was encouraged and excited to exertion by the protection and gracious favour of the Prince, I cannot but consider that, however great the difficulties with which I had to contend, the means to contend with them were equal to overcome them; and I am apprehensive that I shall not be found so deserving of your favour as I wish.

"If, however, my merit is not great, my gratitude is unbounded; and I can only assure your lordships that you will always find me

ready to serve his Majesty to the utmost of my ability in any capacity in which my services can be at all useful to this great country."

His Grace then retired to unrobe, re-entered the House, for a few minutes sitting on the extremity of one of the benches, and then took his departure for the evening.

Three days after this ceremonial, the House of Commons offered the Duke a similar tribute. In the middle of May the House, in consequence of a message from the Prince Regent intimating that he had conferred the rank and title of a Duke and a Marquis on Wellington, and recommending the grant to him of an annuity that would enable him to support the high dignity of the title, granted the sum of 400,000*l.*, *nemine dissente*nte. On the 27th of June the House of Commons resolved further to honour the Duke, by "paying him the highest tribute of respect and applause that it was possible to bestow on a subject—that of its thanks," accompanied by a deputation to congratulate him on his return to England. The Duke fixed upon the 1st of July to receive the compliment.

At about a quarter before five, says the precise *Annual Register*, the Speaker being dressed in his official robes, and the House being crowded with members, some of them in military and naval uniforms, and many in the Court dresses in which they had been attending the Speaker with an address to the Prince Regent on the peace, the House was acquainted that the Duke of Wellington was in waiting. His admission being resolved, and a chair being set for him on the left hand of the bar, towards the middle of the House, his Grace entered, making his obeisances, while all the members rose from their seats. The Speaker then informing him that a chair was placed for his repose, he sat down in it for some time covered, the Serjeant standing on his right hand with the mace grounded, and the members resumed their seats.

He then rose, and spoke, uncovered, to the following effect :—

"Mr. Speaker,—I was anxious to be permitted to attend this House, in order to return my thanks in person for the honour they have done me in deputing a committee of their members to congratulate me on my return to this country ; and this, after the House had animated my exertions by their applause upon every occasion which appeared to merit their approbation, and after they had filled up the measure of their favours by conferring upon me, at the recommendation of the Prince Regent, the noblest gift that any subject had ever received.

"I hope it will not be deemed presumptuous in me to take this opportunity of expressing my admiration of the great efforts made by this House, and the country, at a moment of unexampled pressure and difficulty, in order to support the great scale of operations by which the contest was brought to so favourable a termination. By the wise policy of Parliament, the Government was enabled to give the necessary support to the operations which were carried on under my direction; and I was encouraged, by the confidence reposed in me by his Majesty's Ministers, and by the Commander-in-Chief, by the gracious favour of H.R.H. the Prince Regent, and by the reliance which I had on the support of my gallant friends, the general officers of the army, and on the bravery of the officers and troops, to carry out the operations in such a manner as to acquire for me those marks of the approbation of this House, for which I have now the honour to make my public acknowledgments.

"Sir, it is impossible for me to express the gratitude which I feel; I can only assure the House that I shall always be ready to serve his Majesty in any capacity in which my services can be deemed useful, with the same zeal for my country, which has already acquired for me the approbation of this House."

This speech was received with loud cheers, at the end of which the Speaker, who had sat covered during its delivery, rose, and thus addressed his Grace :—

"My Lord,—Since last I had the honour of addressing you from this place, a series of eventful years has elapsed, but none without some mark and note of your rising glory.

"The military triumphs which your valour has achieved upon the banks of the Douro and the Tagus, of the Ebro and the Garonne, have called forth the spontaneous shouts of admiring nations. Those triumphs it is needless on this day to recount. Their names have been written by your conquering sword in the annals of Europe, and we shall hand them down with exultation to our children's children.

"It is not, however, the grandeur of military success which has alone fixed our admiration, or commanded our applause; it has been that generous and lofty spirit which inspired your troops with unbounded confidence, and taught them to know that the day of battle was always a day of victory; that moral courage and enduring fortitude, which, in perilous times, when gloom and doubt had beset ordinary minds, stood, nevertheless, unshaken; and that ascendancy of character, which, uniting the energies of jealous and rival nations,

enabled you to wield at will the fate and fortunes of mighty empires.

"For the repeated thanks and grants bestowed upon you by this House, in gratitude for your many and eminent services, you have thought fit this day to offer us your acknowledgments: but this nation well knows that it is still largely your debtor. It owes to you the proud satisfaction that, amidst the constellation of great and illustrious warriors who have recently visited our country, we could present to them a leader of our own, to whom all, by common acclamation, conceded the pre-eminence; and when the will of Heaven, and the common destinies of our nature, shall have swept away the present generation, you will have left your great name and example as an imperishable monument, exciting others to like deeds of glory, and serving at once to adorn, defend, and perpetuate the existence of this country among the ruling nations of the earth.

"It now remains only that we congratulate your Grace upon the high and important mission on which you are about to proceed, and we doubt not that the same splendid talents, so conspicuous in war, will maintain, with equal authority, firmness, and temper, our national honour and interests in peace."

His Grace then withdrew, making the same obeisances as when he entered; and all the members rising again, he was reconducted by the Serjeant to the door of the House. After he was gone, Lord Castlereagh moved, that what the Duke had said on returning thanks to the House, together with the Speaker's answer, be printed in the votes, which was agreed to, *nem. con.*

If the great captain had not shared in the feelings of indifference with which Coriolanus treated the homage of grateful Rome upon his return from Corioli, it must have been difficult for him to suppress some emotions of contempt when the Common Council of the City of London besought him to accept a banquet at the Guildhall. Only five years previously, the same Common Council, in the plenitude of its wisdom, had denounced the campaign in Spain and Portugal as useless, and freely censuring the victory at Talavera, petitioned the Prince Regent not to confirm the grant which the House of Commons, in the fulness of its gratitude, had made.¹ But the Duke of Wellington was in no mood to quarrel with the testimonials of applause the citizens were now eager to offer. Forgetting

¹ Home-bred Hannibals and civic Scipios now denounced his waiting, now deprecated his rashness. Even London's train-bands, redolent of Finchley, shot their goose-quill arrows at the warrior's reputation.—*Charles Phillips.*

and forgiving the folly suggested by ignorance, his Grace accepted the splendid hospitality of the City of London on the 9th July ; and from the profuseness of compliment emanating from the chief magistrate on that memorable occasion, it might have been imagined that there had never been but one opinion east of Temple Bar of the great public merits of the Duke ! Can it be a matter of surprise that, with such startling evidence before him of the unsubstantial character of popular applause, the Duke of Wellington should have acquired a lofty indifference to public opinion, and cultivated a resolution to seek no other guide than the dictates of his own conscience, and the will of his Sovereign ? He had seen and felt the fluctuating character of the breath of the multitude, and garnered in his heart a manly scorn both of the praises and censures of the impulsive mob. While the civic council fawned upon the fortunate hero present, whom they had freely censured when absent and apparently unfortunate, the language put into the mouth of the proud Roman must have occurred to him :—

“ Trust ye !

With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble that was now your hate ;
Him vile that was your garland.

He that trusts you

Where he should find you lions finds you hares,
Where foxes, geese ; you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or loadstone in the sun. Your virtue is
To make him worthy whose offence subdues him,
And curse that Justice did it. He that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes.”

Upon the occasion of the *fête* at Guildhall, a superb sword was presented to the Duke by the citizens of London, and the Chamberlain, in offering the gift, addressed the Duke in a speech of which the following extract has been preserved :—

“ I am conscious, my lord, how inadequately I express the sense of my fellow-citizens of your Grace’s merits—but they will recollect that, where I have failed, no one has succeeded—the most eloquent of the British senate, and the first authorities in the two Houses of Parliament, have confessed themselves unequal to the task. But ample justice will be done to your Grace by the world at large, who will frequently and attentively peruse, with admiration and delight, those inimitable despatches, which, like the Commentaries of Cæsar, will hand down with honour the name of their illustrious author to the latest posterity.

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"Your Grace has been a chosen instrument in the hands of Providence during war. May you long enjoy in peace the love of your country, and the admiration of mankind! and, in the discharge of that honourable office to which his Royal Highness, the Prince Regent, has recently appointed you, may you cement and perpetuate union and good-will between Great Britain and France, so essential to the peace and happiness of Europe!

"The citizens of London can never forget the many signal victories obtained by your Grace, in those regions which have been dignified by the triumphs of an Alexander, an Aurungzebe, and a Clive. By the exertions of your Grace, the British empire in India has been placed in a state of security, which promises felicity to millions in that country, and an extension of commerce to Great Britain. To enumerate the brilliant actions of your Grace in Europe, would require more time than the present occasion will permit, and would trespass too much upon your Grace's delicacy; but it is a truth which I cannot refrain from declaring, that during the war in Spain and Portugal, which terminated in the complete emancipation of those kingdoms, a more illustrious instance is not recorded in history, of the caution of Fabius, most happily combined with the celerity of Cæsar; and when your Grace had planted the British standard in the heart of the enemy's country, you gave a great example to the world of the practicability of that lesson which the great Roman poet taught his countrymen—

"Parcere subjectos, et debellare superbos."

The noble Duke expressed his high sense of the honour conferred upon him by the city; and attributed the success of all his enterprises to the ability with which he was supported by his brother officers, and to the valour and discipline of his Majesty's forces and those of the allies. On receiving the sword, he with particular energy declared his readiness to employ it in the service of his Sovereign and his country, should it unfortunately happen that the general wish of the nations of Europe for a permanent peace should be disappointed, and that he should be again called upon to assist in the public cause.

On the 11th of July, the Duke of Wellington was sumptuously entertained by the Prince Regent, at a fête at Carlton Palace, at which Queen Charlotte was present; and soon afterwards he proceeded to Paris, to assume the duties of the embassy, to which he had been nominated officially on the 4th of the month.

CHAPTER XXII.

Discussions on Slavery—The Duke moves Louis XVIII. to procure its abolition—The Congress at Vienna—Lord Castlereagh.



Y the middle of the year 1811, the steady efforts of Wilberforce and Clarkson, continued through a long series of years, to procure the emancipation of the negroes in the West Indies, and to annihilate the horrible slave traffic on the coast of Africa, had begun to operate upon the minds of the people of England, and the inertness of a quarter of a century was now succeeded by a passionate enthusiasm in favour of the abolition of the trade in human flesh. To such a pitch indeed was the public mind wrought upon the subject, that

much discontent was engendered by the slave article in the treaty of peace signed at Paris. That clause gave the French five years' time to put an end to the traffic, and as other clauses restored to France many of the colonies in the West Indies and elsewhere, which depended in a measure for their prosperity on slave labour, it was expected that much suffering and misery would ensue from the measures which would be taken to supply these colonies. In the Houses of Lords and Commons, Lord Grenville and Mr. Wilberforce spoke warmly on the subject; and moved addresses to the Prince Regent, praying that he would use his influence with the French Government to procure a diminution of the period. They, and others of the Liberal party, were of opinion that the clause in the

Treaty of Peace should have stipulated for the immediate renunciation of the trade by France, instead of permitting its continuance for five years. But Lord Liverpool in one House, and Lord Castlereagh in the other, impressed upon the Anti-Slavery members that it was a great mistake, founded upon a misconception of the right of one nation to dictate a course of policy to another and an independent nation, to suppose that such a clause could have been insisted upon. Perseverance in a stipulation to which France was in no mood to assent would in all probability have interrupted, or totally stopped, the negotiations at Paris, and the war might have been continued. Was the country disposed to accept the alternative? A question not to be asked.

The result of the Parliamentary debates and the clamours of the Press was, that, although the British Government would not pledge itself to do more than refer the matter to the Congress about to be holden at Vienna, it was an instruction to the Duke of Wellington to press the subject upon the attention of the French Monarch; and, if possible, to procure a limitation of the period within which France had engaged to terminate the trade.

The Duke of Wellington communicated with Talleyrand, the Prince de Benevento, Prime Minister of France holding the direction of Foreign Affairs, and through his means sought an interview with the King, which was readily granted. At this interview Louis XVIII. went into the question with much intelligence and rationality. He expressed his willingness and his determination to fulfil the terms of the treaty; but in reference to the arguments in favour of the immediate abolition of the trade, His Majesty referred to the wishes and sentiments of his own people. "The opinions in France are by no means what they were in England upon this subject. Many years had elapsed and much discussion had taken place, and great pains had been taken by many individuals, and by societies, before the opinions in England had been brought to that state of unanimity upon this subject, in which they then were, and it could not be expected that opinion in France should immediately agree upon it." The Duke, however, elicited from the French government a promise that the navy should be employed to check the traffic on the coast of Africa, and that was all. The Government had not that support (in respect to the slave commerce at least) without which no government can or ought to proceed—the support of public opinion. There was no general knowledge in France of the horrors which for years had been so forcibly exhibited to the British community, and therefore no strong sympathy on the subject. On the contrary, all the

sympathy, all the prejudice, went the other way; for slavery was supposed to be necessary to the ends of commerce and the prosperity of the colonies. And there were not wanting writers in the West India interest who fed the popular antipathy to change; and they were listened to with the greater relish because they represented that England opposed slavery from motives of commercial jealousy alone, and a desire to monopolise all the profit of intercourse with the colonies. Amidst these difficulties, enhanced by the violence of the British press in its strictures upon the French people and the French authorities, the Duke of Wellington drew up a note regarding the trade, which was reserved for discussion by the Congress. Throughout, one point, interesting to the biographer of Wellington, was established. The Duke held the traffic in slaves in great horror, and used every effort which the best feelings of humanity could dictate to procure its overthrow.

The Congress assembled at Vienna on the 1st of November. According to the treaty of Paris, it was to have met two months after the signing of that document, but when business came to be discussed among the ministers of the several Powers, it was found that so much previous labour was requisite to bring the questions for determination to a due state of maturity, that an adjournment to the 1st of November, became unavoidable.

Lord Castlereagh, the brother of General Sir Charles Stewart,¹ proceeded to Vienna as the representative of British interests. The choice of this statesman was judicious. He was a man who thoroughly understood wherein the true welfare of this country lay in her relations with foreign countries. Possessed of a degree of personal and political courage bordering on heroism, he suffered no considerations to induce him to swerve from the diplomatic path chalked out by the cabinet of which he was a member. Of an elegant person and graceful manners, he won his way with the reserved and cautious; and by his manly bravery overawed the hostility of the stubborn. At Chantillon his brave deportment and impregnable resolution decided the allied sovereigns to push the war when all but the Emperor Alexander were disposed to come to terms with Napoleon. Even one of his greatest political opponents (Lord Brougham) has done justice to his intrepidity while criticising the faults of his oratory—which, to say the truth, was certainly very remarkable for “a nice derangement of epitaphs.” “Lord Castlereagh,” writes Lord Brougham, “had some qualities well fitted to conciliate favour, and even to provoke admiration, in the absence of everything like

¹ Afterwards Marquis of Londonderry.

eloquence. He was a bold and fearless man ; the very courage with which he exposed himself unabashed to the most critical audience in the world, while incapable of uttering two sentences of anything but the meanest matter, in the most wretched language ; the gallantry with which he faced the greatest difficulties of a question ; the unflinching perseverance with which he went through a whole subject, leaving untouched not one of its points, whether he could grapple with it or no, and not one of the adverse arguments, however forcibly and felicitously they had been urged ; neither daunted by recollecting the impression just made by his antagonist's brilliant display, nor damped by consciousness of the very rags in which he now presented himself—all this made him, upon the whole, rather a favourite with the audience whose patience he was taxing mercilessly, and whose gravity he ever and anon put to a very severe trial. Nor can any one have forgotten the kind of pride that mantled on the fronts of the Tory phalanx, when, after being overwhelmed with the powerful fire of the Whig opposition, or galled by the fierce denunciations of the Mountain, or harassed by the splendid displays of Mr. Canning, their chosen leader stood forth, and presenting the graces of his eminently patrician figure, flung open his coat, displayed an azure riband traversing a snow-white chest, and declared 'his high satisfaction that he could now meet the charges against him face to face, and repel with indignation all that his adversaries had been bold and rash enough to advance.' Such he was in debate ; in council he had far more resources. He possessed a considerable fund of plain sense, not to be misled by any refinement of speculation, or clouded by any fanciful notions. He went straight to his point ; he was brave politically as well as personally. Of this his conduct on the Irish Union had given abundant proof ; and nothing could be more just than the rebuke which, as connected with the topic of personal courage, we may recollect his administering to a great man who had passed the limits of parliamentary courtesy. 'Every one must be sensible,' he said, 'that if any personal quarrel were desired, any insulting language used publicly where it could not be met as it deserved, was the way to prevent and not to produce such a rencounter.' No one after that treated him with disrespect. The complaints made of his Irish administration were perfectly well-grounded as regarded the corruption of the Parliament by which he accomplished the Union ; but they were entirely unfounded as regarded the cruelties practised during and after the rebellion. Far from partaking in these atrocities, he uniformly and strenuously set his face against them. He was of a cold temperament and

determined character, but not of a cruel disposition; and to him, more than perhaps to any one else, was owing the termination of the system stained with blood."

The subjects discussed by the Congress of Vienna were of a complicated and vexing character. The independence or otherwise of Saxony, Poland, and Italy particularly agitated the assembled kings and ministers. On the question of Poland, Lord Castlereagh was opposed to the plans of the Russian cabinet, and he did not restrain the expression of his dissatisfaction respecting the Polish *suzeraineté*, which the Emperor Alexander was desirous of reserving to himself. "There was a degree of steadiness, I may say of nobleness," writes M. Capefigue,¹ "in his private conferences with Alexander, in the midst of the splendid *salons* of Vienna, that was quite admirable. No aristocracy in Europe is more magnificent than that of England. Lady Castlereagh's parties at Vienna exceeded in splendour those even of the Emperor of Austria; while her ladyship, who was a woman of extraordinary abilities, afforded considerable assistance to the diplomatic proceedings of her husband."

The tendencies of the Congress were decidedly Russian, and there was every reason to fear that if a stand were not made against the Emperor's ambitious views, the effect of the new treaty of alliance would be to give to the Czar a preponderating power almost as fatal to the cause of liberty and the prosperity of British commerce as that which had been recently destroyed. When, therefore, Lord Castlereagh was recalled to England to take his place in Parliament at the beginning of 1815, it became necessary to select a person as his successor at Vienna, the influence of whose name and the firmness of whose character would be a guarantee for a perseverance in the policy which Lord Castlereagh had chalked out. The choice naturally fell upon the Duke of Wellington. He was not likely on any one point to yield, if concession compromised the interests of Great Britain.

The Duke promptly accepted the appointment. His position in France—in spite of the means at his disposal for lending splendour to the embassy—was not free from alloy. The King was unremitting in his kindness and condescension, and all the Bourbons delighted to render homage to the man who had so effectually fought their battles. But the feeling in France, generally, was that of repugnance to the English. Soult, as Minister of War, showed as much chivalrous courtesy to the British Ambassador as if he had not been chased from Oporto, baffled in the Pyrenees, and driven out of Toulouse;

¹ "Diplomatists of Europe." Edited by Major-General Monteith.

and the other Marshals who held power were by no means deficient in civilities. Still the people at large were dissatisfied. And it was not only on account of the presence of Englishmen who had taken the lead in conquering their veteran soldiers and experienced generals. Poverty was all but universal. The revolution had ruined the country, and the political institutions of France offered a bar to the accumulation of riches and power by any private families. Consequently everyone sought public employment—not for the honour of the thing, but for the sake of obtaining the wherewithal of existence. Corresponding with his old friend Dumourier, the Duke took an accurate view of the state of France at this juncture. Bonaparte had left an army of a million of men in France. The King was unable to maintain a quarter of the number. All who were not employed were consequently discontented. Bonaparte governed, directly, one-half of Europe, and indirectly the other half. For reasons well understood, he employed an infinite number of persons in the public offices; and all who had thus been entertained, whether in civil or military duties, had been discharged. To this numerous class were to be added a great many emigrants and others who had returned to France, all dying of hunger, and all seeking public employment, that they might live. Thus, more than three-quarters of French society not in government pay, or pursuing handicraft work, or labouring in the fields, were in a state of indigence, and therefore discontented.

All these circumstances combined to make the Duke desirous of a change of scene and occupation; and Vienna, besides supplying scope for his diplomatic talents, held out the promise of cheerful social intercourse amongst the first personages of Europe, in a city always remarkable for its elegant gaiety.

To Vienna the Duke of Wellington repaired.

It is time to advert to Napoleon Bonaparte, and the circumstances attending his departure for the island of Elba. That island Napoleon reached on the 3rd of May, the very day on which Louis XVIII. made his public entry into Paris. The Emperor—for he was suffered to retain the title—landed, as sovereign of the island, on the 4th of May, under a salute of 100 guns from the batteries of Porto Ferrajo.

Elba, which is situated between the Etrurian or Tuscan coast, from which it is separated by a channel twelve English miles in breadth, was added to the territory of France in August, 1802, by right of conquest. The island is covered with lofty mountains, which offer a rich and spontaneous vegetation of multifarious odoriferous plants

and shrubs. There are, however, a few extensive places, of which Lacona is the chief; and these are as remarkable for their fertility, under good agricultural management, as the mountains. In mineralogy, the island is likewise peculiarly rich. Nature appears to have heaped together all her treasures in this branch of produce. The island possesses mines of gold, silver, copper, iron, magnet, lead, sulphur, vitriol, and quarries of marble, granite, slate, and others. But it is from its iron mines that Elba draws the chief part of its wealth, and the residue is derived from the tunny fishery. The country is well watered by springs and brooks, which take their source in the mountains. The population at this time numbered about 12,000 souls, and their affairs were managed by an electoral assembly of sixty members.

Napoleon was received with every demonstration of joy. After the formalities of reception were at an end, he proceeded to take a survey of his diminutive empire, and, immediately discovering its deficiencies, applied his active mind and the resources at his disposal to their remedy. He caused new roads to be laid out; fortified the island of Rianosa, which had been left uninhabited on account of the frequent piratical descents from the coast of Barbary; built a house for his sister Pauline; constructed stables for 150 horses; a new lazaretto; stations for the tunny fishery; and buildings to facilitate the operations of the salt works at Porto Longone. He changed the name of the capital (Porto Ferrajo) to Cosmopoli, and hoisted a new national flag, which had a red band dexter charged with three bees in a white field. Towards the end of May, Cambronne arrived from France with some hundreds of volunteers from the Old Guard, and soon afterwards the Emperor's mother and sister Pauline joined him. A British officer, Colonel Sir Neil Campbell, was likewise dispatched to the island, with the appellation of a British commissioner; but, in reality, to keep up a sort of espionage over the movements of Napoleon.

Elba became a place of great resort during the period of the Emperor's residence there. Numerous travellers, merchants, artisans, and others, continually visited the place—some attracted by curiosity—some by sympathy—many by the hope of advantage. Sir Walter Scott likens the island at this time to a great barrack filled with military, gens d'armes, refugees of all descriptions, expectants, dependants, domestics, and adventurers.¹ Nobles and ladies were also there, with statesmen, artists, warriors, and wealthy citizens. Never, says Bussey, was Elba so busy or so prosperous as during the

¹ "Life of Napoleon."

abode among its sea-beaten rocks of "the Emperor;" never did its ships traverse seas infested with Moorish pirates with so much impunity as while they were protected by the golden bees of Napoleon.

The revenues of Elba were, as may well be supposed, inadequate to meet the expenses which the Emperor had incurred in improving the island committed to his government. He depended, therefore, in a great measure, upon the pension assigned to him by the allies upon his abdication of the throne. This pension amounted to six millions of francs, chargeable on the great book of France, and should have been paid in advance. Unhappily, however, for the French government, this salutary proceeding was neglected. By the middle of summer, Napoleon found himself deficient of the means of carrying on all the improvements he had projected. The money he had brought from France was exhausted, and he had no other resource than the pension. He applied for it, and immediately adopted a system of retrenchment. The allowances of his retinue and the wages of the native miners were reduced. Part of the provisions laid up for his Guard were disposed of, together with a small park of artillery. Napoleon called upon the inhabitants for arrears of contributions, but they claimed exemption from pressure on this head on the ground of a want of a market for their wines. The troops of the Emperor were then quartered upon them, as a substitute for the enforcement of the contributions, and as an economical way of supporting an army; and the Emperor, mortified at a condition so entirely new to one who had for years kept the key of the treasury of France, shut himself up in his palace, and gave utterance to his discontent.

The want of good faith conspicuous in the French Government, short-sighted as it was, attracted the attention of Lord Castlereagh, and that acute minister, apprehending a world of danger from the neglect of Napoleon's remonstrances, appealed to the ministry of Louis XVIII. The reply which he received was, that Bonaparte had manifested a spirit of infraction of the treaty on his part by recruiting for his guards in Corsica and other places, and that Louis XVIII. had dispatched a person to Elba to afford him some pecuniary aid, but not to pay the entire stipend until a satisfactory explanation had been given of some specious points of his conduct. Whether these statements were true or false, Napoleon continued without his pension, and the idea of returning to France suggested itself to him, as the only means of terminating the misery of his situation—a misery increased by certain nervous apprehensions that some designs upon his life and liberty were meditated by the British Government.

A man had been appointed Governor of Corsica who had once threatened his existence, and the British Ministry had purchased St. Helena for the East India Company, with the apparent purpose of transferring Napoleon to the rock-bound prison.

To return to France without some prospect of being received with open arms by the inhabitants, would have been madness. The memory of his tyranny was too fresh to warrant the belief that his sudden re-appearance would be acceptable. It therefore became necessary to employ the agency of intrigue to feel the pulse of the multitude, and especially to ascertain the sentiments of the army in respect to the proposed resumption of power.

Happily for the project of Napoleon, the Bourbons had misruled France most wofully since their accession to power. The "good intentions" of the King were not sustained by a corresponding amount of wisdom. In lieu of conciliating the people who had been accustomed for twenty years to the institutions of the Republic and the Empire, by preserving what was good and introducing only those changes which affected few personal interests, the ministry of Louis, —composed chiefly of returned *émigrés* who claimed favour as the price of their loyalty,—completely disturbed every department of the government. The soldiers of Marengo, Austerlitz, Dresden, and Smolensko were either superseded by generals of the *ancienne noblesse* who had never seen a shot fired, or turned adrift with miserable stipends; the possessors of estates which had formerly belonged to royalists, were ejected and their property handed over to those in whose hands they were before the Revolution. Then the influence of the priesthood revived and was encouraged; the freedom of the press, guaranteed by the charter, was abrogated for a censorship as strict as any that had been in force during the government of Napoleon; the consolidated taxes, the promised abolition of which had been one of the strongest allurements of Bourbonism, were re-established in all their oppressive rigour; pensions to various classes were withheld on the ground of the necessity for a rigid economy; the Legion of Honour, so prized by the French, was degraded by distribution amongst the most despicable adherents of the Bourbons; stage-players were again declared excommunicated, and Christian burial refused to their remains;¹ and, by way of fixing upon

¹ Mademoiselle Raucour, a celebrated actress of the Théâtre Français, and a woman of respectable character, died at the age of sixty. Her corpse, attended by a train of carriages, and a large concourse of people of all ranks and descriptions, was brought for interment to the Church of St. Brigue. By the rigorous ordinances of the Romish worship, actors and actresses are in a state of excommunication. This, if strictly enforced, deprived them of the

the Revolution the deepest stigma of disgrace, the bones of Louis XVI. and his queen were pompously removed to St. Denis.

The effect of all these and other measures was to disgust and offend and alienate vast numbers of the French people. They began to sigh for the days when Napoleon, at once tolerant and despotic, gratified their passions while he trampled their true interests under foot. They felt that they had exchanged one stork for another, the gourmands differing only in the quality of their food. Soon it became bruited about that Napoleon was dissatisfied, wronged, and wished to be back among the people whose "grandeur" at any rate he had always promoted. The active agents in his interest while they disseminated the statement encouraged the expression of a reciprocal feeling, and, with an ingenuity truly French, they typified the Emperor and his advent in the spring by pictures of the violet,

benefits of Christian burial. Many years had passed since this barbarous exclusion had been practised, and, certainly, the attendants on the remains of this performer were little prepared for the disappointment which awaited them, when they found the gates of the church locked against them, and admission peremptorily refused. The dismay of the spectators was succeeded by universal indignation. An immense crowd began to assemble, and cries of fury and vengeance were heard in all the adjoining quarters of Paris. The Rue Saint Honoré, and every avenue within a quarter of a mile of the scene, were blocked up by the populace.

The church doors were broken open, but no priest appeared, and the most frightful disturbance was apprehended, nor was it supposed that the effects of the popular agitation, would end with the cause which had produced it.

In the mean time, a message was sent to the King, supplicating his Majesty's interposition, for the sake of humanity, and for the public peace of the capital. An answer was immediately returned from the palace, that the affair belonged to the jurisdiction of the Church, and that the King could not intermeddle with the spiritual authorities.

The tumult increased, and the danger of some movement approaching to insurrection became every moment more visible, when a second deputation proceeded to the Tuilleries. At the same time a declaration was communicated to the Court, on the part of all the actors, actresses, and attendants on every theatre in Paris, that if the remains of Mademoiselle Raucour were not instantly admitted to the privileges of Christian sepulture, they would, in a body, read their recantation, and adopt the Lutheran or Calvinistic faith. The second message succeeded better than the first, and brought back an order from the King to the clergymen to receive the corpse, and read the funeral service. This was accepted by the multitude as a pledge of peace; long, loud, and reiterated shouts broke from more than twenty thousand people—"Vive le Roi! à bas les Calottes! à bas les Calotins! au diable les Calotins!" The ceremony was then performed, but with "maimed rites." The troops, instead of quelling the tumult, manifested a disposition to support the people. They were ordered not to permit more than a certain number of the followers of the funeral into the church, but they gave free admission to all. The church was crowded. The torches which had been prepared for an ensuing festival were lighted up, and the performers of the Opera and the principal theatres sung a solemn anthem on the occasion.

The disappointed did not fail to represent this as the commencement of the reign of superstition and bigotry. It was asserted that fanaticism had attained a powerful influence in the councils of the sovereign, and would rapidly bring back all the burdens of the priesthood, without the blessings of religion. These calumnies were too easily credited, and made an indelible and fatal impression.

which were dispersed over the kingdom accompanied by the significant notice, "*il reviendra avec le printemps*." The intriguers established a species of fraternity, and the violet worn at the button-hole was the symbol of the commingled parties who now sank all other distinctive appellations in that of *Patriots*.

Time waned. The Bourbons, who, as Talleyrand, the epigrammatist, averred, "had learnt nothing and forgotten nothing" during their absence, took no heed of the indications which wiser men would have accepted as suggestive of precaution, and in the mean while Napoleon Bonaparte matured his plans for a return to France.

On the 26th of February, 1815, assembling his guards on the terrace in front of the castle of Cosmopoli, Napoleon announced to them his intended departure for France on that day. The announcement, not altogether unexpected, was received with enthusiasm. *Vive l'Empereur!* was shouted by a thousand voices, and the preparations for embarkation were made with such rapidity that by four o'clock on the afternoon of the same day, 400 of the Old Guard were embarked in the *Inconstant* brig; 200 light infantry, 100 Polish light horsemen, and a battalion of *flanqueurs* were distributed among five smaller vessels. As night fell, Napoleon embarked, accompanied by Generals Bertrand and Drouet, and all sail was crowded for France.

Three days later Bonaparte landed at Cannes, near Fréjus, in the south of France. Proclamations, prepared on board the *Inconstant*, were immediately printed and distributed, and at the head of his handful of troops Napoleon moved towards Grenoble with marvellous speed. In two days he had marched twenty leagues, the people everywhere received him with acclamation.¹ The proclamations denounced Augereau and Marmont as the cause of the success of the allies, who, according to Napoleon, had been placed in a desperate situation by the victories he had personally achieved. He declared that he had exiled himself to serve the interests of the people, and now returned with the same view. He reconciled the French to disloyalty to the Bourbons by telling them that there was no nation, however small, which had not the right to withdraw from the dishonour of obeying a prince imposed by an enemy in the moment of victory; and he appealed to their prejudices against a dynasty which held power through foreign favour, by telling them

¹ "Once fairly set out on his party of pleasure,
Taking towns at his liking, and crowns at his leisure,
From Elba to Lyons and Paris he goes,
Making *balls* for the ladies, and *bows* to his foes."—BYRON.

that "when Charles VII. re-entered Paris and overthrew the ephemeral throne of Henry V., he won his sceptre by the valour of his followers, and held it not *by permission of a Prince Regent of England!*"

To the soldiers he addressed Proclamations of a still more exciting kind:—

"Soldiers!" exclaimed he, "we have not been vanquished. Two men, sprung from our ranks, betrayed our laurels, their country, their Prince, their benefactor. Those whom we have seen for twenty-five years traversing all Europe to raise enemies against us, who have passed their lives in fighting against us in the ranks of foreign armies, and in venting execrations on our beautiful France; shall they who have been unable to sustain our troops, pretend to command or enchain our eagles? Shall we suffer them to inherit the fruits of our glorious toils; to rob us of our honours, our fortunes, and to calumniate our glory? If their reign were to continue, all would be lost, even the memory of our immortal achievements; with what fury do they misrepresent our actions! They seek to tarnish what the world admires; and if they still remain defenders of our glory, they are to be found among the very enemies whom we have defeated on the field of battle.

"Soldiers! In my exile, I have heard your voice. I have returned in spite of all obstacles and dangers. Your general, called to the throne by the choice of the people, and raised on your shields, is restored to you, come and join him. Cast down those colours which the nation has proscribed, and which, during twenty-five years, served as a rallying point to all the enemies of France. Mount again the tri-colour! You wore it in the days of our greatness! It is our duty to forget that we have been the masters of nations; but we ought to suffer no foreign interference in our affairs. Who can pretend to be our masters? who has power to become so? Resume those eagles which you had at Ulm, at Austerlitz, at Jena, at Eylau, at Friedland, at Zudila, at Echnukl, at Essling, at Wagram, at Smolensk, at the Moskwa, at Lutzen, at Wurthen, and at Montmirail! Think you that the handful of French, at present so arrogant, will have courage to meet our troops? Let them return whence they came; and then, if they will, they may reign as they pretend to have reigned for nineteen years.

"Your fortunes, your honours, your glory—the fortunes, honours, and glory of your children, have no greater foes than the Princes imposed on you by foreigners. They are the enemies of our glory; since the recital of the heroic deeds by which the French name has

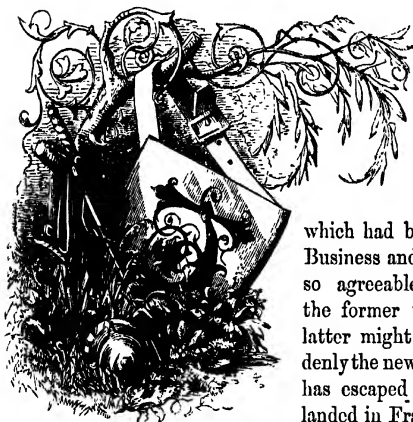
been rendered illustrious—performed in order to escape from tyrannic misrule—is their condemnation. The veterans of the armies of the Sambre and Meuse, of the Rhine, of Italy, of Egypt, of the West, and of the Grand Army, are humiliated. Their honourable scars are disgraced. Their successes would be crimes, the brave would be rebels, if, as the enemies of the people pretend, the legitimate sovereigns were always in the midst of the foreign armies. Honours, recompences, and favours are reserved for those who have served against the country and against us.

“Soldiers! come and range yourselves under the banners of your chief. His existence is identified with yours; his rights are yours and those of the people; his interest, his honour, his glory are your interest, honour, and glory. Victory shall march at the charging step; the eagle, with the national colours, shall fly from steeple to steeple till it alights on the towers of Notre Dame. Then you will be able to show your scars with honour; then you may boast of what you have done. You will be the liberators of the country. In your old age, surrounded and honoured by your fellow-citizens, they will listen with respect while you recount your high deeds; while you exclaim, with pride, ‘And I also was one of that grand army which twice entered within the walls of Vienna, within those of Rome, of Berlin, of Madrid, of Lisbon, of Moscow; and which delivered Paris from the stain imprinted upon it by treason and the presence of the enemy.’ Honour to those brave soldiers—the glory of their country! and eternal infamy to the French criminals, in whatever rank they were born, who, for twenty-five years, fought beside foreigners, tearing open the bosom of their country!”

These Proclamations at once rekindled the enthusiasm of the army and the people, and one universal cry of “welcome!” assured Napoleon that he was still master of France.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The news of Napoleon's arrival in France received by the Congress at Vienna—Project for meeting the new invasion—The Duke's plan of fortifying the Netherlands.



HE Congress still sat at Vienna. The most voluptuous capital in Europe had attractions for Sovereigns and Ministers alike, and they lazily discussed the questions

which had brought them together. Business and pleasure had formed so agreeable a partnership, that the former was delayed that the latter might be prolonged. Suddenly the news arrives—"Napoleon has escaped from Elba, and has landed in France!" A bombshell exploding in the council-chamber

could not have produced a greater consternation. The Emperor Alexander grinds his teeth—the lips of Frederic William of Prussia blanch and quiver—Talleyrand mutters an epigram—the pulse of Metternich of Austria throbs violently. The Duke of Wellington rises, and calmly turning to Talleyrand, exclaims—"Remember, Monsieur de Talleyrand, I am the soldier of the King."

What was now to be done? Here was an occurrence which threatened again to complicate the affairs of Europe, and throw back the Congress upon its starting point. No questions now of readjust-

ments and partitions—of freedom here and dependence there. The “new Sesostris” had reappeared—he

“Whose game was empires, and whose stakes were thrones,
Whose table, earth—whose dice were human bones.”

All thoughts were now, and instantaneously, to converge towards one point; and that point, the certain means of crushing at once, and for ever, the daring fugitive from Elba. The delegates of distant governments did not feel at liberty immediately to decide upon the course to be taken;—references were therefore made to the principals; but by the 25th of March, 1815, a course had been settled, and a treaty was concluded by which Austria, Prussia, Russia, and Great Britain renewed their engagement to defend the restored order of affairs in Europe, and specifically to maintain the conditions of the treaty of Paris in May, 1814, and those of the Congress, against any attacks, and especially against the projects of Napoleon Bonaparte. To this end they bound themselves each to have constantly in the field 150,000 men complete; and not to lay down their arms but in concurrence with each other, nor until the object of the war should be accomplished, and Bonaparte deprived of the power of exciting disturbances, and of renewing his attempts to obtain the chief power in France.

The manner in which the allies contemplated carrying out this design was to form a perfect line of troops from the channel to the Mediterranean; and, at a time to be afterwards determined upon, to pour the whole of this vast army into the plains of France. Not a moment was lost in giving substantial effect to the magnificent scheme. The Emperor of Russia, with characteristic promptitude, called the resources of his mighty empire—which, with amazing elasticity, had recovered the shock of 1812—into play, and his quota of troops was in less than a fortnight prepared to take its part in the operations to the south of the Prussian line. To England was assigned the task of occupying the country nearest to the Channel, and for every man less than the stipulated number it was her part of the compact to supply, she engaged to pay a given sum. At this time there was a considerable body of troops, British, Hanoverian, Dutch, and Belgic, in the occupation of the Low Countries; for, at the Congress of Vienna, the seventeen provinces had been united under one government, and the numerous strong places of the country were garrisoned, to form a protection to Holland and Belgium against the arms and the influence of France. In the month of September, 1814,

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when on his way to Paris to assume the duties of the embassy, the Duke of Wellington had taken a survey of the Netherlands, with a view to the establishment of a system of defence against possible French aggression. He found that there was no situation in the country which afforded any advantages to be taken up as a fortress, or which covered or protected any extent of country; and no situation to which the enemy could not have easy access both by land and by water for the artillery and stores necessary to attack it. He likewise perceived (what could escape his eagle glance?) that if any place were fortified, the enemy could pass it without risk; as, in case of being defeated and obliged to retire, he could not fail to find innumerable roads which would lead him to some one or other of the strong places on the French frontier. He therefore recommended that the country should be fortified upon the old principle, all the old situations being adhered to, and the old sites, with modern improvements on the flanks, in every instance be followed. The advice was adopted. The right line of the Scheldt to the sea was thus made so strong as, with the aid of inundation, to be quite secure when well garrisoned, leaving the armies disposable for operations to the left. The Duke did not go very deeply into the subject of the positions which it might be advisable for disposable armies allotted to the defence of the Netherlands to take up; but on a cursory view of the topography of the country, he came to the remarkable conclusion—the soundness of which was singularly justified by after events—that the entrance to the forest of Soignies by the high road which leads to Brussels from Benit, Charleroi, and Namur, would, if worked upon, afford an advantageous position.

The Congress of Vienna broke up; but not until it had published a declaration to the world of the sentiments and intentions—as regarded Napoleon—of the allied powers of Austria, Russia, Prussia, Sweden, France, Spain, Portugal, and England. This declaration proclaimed that Napoleon had destroyed the only legal title on which his existence depended; that he had, by appearing in France with projects of confusion and disorder, deprived himself of the protection of the law, and had manifested to the universe that there could be neither peace nor truce with him. He was therefore declared beyond the pale of civil and social relations, and liable to public *vengeance*.¹

¹ The words used in the French copy of the Declaration were *vindictæ publicæ*, which the Duke of Wellington contended meant *public justice*, and *not* vengeance. The phrase was much canvassed in Europe, demonstrating the value of the opinion of the late Duke of Sussex, that all treaties should be drawn up in Latin.

The allies further declared that they were resolved to maintain entire the treaty of Paris of May, 1814, and would employ all their means and unite all their efforts to prevent the disturbance of the general peace. Although entirely persuaded that all France, rallying round its legitimate Sovereign, would immediately annihilate what they called the "attempt of a criminal and impotent delirium," the Sovereigns declared that if, contrary to all calculations, any real danger should arise, they would be ready to give to the French King and nation, or any other government that should be attacked, all the assistance requisite to the restoration of public tranquillity.

The British Parliament was sitting at the moment of Napoleon's return to France. But no measure could be brought before it in reference to him until communications had been held with the allied powers, and the effect of Napoleon's attempt to regain the crown had been ascertained. Early in April, all doubts being at an end, the ministry announced that by a convention with the allied powers, his Britannic Majesty had engaged to furnish a subsidy of five millions sterling, to be divided in equal portions amongst those powers which could not be expected to supply 150,000 men for the new service that might be required of them. Austria, Russia, and Prussia had between them 750,000 men under arms; but England and Holland could only supply 50,000 each, and the states of Germany 150,000. Some little opposition to this was offered by Burdett, Whitbread, the Marquis of Wellesley, and others, on the ground that we had no business to interfere in the affairs of France, and that Napoleon had not been sufficiently watched at Elba; but, as usual, the "ayes" carried their point triumphantly.

On the 4th of April Bonaparte had resumed the government of France. Aware of the insecurity of his position, he began by attempting the game of conciliation; and therefore, through Caulaincourt, addressed letters to the Prince Regent of England, the Emperor of Austria, &c.; the letters were either returned or left unanswered. In a letter from Lord Clancarty, the British representative at Vienna, it was stated, in reference to the overtures made through Caulaincourt, that, in this war, the allied powers did not desire to interfere with any legitimate right of the French people: they had no design to oppose the claim of that nation to choose their own form of government, or an intention to trench in any respect upon their independence as a great and free people; but they considered they had a right, and that of the highest nature, to contend against the re-establishment of an individual at the head of the French government "whose past conduct had invariably demonstrated that in such

a situation he would not suffer other nations to be at peace,—whose restless ambition,—whose thirst for foreign conquest—and whose disregard for the rights and independence of other states must expose the whole of Europe to renewed scenes of plunder and devastation.”

On the 12th of March, the Duke of Wellington had written from Vienna to Lord Castlereagh:—

“I now recommend to you to put all your force in the Netherlands at the disposal of the King of France; *I will go and join it if you like it, or do anything else that government choose.*”

Could it be doubted which way the wishes of the government would tend at this imminent crisis? Was it possible that any other soldier living could be expected to cope with the terrible warrior who had embarked in the most desperate enterprise of a life of enterprises? What name could have given confidence to Europe at this juncture, or warned Napoleon of the dangers of the precipice on whose brink he stood but that which had become identified, throughout the civilised world, with victory—and all that led to victory—with truth, with honour, with justice, mercy, magnanimity, patience, foresight, constancy, and valour? Ransack the page of history for bright names—invoke the spirits of Cæsar and Hannibal, of Scipio and Alexander,—weigh them—conjure with them—none could “start a spirit” as soon as WELLINGTON.

The offer of the Duke was accepted joyfully, and on the 11th of April he was appointed to command the armies of the Netherlands.

Our history has reached a point at which repose is necessary. We have humbly followed the incomparable chief through the swamps of Holland—the plains of India—the mountains and valleys of Portugal and Spain—and the fair fields of France. We have tracked his steps, sympathised with his vexations, disappointments, and sorrows, gloried in his hard-won triumphs, and rejoiced in his honours. Let us breathe awhile, ere, accompanying him to Belgium, we behold Napoleon prostrate at his feet.

APPENDIX, No. I.

ON THE SPANISH ARMY (See page 231).

TO SEÑOR DON ANDRES ANGEL DE LA VEGA, INFANZON.

"FRENADA, 3rd April, 1813.

"BEFORE I accepted the command of the Spanish armies and went to Cadiz, I wrote a letter to the late Regency, on the 4th of December, in which I apprised them of my opinion of the state of the armies, of the difficulty which I should find in exercising the command, and of the powers with which it was necessary that the Government should intrust me; and after I went to Cadiz I wrote them a second letter on the subject, on the 25th of December, in which I explained, and again urged them to agree to what I had proposed in my first letter of the 4th of December: and, after repeated discussions, they did fully agree to these proposals of mine, in a letter from the Minister at War, of the 1st of January. My object in proposing these measures was to place the armies of Spain on the same footing of subordination and discipline with the other armies of Europe, and to preclude all chance of the continuance of those intrigues, by applications to the Government which had brought the army to the state in which I found it.

"I could have no object, or wish of ambition, personal to myself. There are not ten officers in the army whom I know even by sight. I can have no feeling for any but the public interest, connected as it is with the discipline of the army.

"Another proof that I can have no object of that description, is to be found in my letter to the Government, of the 27th of December, in which I proposed that the Captains-General of the different armies,

and not myself, should be the Captains-General of the provinces allotted for their support; and that in their hands should be vested all the power which the military were to have in the country.

"I am sorry to have to inform you, that whatever my views may have been, they have been entirely frustrated by the departure of the Government from every article of their engagements with me, as sanctioned by their letter of the 1st of January.

"First, they have removed officers from their stations, and have placed them in others, without any recommendation from me, or any other superior officer; and without even acquainting me, or the superiors of those officers, that they have made such arrangements.

"Secondly, they have appointed officers to stations without my recommendation, or that of any other superior officer; and have given them assurances that they should remain in those stations, contrary to their engagements with me; and to the *Royal Ordenanzas*, by which the powers and responsibility of the Captains-General of the provinces are regulated.

"Thirdly, they have, without my recommendation, or sending through me their orders, and even without acquainting me with their intentions, moved corps of cavalry and infantry from the army to which they belonged to other stations, and this without any reason, that I am acquainted with, of a public nature. By this last measure the greatest inconvenience and confusion has been produced.

"I had proposed, and the Government had consented to, a reform of the cavalry; and they had ordered that it should be carried into execution. I sent orders in consequence, and I might have hoped that the armies would have had a tolerably well organised cavalry by the commencement of the campaign. Instead of that, I find that the Government have likewise sent orders to the same corps, different from those which I had sent: and I am informed, but not by the Minister at War, that the cavalry which I had destined to form part of the army of Galicia, at the opening of the campaign in May, had been ordered, some of it on the 6th of February, and others on the 6th of March, without my knowledge, to the *Isla de Leon*, there to join a cavalry *dépot* which had been formed at that station, likewise without my knowledge. Another corps of cavalry, ordered by me to *Alicante*, to receive its clothing and horse appointments at *Alicante*, has been ordered by the Minister at War into the province of *Seville*.

"I have frequently remonstrated upon these breaches of agreement with me, and on the evils likely to result from them; but I have hitherto been unable to obtain from the Government any satisfactory

reply, whether they intended to conform to their agreement with me or not.

"To this statement add, that owing to the delays of the Government in issuing the orders to the financial department in the provinces, to carry into execution the measures decreed by the Cortes, and arranged with me to provide for the support of the armies, that branch of the service is in the same confusion as it was in the end of last year. All the armies are in the greatest distress, for want of pay and provisions; nothing can be realised, even from those provinces which have been longest freed from the enemy; and the expectations of the country, and of the allies, that we should have a good Spanish army in this campaign, will certainly be disappointed.

"I am fully alive to the importance which has been attached throughout Spain, as well as in England and in other parts of Europe, to the circumstance of my having been intrusted with the command of the Spanish armies; and the officers of the Spanish staff who are here with me, will, I am convinced, do justice to the interest, the devotion, and diligence with which I have laboured to place the military affairs of the country in the state in which they ought to be. But I have a character to lose; and in proportion as expectation has been raised by my appointment, will be the extent of the disappointment and regret at finding that things are no better than they were before.

"I confess that I do not feel inclined to become the object of these disagreeable sensations, either in Spain, in England, or throughout Europe; and unless some measures can be adopted to prevail upon the Government to force the Minister at War to perform the engagements of the Government with me, I must, however unwillingly, resign a situation and trust which I should not have accepted if these engagements had not been entered into, and I had not believed that they would have been adhered to.

"I have written you this long story, because I believe you were principally instrumental in producing the unanimous votes of the Cortes, that the command of the army should be conferred upon me; and I wish you to communicate this letter to Señor Argüelles and the Conde de Toreno; and to Señor Ciscar, who, I believe, was the person who first moved the subject in the Cortes. I wish them to call for all my letters to the Minister at War and his answers, from the 1st of December last to the present day; and they will learn from them the exact state of the case; and will be able to judge whether any, and what measures ought to be adopted. But I must tell you that, whatever may be their opinion regarding the measures to be

adopted by the Cortes on this subject, I must reserve to myself the power of acting according to my own judgment ; and if the agreement made with me, or something substantially the same, is not adhered to by the Regency, I must resign my situation.

"I have now to tell you, that I propose to take the field at the head of the Allied British and Portuguese army, as soon as the rains shall have fallen, and the appearance of the green forage will enable me to support the cavalry of the army ; but I am sorry to tell you, that, owing to the measures which are the subject of this letter, I do not believe that a single Spanish soldier will be able to take the field till after the harvest."

APPENDIX, No. II.

ON THE PORTUGUESE ARMY (See page 231).

TO H. R. H. THE PRINCE REGENT OF PORTUGAL.

"FRENADA, 12th April, 1813.

"I REQUEST permission to call the attention of your Royal Highness to the state of your troops, and of all your establishments, in consequence of the great arrear of pay which is due to them.

"According to the last statements which I have received, pay is due to the army of operations from the end of last September ; to the troops of the line in garrison, from the month of June ; and to the militia, from February. The transports of the army have never, I believe, received any regular payment ; and none whatever since June, 1812. The honour of your Royal Highness's arms may perhaps suffer greatly by these evils ; and I have repeatedly called, but in vain, the attention of the Governors of the kingdom to this subject.

"I am now on the point of opening a new campaign with your Royal Highness's army, to which pay is due for a greater space of time than when the last campaign was concluded ; although the subsidy from Great Britain has been hitherto regularly paid, granted especially for the payment and maintenance of a certain body of troops ; and even although it has been proved within the last three months, that the revenue of the state has produced a sum nearer a

third than a fourth larger than in any other three months during the whole time I have been *au fait* of this matter.

"The serious consequences which may probably result from the backwardness of these payments, affecting as much the honour of your Royal Highness's arms, as the cause of the allies; and the uniform refusal of the Governors of the kingdom to attend to any one of the measures which I have recommended, either for temporary or permanent relief, have at last obliged me to go into your Royal Highness's presence, for the purpose of stating the result of the measures which I have recommended to the Governors of the kingdom for the reform of the Custom-house, which measures have not been yet carried into full effect, in consequence of the opposition they encounter from the chief of the Treasury; although the Governors ought to have been convinced there was room for the suggestion of improvements in the several branches of the public administration of the kingdom of Portugal. But I cannot prevail against the influence of the chief of the Treasury; this is what induces me to lay this *exposé* before your Royal Highness.

"In order to improve the resources and means of the kingdom, I have recommended the adoption of some method by which the taxes might be actually and really collected, and the merchants and capitalists really pay the tenth of their annual profits as an extraordinary contribution for the war; the effects of this system being first tried in the great cities of Lisbon and Oporto.

"I can declare that no one knows better than I do the sacrifices which have been made, and the sufferings which have been experienced by your Royal Highness's faithful subjects during the war; for there is no one who has seen more of the country, or who, for the last four years, has lived so much among the people.

"It is a fact, Sir, that the great cities, and even some of the smallest places of the kingdom, have gained by the war; the mercantile class generally has enriched itself by the great disbursements which the army makes in money; and there are individuals at Lisbon and Oporto who have amassed immense sums. The credit of your Royal Highness's Government is not in a state to be able to derive resources from these capitals, owing to remote as also to present circumstances; and it can obtain advantage only through the means of taxes. The fact is not denied, that the tributes regularly established at Lisbon and Oporto, as also the contribution of ten per cent. upon the profits of the mercantile class, are not really paid to the state; nor is it denied that the measures which I have proposed would, if efficaciously carried into execution in the above-mentioned

cities, furnish the Government with great pecuniary resources. It remains for the Government, therefore, to explain to your Royal Highness the reasons why it has not put them in practice, or some other expedient which might render the revenue of the State equal to its expenses.

"All I have stated to your Royal Highness respecting the arrear of payment to the troops is equally undeniable. The only motive to which I can attribute the Government not having adopted the measures aforesaid, is the fear that they might not be popular; but the knowledge I have of the good sense and loyalty of your Royal Highness's subjects, the reliance I place therein, and my zeal for the cause in which your Royal Highness is engaged with your allies, induce me to offer myself, not only as responsible for the happy issue of the measures which I have recommended, but to take upon myself all the odium which they might create. I have, nevertheless, not been able to overcome the influence of the Treasury.

"Another measure which I recommended, was the entire abolition of the *Junta de Viveres*, to put an end to a monthly expense of nearly fifty *contos* of *reis*, caused by the Junta, under the plea of paying their old debts. Never was any Sovereign in the world so ill served as your Royal Highness has been by the *Junta de Viveres*; and I do not think I have rendered a greater service to your Royal Highness than that which I did in soliciting that it might be abolished.

"However, after its abolition, under the specious pretext of paying its debts, it has received monthly from the Treasury, a little more or less, fifty *contos* of *reis*. It cannot be doubted that the *Junta de Viveres* is very much in debt; and it is of great importance to your Royal Highness's Government that some method of arranging and paying these debts should be adopted. But I request that your Royal Highness will order the Governors of the kingdom to let your Royal Highness see in detail the manner in which the above-mentioned fifty *contos* of *reis*, granted monthly, have been applied.

"Have all the accounts of the *Junta de Viveres* been called in and liquidated? Who has performed this operation? To what sum does their debt amount? Has it been classified? Finally, have measures been adopted to know with certainty how much is really due to those to whom something has already been paid upon account of their debt? Is my part of the fifty *contos* of *reis*, which are issued for many months by the Treasury, applied to the payment of the salaries of the members of the *Junta de Viveres*, abolished, I believe, by your Royal Highness's orders?

"I request that your Royal Highness will command that an

answer be given to each of the questions aforesaid, which will enable your Royal Highness to see the state of these transactions.

“But admitting that it be convenient to pay at this time the debts of the *Junta de Viveres*, it would be almost superfluous to propose the question, whether it be more important to pay those debts, or to pay the army which has to defend your Royal Highness's kingdom and Government; and, to protect the honour and property of your Royal Highness's subjects, and everything most dear to them in life; without which, nothing could escape destruction. This army will neither be able nor willing to fight, if it be not paid.

“Another measure which I have lately recommended, as a remedy capable of putting the Government in a condition to pay the army of operations for some time, in the same manner and to the same period to which their comrades in the British army are paid, is, that there be taken out of the hands of all the collectors of the revenue of the State the balances which they may owe to the royal Treasury.

“My attention was called to this subject by a communication made to me by a military officer in the province of Trás-os-Montes, relating to a large sum of money in the hands of the collector of the revenue at Braganza, at the time when the enemy made movements towards the Escla; and having inquired into this matter, I found that, according to the manner in which the Treasury manages its transactions, every one of the collectors of the revenue of the State has always in his possession the amount of the revenue he has received in the space of a month.

“I recommended that the collectors should be obliged to deliver in, every fifteen days, whatever they had received; but I have not been able to accomplish it.

“Your Royal Highness has frequently deigned to make known to the Governors of the kingdom your royal desire that they should attend to my advice, and they have as frequently assured your Royal Highness that they give it every attention.

“I can assure your Royal Highness, that when I devote myself to the labour of taking into consideration the affairs of the State, and giving my opinion upon them to the Governors of the kingdom, I have no object in doing so, excepting the interest I feel in the good of the nation, and the honour and prosperity of your Royal Highness; and I am not in any degree induced to do so from objects of personal interest, for none can I have relatively to Portugal; nor can I have any with regard to individuals, for not having any relations, and being almost unacquainted with those who direct, or would wish to direct, the affairs of your Royal Highness.

“Although the measures which I have hitherto recommended, and which have at last been adopted—such as the payment of the interest upon the national debt in paper currency, the reform of the custom houses, the establishment of a military chest, and others which it is unnecessary to mention—have answered the ends of their adoption; and perhaps I might say, that other measures which I could propose, would have similar results; yet I am ready to allow that I may perhaps deceive myself. Nevertheless, I request with great earnestness that your Royal Highness will deign to be persuaded that the motives which induce me to recommend these measures, and to appeal against the chief of the Treasury, are founded upon my wishes to promote and forward the benevolent intentions of your Royal Highness, as well as the best results to the cause in which your Royal Highness is engaged.

“I venture to express again, in the most decided manner, my very ardent wish that your Royal Highness will be pleased to return to your kingdom, to take charge of its government; which not only myself, but all your Royal Highness’s faithful subjects, desire with the greatest anxiety.

“May God preserve your Royal Highness many years!”

APPENDIX, No. III.

THE CONTINENTAL PYRENEES (See page 262).

THEY extend in a line of 224 miles from Cape Creux as far as Cape Figuer. Their greatest breadth, which is towards the middle of this line, is about 75 miles. They do not form one single straight line, but are composed of two nearly parallel lines about 20 miles apart from each other, and united at the middle of their mass by some mountains which bend round at nearly right angles with the general direction. Their vertical arrangement resembles somewhat that of an amphitheatre whose several terraces, or steps, rise from 1968 to 11,156 feet. They sink down by successive declivities towards the ocean and the Mediterranean, but the depression is not equally

sensible at the two extremities: in the eastern portion the chain which had regularly decreased in elevation suddenly rises again for 25 miles, and then sinks abruptly into the Mediterranean.

The principal mass of the Pyrenees is arid, rocky, precipitous and covered with snow and ice; but its spurs, being much less elevated, form smiling and fertile valleys. These spurs are detached nearly at right angles; those on the south, although longer than those on the north, have, notwithstanding, the steeper slope. Some of them are very considerable, and reach to the Ebro, which they impede in its course. The most remarkable and the longest of them runs between the Sègre and the Llobregat, like a long wall, parallel with the coast, and proceeds to join, upon the Ebro, the last hillocks of the Sierra Penagolosa. The highest part of the Pyrenees occurs near the middle of the chain, its average elevation being about 9184 feet. The lowest portion of this chain are its two extremities, which decrease in altitude to 2624 feet, and even to 1968 feet. The limit of perpetual snow is here at 8858 feet. The culminating points do not belong to the main ridge, but are found upon the southern spurs; they are the Peak of Malladetta, 11,168 feet in height. The Pyrenees are interesting not only from their elevation and their mass, but still more so by reason of their natural riches, their picturesque beauty, their historical associations, their active and intelligent population, and finally, from their position between two powerful states, to both of which they form a protecting rampart. The passes formed by the depressions of this chain are very numerous, but very difficult; and the greater number of them are impracticable for carriages. We may note in the Western Pyrenees, that is to say, from the Gorge of Goritzy to the sources of the Adour and the Cinco:—

1. The road from Pampeluna to Bayonne, passing first by the Gorge of Belatte, in the great chain, and afterwards by the Gorge of Maya, in the ridge into Bidassoa and Nivelle; it is a bad one, but important on account of the valley of Bastan, which it traverses by the way of Ellisondo. The two passes belong to Spain, and the road does not reach the French frontier until it touches the Nivelle.

2. The road from Pampeluna by Zubiri, the Gorge of the Aldudes, and the valley of Baigorri, to Saint Jean Pied-de-Port; it is exceedingly bad, passing through frightful gorges.

3. The route from Pampeluna passes Roncesvalles, the Gorge of Ibagnetta (at a height of 5771 feet), and Orisson, to Saint Jean Pied-de-Port. This is a better road than the preceding, but runs

from Roncesvalles as far as Orisson along the crest of the mountains : it was followed in the campaign of 1813.

4. From Jaca by the pass, of Canfranc to Oléron. In the Central Pyrenees, that is to say, from the sources of the Adour and of the Cinca, to those of the Ariège and the Sègre, we meet nothing but mere footpaths impracticable for armies, and which are scarcely travelled even by smugglers. The principal of these are:—1, that from Venasque to Saint Gaudens; and 2, that from Rialp to Saint Gaudens. In the Eastern Pyrenees, that is from the sources of the Ariège and of the Sègre to the Mediterranean, there are:—

1. The road from Urgel to Perpignan by Puycerda, the Gorge of la Perche, and Montlouis; it has many defiles.

2. The road from Campredon to Perpignan, by Pratz-de-Mollo and the Boulon.

3. The road from Figuières to Perpignan, by the Junquera, the Gorge of Pertus, the Fort of Bellegarde, and the Boulon: this is the great eastern high road.

The two first-mentioned roads turn the third in skirting along the Tesh and the Tet, the first lines of defence of France. Communication in a direction parallel with the crest of the chain is impossible, by reason of the breadth of the spurs. The nearest road on the southern face is that which runs from Pampeluna by Balbastro and Lerida to Barcelona.

The invasion of Spain cannot therefore be effected on a continuous line; and as the want of roads prevents the country from being entered by the middle of the chain, an invading army can only advance by the great western and eastern roads. That on the west appears to be the easier of the two, because there are fewer fortified places upon it; but the aggressor has upon his flank the maritime Pyrenees, from whence he may be shut up in the defiles of the Ebro. On the east there is a quadruple line of fortresses, covered by winding streams, and by a large river; and by this road only the regions bordering on the Mediterranean are reached; it does not lead to the centre of the Peninsula. It would be an act of the greatest imprudence to endeavour to penetrate by both these roads at once, for they do not converge, and are separated by large expanses of territory, and by natural obstacles of every description. An invader, therefore, must advance by the one, and be satisfied with observing the other. It is impossible to penetrate by the middle of the chain in the present state of the passes. Napoleon dared not attempt it, but he entertained the project of levelling the Pyrenees by excavating a great road through the middle of them. If this were effected, then,

indeed, an invading army might enter directly, by the centre, upon Saragossa; and two detached corps would suffice to observe the fortresses of the east and the west. (*Lavallée.*)

APPENDIX, No. IV.

(See page 269.)

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TO EARL BATHURST.

LESACA, 8th August, 1813.

"It is a very common error, among those unacquainted with military affairs, to believe that there are no limits to military success. After having driven the French from the frontiers of Portugal and Madrid to the frontiers of France, it is generally expected that we shall immediately invade France; and some even expect that we shall be at Paris in a month. None appear to have taken a correct view of our situation on the frontier, of which the enemy still possess all the strongholds within Spain itself; of which strongholds, or at least some of them, we must get possession before the season closes, or we shall have no communication whatever with the interior of Spain. Then in France, on the same great communications, there are other strongholds, of which we must likewise get possession.

"An army which has made such marches, and has fought such battles, as that under my command has, is necessarily much deteriorated. Independently of the actual loss of numbers by death, wounds, and sickness, many men and officers are out of the ranks for various causes. The equipment of the army, their ammunition, the soldiers' shoes, &c., require renewal; the magazines for the new operations require to be collected and formed, and many arrangements to be made, without which the army could not exist a day, but which are not generally understood by those who have not had the direction of such concerns in their hands. Then observe, that this new operation is only the invasion of France, in which country every body is a soldier, where the whole population is armed and organised, under persons, not, as in other countries, inexperienced in arms, but men, who, in the course of the last twenty-five years, in which France

has been engaged in war with all Europe, must, the majority of them, at least, have served somewhere.

"I entertain no doubt that I could to-morrow enter France, and establish the army on the Adour, but I could go no farther certainly. If peace should be made by the Powers of the North, I must necessarily withdraw into Spain; and the retreat, however short, would be difficult, on account of the hostility and the warlike disposition of the inhabitants, particularly of this part of the country, and the military direction they would receive from the gentry, their leaders. To this add, that the difficulty of all that must be done to set the army to rights, after its late severe battles and victories, will be much increased by its removal into France at an early period; and that it must stop short in the autumn, if it now moves at too early a period.

"So far for the immediate invasion of France, which, from what I have seen of the state of the negotiations in the north of Europe, I have determined to consider only in reference to the convenience of my own operations.

"The next point for consideration is the proposal of the Duc de Berri to join this army, taking the command of the 20,000 men, who, he says, are ready, organised, and even armed, in order to act with us. My opinion is, that the interests of the House of Bourbon and of all Europe are the same, viz., in some manner or other, to get the better and r.l. of Bonaparte.

"Although, therefore, the allies in the north of Europe, and even (. . .) Britain and Spain, might not be prepared to go the length of declaring that they would not lay down their arms till Bonaparte should be dethroned, they would be justified in taking this assistance from the House of Bourbon, and their French party who are dissatisfied with the government of Bonaparte. It might be a question with the House of Bourbon, whether they would involve their partisans in France upon anything short of such a declaration, but none with the allies whether they would receive such assistance. Indeed, there would scarcely be a question for the Princes of the House of Bourbon, if they are acquainted with the real nature and extent of Bonaparte's power. He rests internally upon the most extensive and expensive system of corruption that was ever established in any country, and externally upon his military power, which is supported almost exclusively by foreign contributions. If he can be confined to the limits of France by any means, his system must fall. He cannot bear the expense of his internal government and of his army; and the reduction of either would be fatal to him. Any

measures, therefore, which should go only to confine him to France, would forward, and ultimately attain, the objects of the House of Bourbon and of their partisans.

“If the House of Bourbon and the allies, however, do not concur in this reasoning, we must then, before the Duc de Berri is allowed to join the army, get from the allies, in the north of Europe, a declaration how far they will persevere in the contest with a view to dethrone Bonaparte; and the British Government must make up their minds on the question, and come to an understanding upon it with those of the Peninsula.”

END OF VOL. I.

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